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MY BROTHER THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE NURSERY AND ITS DEITIES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM FAMILY PORTRAITS

I

THE first recollections of a child are dim and hazy, and so the nursery at 28 East 20th Street, in New York City, does not stand out as clearly to me as I wish it did—but the personality of my brother overshadowed the room, as his personality all through life dominated his environment.

I suppose I must have been about four, and he about seven, when my first memory takes definite form. My older sister, Anna, though only four years older than my brother Theodore, was always mysteriously classed with the "grown people," and the "nursery" consisted of my brother Theodore, my brother Elliott, a year and a half younger than Theodore, and myself, still a year and a half younger than Elliott.

In those days we were "Teedie," "Ellie," and "Conie," and we had the most lovely mother, the most manly, able, and delightful father, and the most charming aunt, Anna Bulloch, the sister of my Southern mother, with whom children were ever blessed.

Theodore Roosevelt, whose name later became the synonym of virile health and vigor, was a fragile, patient sufferer in those early days of the nursery in 20th Street. I can see him now struggling with the effort to breathe—for his enemy was that terrible trouble, asthma—but always ready to give the turbulent "little ones" the drink of water, book, or plaything which they vociferously demanded, or equally ready to weave for us long stories of animal life—stories closely resembling the jungle stories of Kipling—for Mowgli had his precursor in the brain of the little boy of seven or eight, whose knowledge of natural history even at that early age was strangely accurate, and whose imagination gave to the creature of forest and field impersonations as vivid as those which Rudyard Kipling has made immortal for all time.

We used to sit, Elliott and I, on two little chairs, near the higher chair which was his, and drink in these tales of endless variety, which always were "to be continued in our next"—a serial story which never flagged in interest for us, though sometimes it continued from week to week, or even from month to month.

It was in the nursery that he wrote, at the age of seven, the famous essay on "The Foregoing Ant." He had read in Wood's "Natural History" many descriptions of various species of ant, and in one instance on turning the page the author continued: "The foregoing ant has such and such characteristics." The

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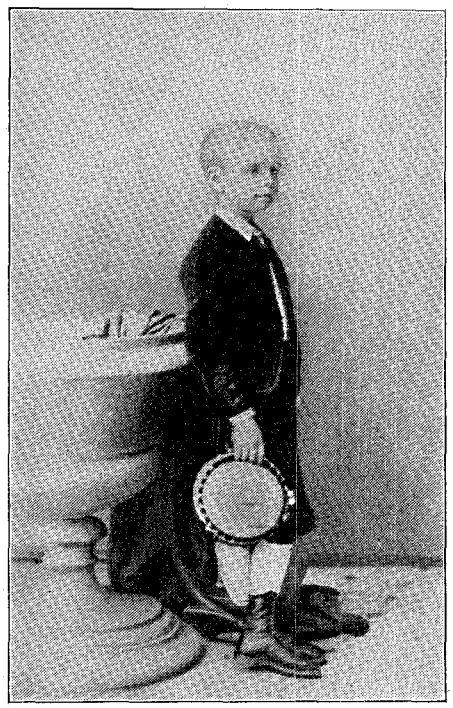

Elliott Roosevelt, aged five and a half years, about 1865.

young naturalist, thinking that this particular ant was unique, and being specially interested in its forthgiving character, decided to write a special thesis on "The Foregoing Ant," to the reading of which essay he called in conclave "the grown people." One can well imagine the tender amusement over the little author, an amusement, however, which those wise "grown people" of 28 East 20th Street never let degenerate into ridicule.

No memories of my brother could be accurate without an analysis of the personalities who formed so big a part of our environment in childhood, and I feel that my father, the first Theodore Roosevelt, has never been adequately described.

He was the son of Cornelius Van Schaack and Margaret Barnhill Roosevelt, whose old home on the corner of 14th Street and Broadway was long a landmark in New York City. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt was a typical merchant of his day, fine and true and loyal, but ultraconservative in many ways; and his lovely wife, to whom he addressed, later, such exquisite poems that I have always felt that they should have been given more than private circulation, was a Pennsylvanian of Quaker blood.

The first Theodore Roosevelt was the youngest of five sons, and I remember my mother used to tell me how friends of her mother-in-law once told her that Mrs. Cornelius Van Schaack Roosevelt was always spoken of as "that lovely Mrs. Roosevelt" with those "*five horrid boys*."

As far as I can see, the unpleasant adjective "horrid" was only adaptable to the five little boys from the usual standpoint of boyish mischief, untidiness, and general youthful irrepressibleness.

The youngest, my father, Theodore Roosevelt, often told us himself how he deplored the fate of being the "fifth wheel to the coach," and of how many a mortification he had to endure by wearing clothes cut down from the different shapes of his older brothers, and much depleted shoes about which, once, on overhearing his mother say, "These were Robert's, but will be a good change for Theodore,"

Corinne Roosevelt, about four years old, 1865.

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he protested, vigorously crying out that he was "tired of changes."

As the first Theodore grew older he developed into one of the most enchanting characters with whom I, personally, have ever come in contact; sunny, gay, dominant, unselfish, forceful, and versatile, he yet had the extraordinary power of being a focussed individual, although an "all-round" man. Nothing is as difficult as to achieve results in this world if one is filled full of great tolerance and the milk of human kindness. The person who achieves must generally be a one-ideaed individual, concentrated entirely on that one idea and ruthless in his aspect toward other men and other ideas.

Theodore Roosevelt, aged seven, 1865.

My father, in his brief life of forty-six years, achieved almost everything he undertook, and he undertook many things, but, although able to give the concentration which is necessary to achievement, he had the power of interesting himself in many things outside of his own special interests, and by the most delicate and comprehending sympathy made himself a factor in the lives of any number of other human beings.

My brother's great love for his kind was a direct inheritance from the man who was one of the founders in his city of nearly every patriotic, humanitarian, and educational endeavor. I think, perhaps, the combination of the stern old Dutch blood with the Irish blood, of which my brother always boasted, made my father what he was—unswerving in duty, impeccable in honesty and uprightness, and yet responsive to the joy of life to such an extent that he would dance all night, and drive his "four-in-hand" coach so fast that the old tradition was "that his grooms frequently fell out at the corners"!

I remember that he always gave up one day of every week (and he was a very busy merchant and then banker) to the personal visiting of the poor in their homes. He was not satisfied with doing active work on many organizations, although he did the most extraordinary amount of active organization work, being one of the founders of the Children's Aid Society, of the State Aid Society, of the Allotment Commission in the time of the Civil War, and of the Orthopædic Hospital, not to mention the Museum of Natural History and the Museum of Art—but he felt that even more than this organized effort must be the effort to get close to the hearts and homes of those who were less fortunately situated than he.

My older sister suffered from spinal trouble, and my father was determined to leave no stone unturned to make her body fit for life's joys and life's labors, and it was because of his efforts to give his little girl health—successful efforts—that in co-operation with his friends, Howard Potter and James M. Brown and several others, he started the great work of the New York Orthopædic Hospital, having become imbued with belief in the methods of a young doctor, Charles Fayette Taylor. Nobody at that time believed in treating such diseases in quite the way in which modern orthopædy treats them now, but my father, like his gifted son, had the vision of things to be, and was a leader in his way, as was my brother in his.

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He could not at first influence sufficient people to start the building of a hospital, and he decided, if the New York public could only *see* what the new instruments would do for the stricken children, that it could be aroused to assist the enterprise.

And so, one beautiful spring afternoon, my mother gave what was supposed to be a purely social reception at our second home, at 6 West 57th Street, and my father saw to it that the little sufferers in whom he was interested were brought from their poverty-stricken homes to ours, and laid upon our dining-room table, with the steel appliances, which could help them back to normal limbs, on their backs and legs, thus ready to visualize to New York citizens how these stricken little people might be cured. He placed me by the table where the children lay, and explained to me how I could show the appliances, and what they were supposed to achieve; and I can still hear the voice of the first Mrs. John Jacob Astor, as she leaned over one fragile-looking child and, turning to my father, said: "Theodore, you are right; these children must be restored and made into active citizens again, and I for one will help you in your work."

That very day enough money was donated to start the first Orthopædic Hospital, in East 59th Street. Many business friends of my father used to tell me that they feared his sudden visits when, with a certain expression in his eyes, he would approach them, for then before he could say anything at all they would feel obliged to take out their pocket-books and say: "How much this time, Theodore?"

One of his most devoted interests was the newsboys' lodging-house in West 18th Street and later in 35th Street, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. Every Sunday evening of his life he went to that lodging-house, after our early hospitable Sunday supper, to which many a forlorn relation or stranded stranger in New York was always invited, and there he would talk to the boys, giving them just such ideas of patriotism, good citizenship, and manly morality as were the themes of his son in later years.

The foundational scheme of the Children's Aid Society was, and is, to place little city waifs in country homes, and thus give them the chance of health and individual care, and a very dramatic incident occurred many years after my father's death, when my brother, as governor of New York and candidate for the vice-presidency in 1900, had gone to the Far West to make the great campaign for the second election of William McKinley. The governors of many Western States decided to meet in the city of Portland, Oregon, to give a dinner and do honor to the governor of the Empire State, and as Governor Roosevelt entered the room they each in turn presented themselves to him. The last one to come forward was Governor Brady, of Alaska, and as he shook hands with Governor Roosevelt he said: "Governor Roosevelt, the other governors have greeted you with interest, simply as a fellow governor and a great American, but I greet you with infinitely more interest, as the son of your father, the first Theodore Roosevelt."

My brother smiled and shook him warmly by the hand, and asked in what special way he had been interested in our father, and he replied: "Your father picked me up from the streets in New York, a waif and an orphan, and sent me to a Western family, paying for my transportation and early care. Years passed and I was able to repay the money which had given me my start in life, but I can never repay what he did for me, for it was through that early care and by giving me such a foster mother and father that I gradually rose in the world, until to-day I can greet his son as a fellow governor of a part of our great country."

I was so thrilled when my brother told me this story on his return from that campaign, that the very next Sunday evening I begged him to go with me to the old 35th Street lodging-house to tell the newsboys that were assembled there the story of another little newsboy, now the governor of Alaska, to show that there is no bar in this great, free country of ours to what personal effort may achieve.

My father was the most intimate friend of each of his children, and in some unique way seemed to have the power of responding to the need of each, and we all craved him as our most desired companion. One of his delightful rules was that on the

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birthday of each child he should give himself in some special way to that child, and many were the perfect excursions which he and I took together on my birthday.

The day, being toward the end of September, was always spent in the country, and, lover as he was of fine horses, I was always given the special treat of an all day's adventure behind a pair of splendid trotters. We would take the books of poetry which we both loved, and we would disappear for the whole day, driving many miles through leafy lanes until we found the ideal spot, where we unharnessed the horses and gave them their dinner, and, having taken our own delicious picnic lunch, would read aloud to each other by the hour, until the early September twilight warned us that we must be on our way homeward.

In those earlier days in New York the amusements were perhaps simpler, but the hospitality was none the less generous, and our parents were indeed "given to hospitality."

My lovely Southern mother, of whom I shall speak more later, had inherited from her forebears a gift for hospitality, and we young children, according to Southern customs, were allowed to mingle more with our elders than was the case with many New York children. I am a great believer in such mingling, and some of the happiest friendships of our later lives were formed with the chosen companions of our parents, but many things were done for us individually as well. When we were between thirteen and sixteen I remember the delightful little Friday evening dances which my mother and father organized for us in 57th Street, in which they took actual part themselves.

As I said before, my father could dance all night with the same delightful vim that he could turn to business or philanthropy in the daytime, and he enjoyed our pleasures as he did his own. It always seems to me sad that the relationship between father and son, or father and daughter, should not have the quality of charm, a quality which it so often lacks, and which I believe is largely lacking because of the failure of the older generation to enter into the attitude of the younger generation.

I was delicate at one period and could not dance as I had always done, and I remember when I was going to a little entertainment, just as I was leaving the house I received an exquisite bunch of violets with a card from my father, asking me to wear the flowers, and think of his wish that I should not overtire myself, but also of his sympathy that I could not do quite what I had always done.

Comparatively few little girls of fourteen have had so loverlike an attention from a father, and just such thought and tender, loving comprehension made our relationship to our father one of perfect comradeship, and yet of respectful adoration. He taught us all, when very young, to ride and to swim and to climb trees. I remember the careful way in which he would show us dead limbs and warn us about watching out for them, and then, having taught us and having warned us, he gave us full liberty to try our wings and fall by the wayside should they prove inadequate for our adventures.

After graduating from our first Shetland pony, he provided us each with a riding-horse, and always rode with us himself, and a merry cavalcade went forth from our country home, either early in the morning before he started for the train or in the soft summer evenings on his return. When at one time we were living on the Hudson River, we had hoped one autumn afternoon that he would come home early from the city, and great was our disappointment when a tremendous storm came up and we realized that he would take a later train, and that our beloved ride must be foregone. We were eagerly waiting in the hall for his return and watching the rain falling in torrents and the wind blowing it in gusts, when the depot wagon drove up to the door and my father leaped out, followed by the slight figure of a somewhat younger man. As the young man tried to put up his umbrella it blew inside out and, like a dilapidated pinwheel loosened from his hand, ran round and round in a circle. The unknown guest merrily chased the umbrella pinwheel, and my mother, who had joined us children at the window, laughingly wondered who my father's new friend was. The front door opened, and the two dripping men came in, and we rushed to meet them.

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I can see the laughing face of the young man become suddenly shy and a little self-conscious, as my father said to my mother: "Mittie, I want to present to you a young man who in the future, I believe, will make his name well known in the United States. This is Mr. John Hay, and I wish the children to shake hands with him."

Theodore Roosevelt, about eighteen months old, 1860.

Many and many a time, long, long years after, when John Hay was Secretary of State in the cabinet of the second Theodore Roosevelt, he used to refer to that stormy autumn afternoon when a delicate boy of eleven, at the instigation of his father, shook hands with him and looked gravely up into his face, wondering perhaps how John Hay was going to make his name known throughout the United States. How little did Mr. Hay think then that one day he would be the Secretary of State when that same little delicate boy was President of the United States.

My father's intimacy with John Hay had come about through the fact of contact in the Civil War, when they both worked so hard in Washington together.

My father stands out as the most dominant figure in our early childhood. Not that my mother was not equally individual, but her delicate health prevented her from entering into our sports and unruly doings as our father did; but I have always thought that she, in an almost equal degree with my father, influenced my brother's nature, both by her French Huguenot and Scotch blood and her Southern ancestry.

The story of her meeting with my father has a romantic flavor to it. My grandmother, Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, lived in an old plantation above Atlanta, on the sand-hills of Georgia. There, in the old white-columned house overlooking a beautiful valley, my grandmother led a patriarchal life, the head of a large family, for she had been as a young girl the second wife of Senator John Elliott, and she not only brought up the children and stepchildren of that marriage, but the children and stepchild of her second marriage as well. My own mother was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, but she never knew the difference between her Elliott half brother and sisters and her own brother and sister.

In the roomy old home with its simple white columns there was led an ideal life, and the devotion of her children to my beautiful grandmother, as the many letters in my possession prove, was one of the inspiring factors in their lives, and became the same to our own childhood, for many were the loving stories told us by my mother and aunt of the wonderful character of their mother, who ran her Southern plantation (Mr. Bulloch died comparatively young) with all the practical ability and kindly supervision over her slaves characteristic of the Southern men and women of her time.

The aforesaid slaves were treated as friends of the family, and they became to us, her little Northern grandchildren, figures of great interest. We were never tired of hearing the stories of "Daddy Luke" and "Mom Charlotte."

The first of these two, a magnificent

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Nubian, with thick black lips and very curly hair, was the coachman and trusted comrade of my grandmother's children, while his wife, "Mom Charlotte," was a very fastidious mulatto, slender and handsome, who, for some illogical reason, considered her mixed blood superior to his pure dark strain. She loved him, but with a certain amount of disdain, and, though on week days she treated him more or less as an equal, on Sundays, when dressed in her very best bandanna and her most elegant prayer-book in hand, she utterly refused to have him walk beside her on the path to church, and obliged him ignominiously to bring up the rear with shamefaced inferiority. Mom Charlotte, on Sundays, when in her superior mood, would look at her spouse with contempt, and say, "B'Luke, he nothin' but a black nigger; he mout' stan' out to de spring," referring to Daddy Luke's thick Nubian lips, and pointing at the well about one hundred yards distant from the porch.

Theodore Roosevelt, about four years old, 1862.

There was also a certain "little black Sarah," who was the foster-sister of my uncle, Irvine Bulloch, my mother's younger brother. In the old Southern days on such plantations there was almost always a colored "pickaninny" to match each white child, and they were actually considered as foster brother or sister. Little Irvine was afraid of the darkness *inside* the house, and little Sarah was afraid of the darkness *outside* the house, and so the little white boy and the little black girl were inseparable companions, each guarding the other from the imaginary dangers of house or grounds, and each sympathetically rounding out the care-free life of the other.

My mother's brilliant half-brother, Stewart Elliott, whose love of art and literature and music took him far afield, spent much of his time abroad, and when he came back to Roswell (the name of the plantation) he was always much amused at the quaint slave customs. One perfect moonlight night he took his guitar into the grove near the house to sing to the group of girls on the porch, but shortly afterward returned much disgusted and described the conversation which he had overheard between little white Irvine and little black Sarah on the back porch. It ran as follows, both children gazing up into the sky: Sarah—"Sonny, do you see de moon?" "Yes, Sarah, it do crawl like a worrum." The moon at the moment was performing the feat which Shelley poetically described as gliding, "glimmering o'er its fleecelike floor." The young musician could not stand the proximity of such masters of simile as were Irvine and Sarah, and demanded that they should be forbidden the back porch on moonlight nights from that time forth!

There was also another young slave who went by the name of "Black Bess," and was the devoted companion of her two young mistresses, Martha, my mother, and her sister, Anna Bulloch. She slept on a mat at the foot of their beds, and rendered the devoted services that only the slave of the old plantation days ever gave to his or her mistress.

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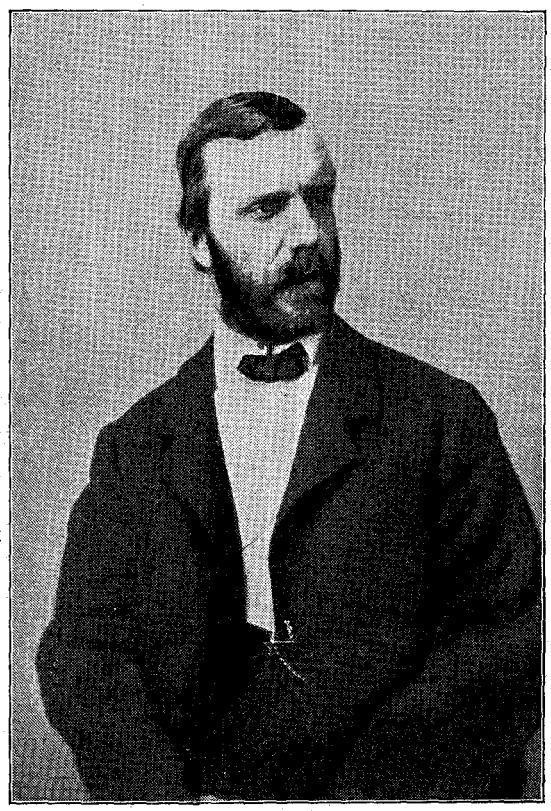
My mother used to accompany her mother on her visits to all the outlying little huts in which the various negroes lived, and she often told us the story of a visit one day to "Mom Lucy's" little home, where a baby had just been born.

Mom Lucy had had several children, none of whom had lived but a few hours, and when my grandmother and her little daughter visited the new baby, now about a week old, the mother, still lying on her couch, looked up at my grandmother and said: "Ole miss, I jus' done name her." "And what have you named her, Lucy?" asked my grandmother; "she is a fine baby, and I am so glad you are going to have the comfort of her all your life." "Oh!" said the colored woman sadly, "I don't 'spec' her to live; dey ain't none of 'em done live, and so I jus' call her Cumsy." "Cumsy?" said my grandmother; "and what may that mean, Lucy?" "Why, ole miss, don't you understan'? dey all done go to deir heavenly home, and so I jus' call dis one 'Come, see de world and go,' and my ole man and me we is goin' to call her 'Cumsy' fo' short."

My grandmother tried to argue Lucy out of this mortuary cognomen, but with no effect, and years afterward, when my mother revisited Roswell as Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, one of the first negroes to greet her was "Come, see the world and go!"



Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., aged thirty, 1862.

All these stories of the old plantation were fascinating to the children of the nursery in 20th Street, and we loved to hear how the brothers and sisters in that old house played and worked, for they all did their share in the work of the household. There the beautiful half-sister of my mother, Susan Elliott, brought her Northern lover, Hilborne

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West, of Philadelphia, whose sister, Mary West, had shortly before married Weir Roosevelt, of New York, the older brother of my father, Theodore Roosevelt. This same Hilborne West, a young physician of brilliant promise, adored the informal, fascinating plantation life, and loved the companionship of the two dainty, pretty girls of fourteen and sixteen, Martha and Anna Bulloch, his fiancée's young half-sisters.

Martha Bulloch Roosevelt, twenty-two years old, about 1856.

Many were the private theatricals and riding-parties, and during that first gay visit Doctor West constantly spoke of his young connection by marriage, Theodore Roosevelt, who he felt would love Roswell as he did.

A year afterward, inspired by the stories of Doctor West, my father, a young man of nineteen, asked if he might pay a visit at the old plantation, and there began the love-affair with a black-haired girl of fifteen which later was to develop into so deep a devotion that when the young Roosevelt, two years later, returned from a trip abroad and found this same young girl visiting her sister in Philadelphia, he succumbed at once to the fascination from which he had never fully recovered, and later travelled once more to the old pillared house on the sand-hills of Georgia, to carry Martha Bulloch away from her Southern home forever.

I cannot help quoting from letters from Martha Bulloch in July, 1853, shortly after her engagement, and again from Martha Roosevelt, a little more than a year later, when she revisits her old home. She had been hard to win, but when her lover leaves Roswell, at the end of his first visit, immediately following their engagement, she yields herself fully and writes:

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"Roswell, July 26, 1853.

"THEE, DEAREST THEE:

"I promised to tell you if I cried when you left me. I had determined not to do so if possible, but when the dreadful feeling came over me that you were, indeed, gone, I could not help my tears from springing and had to rush away and be alone with myself. Everything now seems associated with you. Even when I run up the stairs going to my own room, I feel as if you were near and turn involuntarily to kiss my hand to you. I feel, dear Thee, as though you were part of my existence, and that I only live in your being, for now I am confident of my own deep love. When I went into lunch today I felt very sad, for there was no one now to whom to make the request to move 'just a quarter of an inch farther away'—but how foolish I am,—you will be tired of this 'rhapsody.' . . .

"Tom King has just been here to persuade us to join the Brush Mountain picnic tomorrow. We had refused but we are reconsidering."

"July 27th.

"We have just returned after having had a most delightful time. It was almost impossible for our horses to keep a foothold, the Mountain was so steep, but we were fully repaid by the beautiful extended view from the top, and when we descended, at the bottom, the gentlemen had had planks spread and carriage cushions arranged for us to rest, and about four o'clock we had our dinner. Such appetites! Sandwiches, chicken wings, bread and cheese disappeared miraculously.

"Tom had a fire built and we had nice hot tea and about six o'clock we commenced our return. I had promised to ride back with Henry Stiles, so I did so, and you cannot imagine what a picturesque effect our riding party had,—not having any Habit, I fixed a bright red shawl as a skirt and a long red scarf on my head, turban fashion with long ends streaming. Lizzie Smith and Anna dressed in the same way, and we were all perfectly wild with spirits and created quite an excitement in Roswell by our gay cavalcade—But all the same I was joked all day by everybody, who said that they could see that my eyes were swollen and that I had been crying."

All this in a very delicate Italian hand, and leaving her lover, I imagine, a little jealous of "Henry Stiles," in spite of the "rhapsody" at the beginning of the letter!

My father's answer to that very letter is so full of deep joy at the "rhapsody" in which his beautiful and occasionally capricious Southern sweetheart indulged, that I do not think he even remembered "Henry Stiles," for he answers her as follows:

"New York, August 3rd.

"How can I express to you the pleasure which I received in reading your letter! I felt as you recalled so vividly to my mind the last morning of our parting, the blood rush to my temples; and I had, as I was in the office, to lay the letter down, for a few minutes to regain command of myself. I had been hoping against hope to receive a letter from you, but *such* a letter! O, Mittie, how deeply, how devotedly I love you! Do continue to return my love as ardently as you do now, or if possible love me more. I know my love for you merits such return, and do, dear little Mittie, continue to write, (when you feel moved to!) just such 'rhapsodies.'"

On December 3, 1853, very shortly before her wedding, Martha Bulloch writes another letter, and in spite of her original "rhapsody," and her true devotion to her lover, one can see that she has many girlish qualms, for she writes him: "I do dread the time before our wedding, darling,—and I wish that it was all up and that I had died game!"

A year and a half later, May 2, 1855, Martha Roosevelt is again at the home of her childhood, this time with her little baby, my older sister Anna, and her husband has to leave her, and she writes again:

"I long to hear you say once again that you love me. I know you do but still I would like to have a fresh avowal. You have proved that you love me dear, in a thousand ways and still I long to hear it again and again. It will be a joyful day when we meet again. I feel as though I

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would never wish to leave your side again. You know how much I enjoy being with mother and Anna, but all the same I am only waiting until 'Thee' comes, for you can hardly imagine what a *wanting* feeling I have when you are gone.

"Mother is out in the entry talking to one of the 'Crackers.' While I was dressing mother brought in a sweet rose and I have it in my breast pin. I have picked one of the leaves off just this moment and send it to you,—for Thee,—the roses are out in beautiful profusion and I wish you could see them. . . ."

A year and a half in the cold North had not dimmed the ardor of affection between the young couple.

We children of the nursery in 28 East 20th Street loved nothing better than to make my mother and aunt tell us the story of the gay wedding at the old home near Atlanta. I remember still the thrill of excitement with which I used to listen to the details of that wonderful week before the wedding, when all the bridesmaids and ushers gathered at the homestead and every imaginable festivity took place.

One of my mother's half-brothers had just returned from Europe, and fell in love at first sight with one of her beautiful bridesmaids, already, alas! engaged to another and much older man, not a member of the wedding party. My child's heart suffered unwarranted pangs at the story of the intense attraction of these two young people for each other, and I always felt that I could see the lovely bridesmaid riding back with the man to whom she had unwittingly given her heart, under the Southern trees dripping with hanging moss. The romantic story ended tragically in an unwilling marriage, a duel, and much that was unfortunate.

But my mother and my father had no such complications in their own lives, and the Southern girl who went away with her Northern lover never regretted that step, although much that was difficult and troublous came in their early married life because of the years of war from 1861 to 1865, when Martha Bulloch's brothers fought for the South, and Theodore Roosevelt did splendid and unselfish work in upholding the principles for which the North was giving its blood and brawn.

The fighting blood of James Dunwoody and Irvine Bulloch was the same blood infused through their sister into the veins of their young kinsman, the second Theodore Roosevelt, and showed in him the same glowing attributes. The gallant attitude of their mother, Mrs. Stephens Bulloch, also had its share in the making of her famous grandson.

Her son Irvine was only a lad of sixteen, while her stepson, James, was much older and was already a famous naval blockade-runner, when she parted from them. Turning to her daughter Anna, she prayed that she might never live to know if Irvine were killed or Richmond taken by the Northern army. I cannot but rejoice that her life passed away before such news could come to her. It must have been bitter, indeed, for her, under these circumstances, to face the necessity of accepting the bread of her Northern son-in-law, and it speaks volumes for the characters of both that during the whole war there was never a moment of estrangement between them, or between my father and his lovely sister-in-law, Anna Bulloch, who became, because of the fact that she lived with us during those early years of our lives, one of the most potent influences of our childhood.

I myself remember nothing of the strain of those troubled days, but my aunt has often told me of the bedtime hour in the nursery when a certain fair-haired, delicate little boy, only four years old, would kneel at her side to say his evening prayer, and, feeling that she would not dare interrupt his petition to the Almighty, would call down, in baby tones and with bent head, the wrath of the Almighty upon the rebel troops. She said that she could never forget the fury in the childish voice when he would plead with Divine Providence to "grind the Southern troops to powder!"

This same lovely aunt taught us our letters at her knee, in that same nursery, having begged, in return for my father's hospitality, that she should be accepted as our first instructress, and not only did she teach us the three R's, but many and many a delightful hour was passed in listening to her wonderful renderings of the "Brer Rabbit" stories.

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Both my aunt and my mother had but little opportunity for consecutive education, but they were what it seems to me Southern women ever are—natural women of the world, and yet they combined with a perfect readiness to meet all situations an exquisite simplicity and sensitive sympathy rarely found in the women of the North. This sensitiveness was not only evidenced in their human relationships, but in all pertaining to art and literature. I have often said that they were natural connoisseurs.

I remember that my father would never buy any wine until my mother had tasted it, and experts of various kinds came to her in the same way for expressions of her opinion. She was very beautiful, with black, fine hair—not the dusky brunette's coarse, black hair, but fine of texture and with a glow that sometimes seemed to have a slightly russet shade,* and her skin was the purest and most delicate white, more moonlight-white than cream-white, and in the cheeks there was a coral rather than a rose tint. She was considered to be one of the most beautiful women of the New York of her day, a reputation only shared by Mrs. G. Gardiner Howland, and to us, her children, and to her devoted husband she seemed like an exquisite *objet d'art*, to be carefully and lovingly cherished. Her wit, as well as that of my aunt, was known by all her friends, and yet it was never used unkindly, for she had the most loving heart imaginable, and in spite of this rare beauty and her wit and charm she never seemed to know that she was unusual in any degree, and cared but little for anything except her own home and her own children. Owing to delicate health, she was not able to enter into the active life of her husband and children, and therefore our earliest memories, where our activities were concerned, turn to my father and my aunt, but always my mother's gracious loveliness and deep devotion wrapped us round as with a mantle.

And so these were the three deities of the nursery in which Theodore Roosevelt spent his first years, and even at that early time they realized that in that simple room in the house which the patriotic women of America are about to restore as a Mecca for the American people there dwelt a unique little personality whose mentality grasped things beyond the ken of other boys of his age and whose gallant spirit surmounted the physical difficulties engendered by his puny and fragile body.

* What her French hair-dresser called "noir doré."

II

THE nursery at 28 East 20th Street in the early years of the Civil War missed its chief deity, my father. From the letters exchanged between my mother and father, preserved by each of them, I have formed a clear realization of what it meant to that nursery to lose for almost two years the gay and vigorous personality who always dominated *his* environment as did later his gifted son.

Mr. William E. Dodge, in a very beautiful letter written for the memorial meeting of the Union League Club in February, 1878, just after my father's death, gave the following interesting account of my father's special work in the Civil War. This letter was read after an eloquent speech delivered by Mr. Joseph H. Choate. The part of the letter to which I especially refer ran as follows:

> When the shadows of the coming war began to grow into a reality he [Theodore Roosevelt] threw himself with all heart and soul into work for the country.
>
> From peculiar circumstances he was unable to volunteer for military service, as was his wish, but he began at once to develop practical plans of usefulness to help those who had gone to the front.
>
> He became an active worker on the Advisory Board of the Woman's Central Association of Relief, that wonderful and far-reaching organization of patriotic women out of which grew the Sanitary Commission.
>
> He worked with the "Loyal Publication Society," which, as many of our members know, was a most active and useful educating power in the days when there was great ignorance as to the large issues of the conflict.
>
> He joined enthusiastically in the organization of the Union League Club, was for years a most valued member of its executive committees and aided in the raising and equipment of the first colored troops.
>
> His great practical good sense led him to see needs which escaped most other minds. He felt that the withdrawal from the homes of so many enlisted men would leave great want in many sections of the country. He saw the soldiers were more than amply clothed and fed, and their large pay wasted mostly among the sutlers, and

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for purposes which injured their health and efficiency. So with two others he drafted a bill for the appointment of Allotment Commissioners, who without pay should act for the War Department and arrange to send home to needy families, without risk or cost, the money not needed in the camps. For three months they worked in Washington to secure the passage of this act—delayed by the utter inability of Congressmen to understand why anyone should urge a bill from which no one could selfishly secure an advantage.

When this was passed he was appointed by President Lincoln one of the three Commissioners from this State. For long, weary months, in the depth of a hard winter, he went from camp to camp, urging the men to take advantage of this plan.

On the saddle often six to eight hours a day, standing in the cold and mud as long, addressing the men and entering their names.

This resulted in sending many millions of dollars to homes where it was greatly needed, kept the memory of wives and children fresh in the minds of the soldiers, and greatly improved their morale. Other States followed, and the economical results were very great.

Toward the close of the war, finding the crippled soldiers and the families of those who had fallen were suffering for back pay due and for pensions, and that a race of greedy and wicked men were taking advantage of their needs to plunder them, he joined in organizing the Protective War-Claim Association, which without charge collected these dues. This saved to the soldiers' families more than $1,000,000 of fees.

He also devised and worked heartily in the Soldiers' Employment Bureau, which found fitting work for the crippled men who by loss of limb were unfitted for their previous occupations. This did wonders toward absorbing into the population of the country those who otherwise would have been dependent, and preserved the self-respect of the men. I believe it did more and vastly better work than all the "Soldiers' homes" combined. For the work in the Allotment Commission he received the special and formal thanks of the State in a joint resolution of the Legislature.

Nothing was more characteristic of my father's attitude toward life than his letters during this period to my mother. He realized fully that in leaving his young family he was putting upon his youthful and delicate wife—whose mental suffering during the war must have been great, owing to the fact of her being a Southerner—her full share of what was difficult in the situation. He writes with the utmost frankness of his wish that she might look on the great question of which the war was a symptom from the same standpoint as his, but the beautiful love and trust which existed between them was such that in all these letters which passed so constantly during my father's labors as Allotment Commissioner there was never the slightest evidence of hurt feelings or friction of any kind.

In the early fall of 1861 he was struggling to have passed by Congress the bill to appoint Allotment Commissioners, and spent weary days in Washington in the effort to achieve that purpose. When the bill was passed and he and Mr. William E. Dodge and Mr. Theodore Bronson were appointed as the three commissioners, he threw himself, with all the ardor and unselfishness of his magnificent nature, into the hard work of visiting the camps in midwinter and persuading the reluctant soldiers to believe that it was their duty to allot a certain portion of their pay to their destitute families.

He writes on January 1, 1862:

"I have stood on the damp ground talking to the troops and taking their names for six hours at a time. One of the regiments that I visited last, which is wretchedly officered and composed of the scum of our city, seemed for the first time even to recall their families. We had an order from the General of Division and the Colonel sent his adjutant to carry out our desires. He came, dirty and so drunk that he could not speak straight, and of course got the orders wrong. All the officers seem to be in with the sutler while the private said he was an unmitigated thief. The delays were so great that I stood out with one of these companies after seven o'clock at night, with one soldier holding a candle while I took down the names of those who desired to send money home. The men looked as hard as I have often seen such men look in our Mission neighborhood, but after a little talking and explaining my object and reminding them of those they had left behind them, one after another put down his name, and from this company alone, they allotted while I was there $600.00. This would be increased afterwards by the officers, if they were decent ones, and other men absent on guard and through other reasons. I could not help thinking what a subject for a painting it would make as I stood out there in the dark night, surrounded by the men with one candle just showing glimpses of their faces,—tents all around us in the woods. One man after putting down five

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dollars a month said suddenly: 'My old woman has always been good to me, and if you please, change it to ten.' In a moment, half a dozen others followed his example and doubled their allotments.

"I enclose a letter for 'Teedie' [Theodore]. Do take care of yourself and the dear little children while I am away, and remember to enjoy yourself just as much as you can. [This sentence is so like my father. Duty was always paramount, but joy walked hand in hand with duty whenever it legitimately could.]

"I do not want you not to miss me, but remember that I would never have felt satisfied with myself after this war is over if I had done nothing, and that I do feel now that I am only doing my duty. I know you will not regret having me do what is right, and I do not believe you will love me any the less for it.

Yours as ever,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

This particular letter is very characteristic of the father of President Roosevelt—a man of the qualities which his country has grown to associate with its beloved "Colonel." In my brother's case they were the direct inheritance from the man who stood, knee-deep in mud, using his wonderful personality to make those hard-faced drafted men remember their own people at home, and at the same time writes to the lovely mother of his children to try and enjoy herself as much as possible in his absence.

The letters all give vivid accounts of his experiences, differing in interest. He speaks of General Wadsworth, the grandfather of our present United States senator, and says that the general "helped to make my bed when I spent one night with his Division."

In an interim of work, on February 7, he writes of his invitation to Mrs. Lincoln's ball, at which he says he had a delightful time. "Mrs. Lincoln in giving the Ball, stated that she gave it as a piece of economy in war time, and included those diplomats, senators, congressmen and others, that it had been previously the habit to invite at a number of formal dinners. No one lower in the army than the Division General,—not even a Brigadier, had an invitation to the Ball, and of course there was much grumbling and a proportionate amount of envy. Some complained of the supper, but I have rarely seen a better, and often a worse one. Terrapin, birds, ducks, and everything else in great profusion when I was in the dining room, although some complained of the delay in getting into the room, as we went in in parties."

On February 12, 1862, comes this description of the delightful visit to Newport News, and he says:

"All the officers received us in such a hospitable spirit and the weather assisted in making our stay agreeable. I passed two of the pleasantest days that I have enjoyed when away from home. General Mansfield suggested some practice with the parrot gun, and one of those sad accidents occurred, for a gun burst and two men were killed.

"We have been treated like princes here. The steamboat was put at our disposal and when through a misunderstanding it left before we were on board, another one was immediately sent with us. I enclose several things to keep for me."

Amongst the enclosures was a note which is sufficiently interesting to give in facsimile.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
186

"MR. ROSEVALT
"Dear Sir

"I very much regretted, that a severe headache confined me to my room on yesterday, this morning, I find we are expected to hold a noon reception, which will be over, by 3½ o'clock—at which time, I will be very happy to have you ride with us.

Very truly yours
MRS A. LINCOLN."

This quaint missive reminds me of the fact of my father's kindly tolerance of "Mrs. A. Lincoln's" little peculiarities. I remember how he used to tell us when occasionally he was invited, as this letter says, to "ride" with her, that he would also be invited to stop at the shop where she bought her bonnets, and give his advice on which bonnet was especially becoming!

Under date of Washington, February 14, he writes again:

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Executive Mansion,

Washington, 186

Mr Roosevelt

Dear Sir.

I very much regretted, that a severe headache confined ~~to the~~ me to my room on yesterday, this morning, I find we are expected to hold a noon reception, which will be over, by 3½ o'clock - at which time, I will be very happy to have you ride with us.

Very truly Yours

Mrs A. Lincoln.

An invitation from the wife of Abraham Lincoln to Theodore Roosevelt, Sr.

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"I have so many acquaintances here now that I could easily find a temporary companion. Hay [John Hay] is going with me to Seward's to-night, and I am hoping to procure the pass for your mother." (My grandmother was most anxious to get back to her own people in the South.) "In Baltimore I saw, or fancied I saw, on the faces of our class of the inhabitants, their feelings in consequence of the news just received of the taking of Roanoke Island. They looked very blue. The sutlers here are serious obstacles in getting allotments. As soon as we see a Regiment and persuade the men to make allotments, they send around an agent to dissuade them from signing their names, convincing them that it is a swindle because they want the money to be spent in Camp and go into their pockets instead of being sent home to the poor families of the men, who are in such want.

"I enclose you a flower from the bouquet on the table of the Executive Mansion. Also a piece of silk from an old-fashioned piano cover in Arlington House."

As I opened the letter the flower fell to dust in my hands, but the little piece of green silk, faded and worn, had evidently been treasured by my mother as being a relic of Arlington House.

On February 27, 1862, his stay in Washington was drawing to a close, and my father regretted, as so many have done, that he had not kept a diary of his interesting experiences. He writes:

"All those whom I have seen here in Washington in social intercourse day by day will be characters in history, and it would be pleasant to look over a diary hereafter of my own impressions of them, and recall their utterly different views upon the policy which should be pursued by the Government. I have rarely been able to leave my room in the evening, for it has been so filled with visitors, but I have not felt the loss of liberty from the fact that those who were my guests I would have taken a great deal of trouble to see, and never could have seen so informally and pleasantly anywhere except in my own room.

"It has, of course, been more my duty to entertain those whose hospitality I was daily receiving, in the camps, by invitations to drop in during the evening; all of these are striving to make their marks as statesmen, and some, I am sure, we will hear from hereafter."

On March 1, 1862, he says:

"We have all been in a state of excitement for some days past, caused by movements in the Army foreshadowing a general battle. The snow which is now falling fast, has caused a damper over all our spirits. . . . Several of the Generals have stated to me their belief that the war, as far as there was any necessity for so large an army, would be closed by some time in May,—probably the first of May. If so, my work will be all over when I return to New York, and I can once more feel that I have a wife and children, and enjoy them.

"It is Sunday afternoon, and I have a peculiar longing to see you all again, the quiet snow falling outside, my own feelings being very sad and that of those around being in the same condition makes me turn to my own quiet fireside for comfort. I wish we sympathized together on this question of so vital moment to our country, but I know you cannot understand my feelings, and of course I do not expect it.

Your loving husband who wants very much to see you."

One can well imagine the note of sadness in the strong young man who had relinquished his urgent desire to bear arms because of the peculiar situation in which he found himself, but who was to give all his time and thought and physical endurance to the work vitally needed, and which he felt he could have handled better with the sympathy of his young wife, whose anxiety about her mother and brothers was, however, so poignant and distressing. Never, however, in the many letters exchanged between the parents of my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, was there one word which was calculated to make the close family love and the great respect for each other's feelings less possible.

In the last letter quoted above, one feels again that history does indeed repeat itself, when one thinks that it was written in March, 1862, and that those "generals"

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of whom my father speaks were expecting that no large army would be needed after May 1 of that year, when in reality the long agony of civil war was to rack our beloved country for nearly three years more. This was proven shortly after to my father, and in the following October he is writing again from Baltimore, and this time in a less wistful mood:

"Since I last wrote you I have enjoyed my pleasantest experiences as Allotment Commissioner. The weather was lovely our horses good and Major Dix accompanied us from the Fortress to Yorktown. It was about twenty-five miles of historic ground passing over the same country that General McClellan had taken his army along last spring. . . .

"Next morning we rode another twenty-five miles to Newport News to see the Irish Brigade. General Corcoran was there and accompanied us to the regiments first suggesting Irish whiskey to strengthen us. At dinner ale was the beverage and after dinner each Colonel seemed to have his own particular tope. On our return they made an Irish drink called 'scal thun' and at about one o'clock gave us 'devilled bones.' The servant was invited in to sing for us and furnished with drinks at odd times by the General, who never indulged, however, himself to excess. We then went the grand rounds with the General at two in the morning, arrested two officers for not being at their posts and returned at half past three, well prepared to rest quietly after a very fatiguing day, and one of the most thoroughly Irish nights that I ever passed.

"Next morning (yesterday) we had a delightful ride over to Fortress Monroe and had lunch at General Dix's before leaving in the boat."

Again, on October 18, having apparently been able to return for a brief visit to his family, he writes from Niagara:

"All our party started from Albany to Fonda and I had a hard day's work, for the men had been deceived by the bounty and were suspicious about everything regarding the Allotment Commission. The officers' dinner was a good deal like pigs eating at a trough. When at night three companies had not yet been visited, I determined to do it wholesale. I had two tents pitched and occupied one already prepared, placing a table, candles and allotment roll in each. I then had the three companies formed into three sides of a square and used all my eloquence. When I had finished they cheered me vociferously. I told them I would be better able to judge who meant the cheers by seeing which company made most allotments." (This sentence of my father's makes me think so much of my brother's familiar "Shoot; don't shout!" when he would receive vociferous cheers for any advice given.) "I thus raised the spirit of competition and those really were the best that I had taken during the day. By eight o'clock we found our work done, dark as pitch, and rain descending in torrents, but still the work was done."

These letters give, I think, a vivid picture of my father's persistence and determined character, and the quality of "getting there" which was so manifestly the quality of his son as well, and at the same time the power of enjoyment, the natural affiliation with his human kind, and always the thoughtfulness and consideration for his young wife left with her little charges at home.

In that same home the spirit of the war permeated through the barriers of love raised around the little children of the nursery, and my aunt writes of the attitude of the small, yellow-haired boy into whose childish years came also the distant din of battle, arousing in him the military spirit which even at four years of age had to take some expression. She says: "Yesterday Teedie was really excited when I said to him that I must fit his zouave suit. His little face flushed up and he said, 'Are me a soldier laddie, too?' and when I took his suggestion and said, 'Yes, and I am the Captain,' he was willing to stand for a moment or two to be fitted." Even then Theodore Roosevelt responded to his country's call and equally to the discipline of the superior officer!

(To be continued.)

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART I (*Continued*)

IV

THE MAUSOLEUM

THERE are houses whose souls have passed into the limbo of Time, leaving their bodies in the limbo of London. Such was not quite the condition of "Timothy's" on the Bayswater Road, for Timothy's soul still had one foot in Timothy Forsyte's body, and Smither kept the atmosphere unchanging, of camphor and port wine and house whose windows are only opened to air it twice a day.

To Forsyte imagination that house was now a sort of Chinese pill-box, a series of layers of wrappings in the last of which was Timothy. One did not reach him, or so it was reported by members of the family who, out of old-time habit or absent-mindedness, would drive up once in a blue moon and ask after their surviving uncle. Such were Francie, now quite emancipated from God (she frankly avowed atheism), Euphemia, emancipated from old Nicholas, and Winifred Dartie from her "man of the world." But, after all, everybody was emancipated now, or said they were—perhaps not quite the same thing!

When Soames, therefore, took it on his way to Paddington station on the morning after that encounter, it was hardly with the expectation of seeing Timothy in the flesh. His heart made a faint demonstration within him while he stood in full south sunlight on the newly whitened doorstep of that little house where four Forsytes had once lived, and now but one dwelt on like a winter fly; the house into which Soames had come and out of which he had gone times without number, divested of, or burdened with, fardels of family gossip; the house of the "old people" of another century, another age.

The sight of Smither, still corseted up to the armpits because the new fashion which came in as they were going out in 1903 had never been considered "nice" by Aunts Juley and Hester, brought a pale friendliness to Soames' lips; Smither, still faithfully arranged to old pattern in every detail, an invaluable servant—none such left—smiling back at him, with the words: "Why! it's Mr. Soames, after all this time! And how are *you*, sir? Mr. Timothy will be so pleased to know you've been."

"How is he?"

"Oh! he keeps fairly bobbish for his age, sir; but of course he's a wonderful man. As I said to Mrs. Dartie when she was here last: It *would* please Miss Forsyte and Miss Juley and Miss Hester to see how he relishes a baked apple still. But he's quite deaf. And a mercy, I always think. For what we should have done with him in the air-raids, I don't know."

"Ah!" said Soames. "What *did* you do with him?"

"We just left him in his bed, and had the bell run down into the cellar, so that Cook and I could hear him if he rang. It would never have done to let him know there was a war on. As I said to Cook, 'If Mr. Timothy rings, they may do what they like—I'm going up. My dear mistresses would have a fit if they could see him ringing and nobody going to him.' But he slept through them all beautiful. And the one in the daytime he was having his bath. It *was* a mercy, because he might have noticed the people in the street all looking up—he often looks out of the window."

"Quite!" murmured Soames. Smither

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was getting garrulous! "I just want to look round and see if there's anything to be done."

"Yes, sir. I don't think there's anything except a smell of mice in the dining-room that we don't know how to get rid of. It's funny they should be there, and not a crumb, since Mr. Timothy took to not coming down, just before the war. But they're nasty little things; you never know where they'll take you next."

"Does he leave his bed?"

"Oh! yes, sir; he takes nice exercise between his bed and the window in the morning, not to risk a change of air. And he's quite comfortable in himself; has his Will out every day regular. It's a great consolation to him—that."

"Well, Smither, I want to see him, if I can; in case he has anything to say to me."

Smither colored up above her corsets.

"It *will* be an occasion!" she said. "Shall I take you round the house, sir, while I send Cook to break it to him?"

"No, you go to him," said Soames. "I can go round the house by myself."

One could not confess to sentiment before a servant, and Soames felt that he was going to be sentimental nosing round those rooms so saturated with the past. When Smither, creaking with excitement, had left him, Soames entered the dining-room and sniffed. In his opinion it wasn't mice, but incipient wood-rot, and he examined the panelling. Whether it was worth a coat of paint, at Timothy's age, he was not sure. The room had always been the most modern in the house; and only a faint smile curled Soames' lips and nostrils. Walls of a rich green surmounted the oak dado; a heavy metal chandelier hung by a chain from a ceiling divided by imitation beams. The pictures had been bought by Timothy, a bargain, one day at Jobson's sixty years ago—three Snyder "still lifes," two faintly colored drawings of a boy and a girl, rather charming, which bore the initials "J. R."—Timothy had always believed they might turn out to be Joshua Reynolds, but Soames, who admired them, had discovered that they were only John Robinson; and a doubtful Morland of a white pony being shod. Deep-red plush curtains, ten high-backed dark mahogany chairs with deep-red plush seats, a Turkey carpet, and a mahogany dining-table as large as the room was small, such was an apartment which Soames could remember unchanged in soul or body since he was four years old. He looked especially at the two drawings, and thought: "I shall buy those at the sale."

From the dining-room he passed into Timothy's study. He did not remember ever having been in that room. It was lined from floor to ceiling with volumes, and he looked at them with curiosity. One wall seemed devoted to educational books, which Timothy's firm had published two generations back—sometimes as many as twenty copies of one book. Soames read their titles and shuddered. The middle wall had precisely the same books as used to be in the library at his own father's in Park Lane, from which he deduced the fancy that James and his youngest brother had gone out together one day and bought a brace of small libraries. The third wall he approached with more excitement. Here, surely, Timothy's own taste would be found. It was. The books were dummies. The fourth wall was all heavily curtained window. And turned toward it was a large chair with a mahogany reading-stand attached, on which a yellowish and folded copy of *The Times*, dated July 6, 1914, the day Timothy first failed to come down, as if in preparation for the war, seemed waiting for him still. In a corner stood a large globe of that world never visited by Timothy, deeply convinced of the unreality of everything but England, and permanently upset by the sea, on which he had been very sick one Sunday afternoon in 1836, out of a pleasure boat off the pier at Brighton, with Juley and Hester, Swithin and Hatty Chessman; all due to Swithin, who was always taking things into his head, and who, thank goodness, had been sick too. Soames knew all about it, having heard the tale fifty times at least from one or other of them. He went up to the globe, and gave it a spin; it emitted a faint creak and moved about an inch, bringing into his purview a daddy-long-legs which had died on it in latitude 44.

"Mausoleum!" he thought. "George was right!" And he went out and up the

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stairs. On the half landing he stopped before the case of stuffed humming-birds which had delighted his childhood. They looked not a day older, suspended on wires above pampas-grass. If the case were opened the birds would not begin to hum, but the whole thing would crumble, he suspected. It wouldn't be worth putting that into the sale! And suddenly he was caught by a memory of Aunt Ann—dear old Aunt Ann—holding him by the hand in front of that case and saying: "Look, Soamey! Aren't they bright and pretty, dear little humming-birds!" Soames remembered his own answer: "They don't hum, Auntie." He must have been six, in a black velveteen suit with a light-blue collar—he remembered that suit well! Aunt Ann with her ringlets, and her spidery kind hands, and her grave old aquiline smile—a fine old lady, Aunt Ann! He moved on up to the drawing-room door. There on each side of it were the groups of miniatures. Those he would certainly buy in! The miniatures of his four aunts, one of his Uncle Swithin adolescent, and one of his Uncle Nicholas as a boy. They had all been painted by a young lady friend of the family at a time, 1830, about, when miniatures were considered very genteel, and lasting too, painted as they were on ivory. Many a time had he heard the tale of that young lady: "Very talented, my dear; she had quite a weakness for Swithin, and very soon after she went into a consumption and died: so like Keats—we often spoke of it."

Well, there they were! Ann, Juley, Hester, Susan, quite a small child; Swithin, with sky-blue eyes, pink cheeks, yellow curls, white waistcoat—large as life; and Nicholas, like a Cupid with an eye on heaven. Now he came to think of it, Uncle Nick had always been rather like that—a wonderful man to the last. Yes, she must have had talent, and miniatures always had a certain back-watered cachet of their own, little subject to the currents of competition on æsthetic Change. Soames opened the drawing-room door. The room was dusted, the furniture uncovered, the curtains drawn back, precisely as if his aunts still dwelt there patiently waiting. And a thought came to him: When Timothy died—why not? Would it not be almost a duty to preserve this house—like Carlyle's—and put up a tablet, and show it? "Specimen of mid-Victorian abode—entrance, one shilling, with catalogue." After all, it was the completest thing, and perhaps the deadest in the London of to-day. Perfect in its special taste and culture, if, that is, he took down and carried over to his own collection the four Barbizon pictures he had given them. The still sky-blue walls, the green curtains patterned with red flowers and ferns; the crewel-worked fire-screen before the cast-iron grate; the mahogany cupboard with glass windows, full of little knickknacks; the beaded footstools; Keats, Shelley, Southey, Cowper, Coleridge, Byron's Corsair (but nothing else), and the Victorian poets in a bookshelf row; the marqueterie cabinet lined with dim red plush, full of family relics; Hester's first fan; the buckles of their mother's father's shoes; three bottled scorpions; and one very yellow elephant's tusk, sent home from India by Great-uncle Edgar Forsyte, who had been in jute; a yellow bit of paper propped up, with spidery writing on it, recording God knew what! And the pictures crowding on the walls—all water-colors save those four Barbizons looking like the foreigners they were, and doubtful customers at that—pictures bright and illustrative, "Telling the Bees," "Hey for the Ferry!" and two in the style of Frith, all thimble-rig and crinolines, given them by Swithin. Oh! many, many pictures at which Soames had gazed a thousand times in supercilious fascination; a marvellous collection of bright, smooth gilt frames.

And the boudoir-grand piano, beautifully dusted, hermetically sealed as ever; and Aunt Juley's album of pressed seaweed on it. And the gilt-legged chairs, stronger than they looked. And on one side of the fireplace the sofa of crimson silk, where Aunt Ann, and after her Aunt Juley, had been wont to sit, facing the light and bolt upright. And on the other side of the fire the one really easy chair, back to the light, for Aunt Hester. Soames screwed up his eyes; he seemed to see them sitting there. Ah! and the atmosphere—even now, of too many stuffs and washed lace curtains, lavender in bags, and dried bees' wings. "No," he thought,

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"there's nothing like it left; it ought to be preserved." And, by George, they might laugh at it, but for a standard of gentle life never departed from, for fastidiousness of skin and eye and nose and feeling, it beat to-day hollow—to-day with its Tubes and cars, its perpetual smoking, its cross-legged, bare-necked girls visible up to the knees and down to the waist if you took the trouble (agreeable to the satyr within each Forsyte but hardly his idea of a lady), with their feet, too, screwed round the legs of their chairs while they ate, and their "So longs," and their "Old Beans," and their laughter—girls who gave him the shudders whenever he thought of Fleur in contact with them; and the hard-eyed, capable, older women who managed life and gave him the shudders too. No! his old aunts, if they never opened their minds, their eyes, or very much their windows, at least had manners, and a standard, and reverence for past and future.

With rather a choky feeling he closed the door and went tiptoeing up-stairs. He looked in at a place on the way: H'm! in perfect order of the eighties, with a sort of yellow oilskin paper on the walls. At the top of the stairs he hesitated between four doors. Which of them was Timothy's? And he listened. A sound as of a child slowly dragging a hobby-horse about, came to his ears. That must be Timothy! He tapped, and a door was opened by Smither very red in the face.

Mr. Timothy was taking his walk, and she had not been able to get him to attend. If Mr. Soames would come into the back room, he could see him through the door.

Soames went into the back room and stood watching.

The last of the old Forsytes was on his feet, moving with the most impressive slowness, and an air of perfect concentration on his own affairs, backward and forward between the foot of his bed and the window, a distance of some twelve feet. The lower part of his square face, no longer clean-shaven, was covered with snowy beard clipped as short as it could be, and his chin looked as broad as his brow where the hair was also quite white, while nose and cheeks and brow were a good yellow. One hand held a stout stick, and the other grasped the skirt of his Jaeger dressing-gown, from under which could be seen his bed-socked ankles and feet thrust into Jaeger slippers. The expression on his face was that of a crossed child, intent on something that he has not got. Each time he turned he stumped the stick, and then dragged it, as if to show that he could do without it.

"He still looks strong," said Soames under his breath.

"Oh! yes, sir. You should see him take his bath—it's wonderful; and he does enjoy it."

Those quite loud words gave Soames an insight. Timothy had resumed his babyhood.

"Does he take any interest in things generally?" he said, also aloud.

"Oh! yes, sir; his food and his Will. It's quite a sight to see him turn it over and over, not to read it, of course; and every now and then he asks the price of Consols, and I write it on a slate for him—very large. Of course, I always write the same, what they were when he last took notice, in 1914. We got the doctor to forbid him to read the paper when the war broke out. Oh! he did take on about that at first. But he soon came round, because he knew it tired him; and he's a wonder to conserve energy as he used to call it when my dear mistresses were alive, bless their hearts! How he did go on at them about that; they were always so active, if you remember, Mr. Soames."

"What would happen if I were to go in?" asked Soames. "Would he remember me? I made his Will, you know, after Miss Hester died in 1907."

"Oh! that, sir," replied Smither doubtfully, "I couldn't take on me to say. I think he might; he really is a wonderful man for his age."

Soames moved into the doorway, and, waiting for Timothy to turn, said in a loud voice: "Uncle Timothy!"

Timothy trailed back half-way, and halted.

"Eh?" he said.

"Soames," cried Soames at the top of his voice, holding out his hand, "Soames Forsyte!"

"No!" said Timothy, and stumping

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his stick loudly on the floor, he continued his walk.

"It doesn't seem to work," said Soames.

"No, sir," replied Smither, rather crestfallen; "you see, he hasn't finished his walk. It always was one thing at a time with him. I expect he'll ask me this afternoon if you came about the gas, and a pretty job I shall have to make him understand."

"Do you think he ought to have a man about him?"

Smither held up her hands. "A man! Oh! no. Cook and me can manage perfectly. A strange man about would send him crazy in no time. And my mistresses wouldn't like the idea of a man in the house. Besides, we're so proud of him."

"I suppose the doctor comes?"

"Every morning. He makes special terms for such a quantity, and Mr. Timothy's so used, he doesn't take a bit of notice, except to put out his tongue."

"Well," said Soames, turning away, "it's rather sad and painful to me."

"Oh! sir," returned Smither anxiously, "you mustn't think that. Now that he can't worry about things, he quite enjoys his life, really he does. As I say to Cook, Mr. Timothy is more of a man than he ever was. You see, when he's not walkin', or takin' his bath, he's eatin', and when he's not eatin', he's sleepin'; and there it is. There isn't an ache or a care about him anywhere."

"Well," said Soames, "there's something in that. I'll go down. By the way, let me see his Will."

"I should have to take my time about that, sir; he keeps it under his pillow, and he'd see me, while he's active."

"I only want to know if it's the one I made," said Soames; "you take a look at its date some time, and let me know."

"Yes, sir; but I'm sure it's the same, because me and Cook witnessed, you remember, and there's our names on it still, and we've only done it once."

"Quite," said Soames. He did remember. Smither and Jane had been proper witnesses, having been left nothing in the Will that they might have no interest in Timothy's death. It had been—he fully admitted—an almost improper precaution, but Timothy had wished it, and, after all, Aunt Hester had provided for them amply.

"Very well," he said; "good-bye, Smither. Look after him, and if he should say anything at any time, put it down, and let me know."

"Oh! yes, Mr. Soames; I'll be sure to do that. It's been such a pleasant change to see you. Cook will be quite excited when I tell her."

Soames shook her hand and went downstairs. He stood for fully two minutes by the hat-stand whereon he had hung his hat so many times. "So it all passes," he was thinking; "passes and begins again. Poor old chap!" And he listened, if perchance the sound of Timothy trailing his hobby-horse might come down the well of the stairs; or some ghost of an old face show over the banisters, and an old voice say: "Why, it's dear Soames, and we were only saying that we hadn't seen him for a week!"

Nothing—nothing! Just the scent of camphor, and dust-motes in a sunbeam through the fanlight over the door. The little old house! A mausoleum! And, turning on his heel, he went out, and caught his train.

V

THE NATIVE HEATH

"His foot's upon his native heath,
His name's—*Val Dartie.*"

With some such feeling did Val Dartie, in the fortieth year of his age, set out that same Thursday morning very early from the old manor-house he had taken between Steyning and Amberley on the north side of the Sussex Downs. His destination was Newmarket, and he had not been there since the autumn of 1899, when he stole over from Oxford for the Cambridgeshire. He paused at the door to give his wife a kiss, and put a flask of port into his pocket.

"Don't overtire your leg, Val, and don't bet too much."

With the pressure of her chest against his own, and her eyes looking into his, Val felt both leg and pocket safe. He should be moderate; Holly was always right—she had a natural aptitude. It did not seem so remarkable to him, per-

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haps, as it might to others, that—half Dartie as he was—he should have been perfectly faithful to his young first cousin for the twenty years elapsed since he married her romantically out in the Boer War; and faithful without any feeling of sacrifice or boredom—she was so quick, so slyly always a little in front of his mood. Being first cousins they had decided, or rather Holly had, to have no children; and, though a little sallower, she had kept her looks, her slimness, and the color of her dark hair. Val particularly admired the life of her own she carried on, besides so perfectly satisfying himself and riding better every year. She kept up her music, she read an awful lot—novels, poetry, all sorts of stuff. Out on their farm in Cape Colony she had looked after all the "nigger" babies and women in a miraculous manner. She was, in fact,—clever; yet made no fuss about it, and had no "side." Though not remarkable for humility, Val had come to have the feeling that she was his superior, and he did not grudge it—a great tribute. It might be noted that he never looked at Holly without her knowing of it, but that she looked at him sometimes unawares.

He had kissed her in the porch because he shouldn't be doing so on the platform, but she was going to the station with him, to drive the car back. Though tanned and wrinkled by Colonial weather and the wiles inseparable from horses, and handicapped by the leg which, weakened in the Boer War, had probably saved his life in the war just past, Val was much as he had been in the days of his courtship; his smile as wide and charming, his eyelashes, if anything, thicker and darker, his eyes screwed up under them, as bright a gray, his freckles rather deeper, his hair a little grizzled at the sides. He gave the impression of one who has lived actively *with horses* in a sunny climate.

Twisting the car sharp round at the gate, he said:

"When's young Jon coming?"

"To-day."

"Is there anything you want for him? I could bring it down on Saturday."

"No; but you might come by the same train as Fleur—one forty."

Val gave the Ford full rein; he still drove like a man in a new country on bad roads, who refuses to compromise, and expects heaven at every hole.

"That's a young woman who knows her way about," he said. "I say, has it struck you?"

"Yes," said Holly.

"Uncle Soames and your Dad—bit awkward, isn't it?"

"She won't know, and he won't know, and nothing must be said, of course. It's only for five days, Val."

"Stable secret! Righto!" If Holly thought it safe, of course it was. She slid her big gray eyes round at him, and said: "Did you notice how beautifully she asked herself?"

"No!"

"She did. What do you think of her, Val?"

"Pretty enough, and clever; but she might run out at any corner if she got her monkey up, I should say."

"I'm wondering," said Holly dreamily, "whether she's the modern young woman, or not. One feels at sea coming home into all this."

"You? Oh! no. You get the hang of things so quick."

Holly slid her hand into his coat-pocket.

"That's the beauty of you," went on Val, encouraged; "you keep one in the know. What do you think of that Belgian fellow, Profond?"

"I think he's rather 'a good devil.'"

Val grinned, not recognizing a translation.

"He seems to me a queer fish," he said, "for a friend of our family. In fact, our family is in pretty queer waters, altogether, with Uncle Soames marrying a Frenchwoman, and your Dad marrying Soames' old wife. Our grandfathers would have had fits!"

"So would anybody's," said Holly.

Val was silent. "This car," he said suddenly, "wants rousing; she doesn't get her hind legs under her up-hill. I shall have to give her her head on the slope if I'm to catch that train."

There was that about horses which had prevented him from ever really sympathizing with a car, and the behavior of the Ford under his guidance, compared with its behavior under that of Holly, was always noticeable. He caught the train, however.

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"Take care going home; she'll throw you down if she can. Good-bye, darling."

"Good-bye," called Holly, and kissed her hand.

Once in the train, after quarter of an hour's indecision between thoughts of Holly, his morning paper, the look of the bright day, and his dim memory of Newmarket, Val plunged into the recesses of a small square book, all names, pedigrees, tap-roots, and notes about the make and shape of horses. The Forsyte in him was bent on the acquisition of a certain strain of blood, and he was subduing resolutely as yet the Dartie hankering for a flutter. On getting back to England, after the profitable sale of his South African farm and stud, and observing that the sun seldom shone, Val had said to himself: "I've absolutely got to have an interest in life, or this country will give me the blues. Hunting's not enough, I'll breed and I'll train." With just that extra pinch of shrewdness and decision imparted by long residence in a new country, Val had seen the weak point of modern breeding. They were all hypnotized by fashion and high price. He should buy for looks, and let names go hang! And, here he was already, hypnotized by the prestige of a certain strain of blood! Half consciously, he thought: "There's something in this damned climate which makes one go round in a ring. Still, I must have a strain of Mayfly blood."

In this mood he reached the Mecca of his hopes. It was one of those quiet meetings favorable to such as wish to look into horses, rather than into the mouths of bookmakers; and Val clung to the paddock. His twenty years of Colonial life, divesting him of the dandyism in which he had been bred, had left him the essential neatness of the horseman, and given him a queer and rather blighting eye over what he called "the silly haw-haw" of Englishmen, the "flapping cockatoory" of Englishwomen—Holly had none of that and Holly was his model. Observant, quick, resourceful, Val went straight to the heart of a transaction, a horse, a drink; and he was on his way to the heart of a Mayfly filly, when a thick, slow voice said at his elbow:

"Mr. Val Dartie? How's Mrs. Val Dartie? She's well, I hope." And he saw beside him the Belgian he had met at his sister Imogen's.

"Prosper Profond—I met you at lunch," said the slow voice.

"Yes. How are you?" murmured Val.

"I'm very well," replied Monsieur Profond, smiling with a certain inimitable slowness. "A good devil" Holly had called him. Well! He looked a little like a devil, with his dark, clipped, pointed beard; a sleepy one though, and good-humored, with fine eyes, unexpectedly intelligent.

"Here's a gentleman wands to know you—cousin of yours—Mr. George Forsyde."

Val saw a large form, and a face clean-shaven, bull-like, a little lowering, with sardonic humor bubbling behind a full gray eye; he remembered it dimly from old days when he would dine with his father at the Iseeum Club.

"How are you?" said George. "I used to go racing with your father. How's the stud? Like to buy one of my screws?"

Val grinned with a sudden feeling that the bottom had fallen out of breeding. Europe! They believed in nothing over here, not even in horses. George Forsyte, Prosper Profond! The devil himself was not more disillusioned than those two.

"Didn't know you were a racing man," he said to Monsieur Profond.

"I'm nod. I don' care for it. I'm a yachdin' man. I don' care for yachdin' either, but I like to see my friends. I've got some lunch, Mr. Val Dartie, just a small lunch, if you'd like to 'ave some; nod much—just a small one—in my car."

"Thanks," said Val; "very good of you. I'll come along in about quarter of an hour."

"Over there. Mr. Forsyde's comin'," and Monsieur Profond "poinded" with a yellow-gloved finger; "small car, with a small lunch"; he moved on, groomed, sleepy, and remote, George Forsyte following, neat, huge, and with his jesting air.

Val remained gazing at the Mayfly filly. George Forsyte, of course, was an old chap, but this Profond might be about his own age; and Val felt extremely young, as if the Mayfly filly were a toy at which

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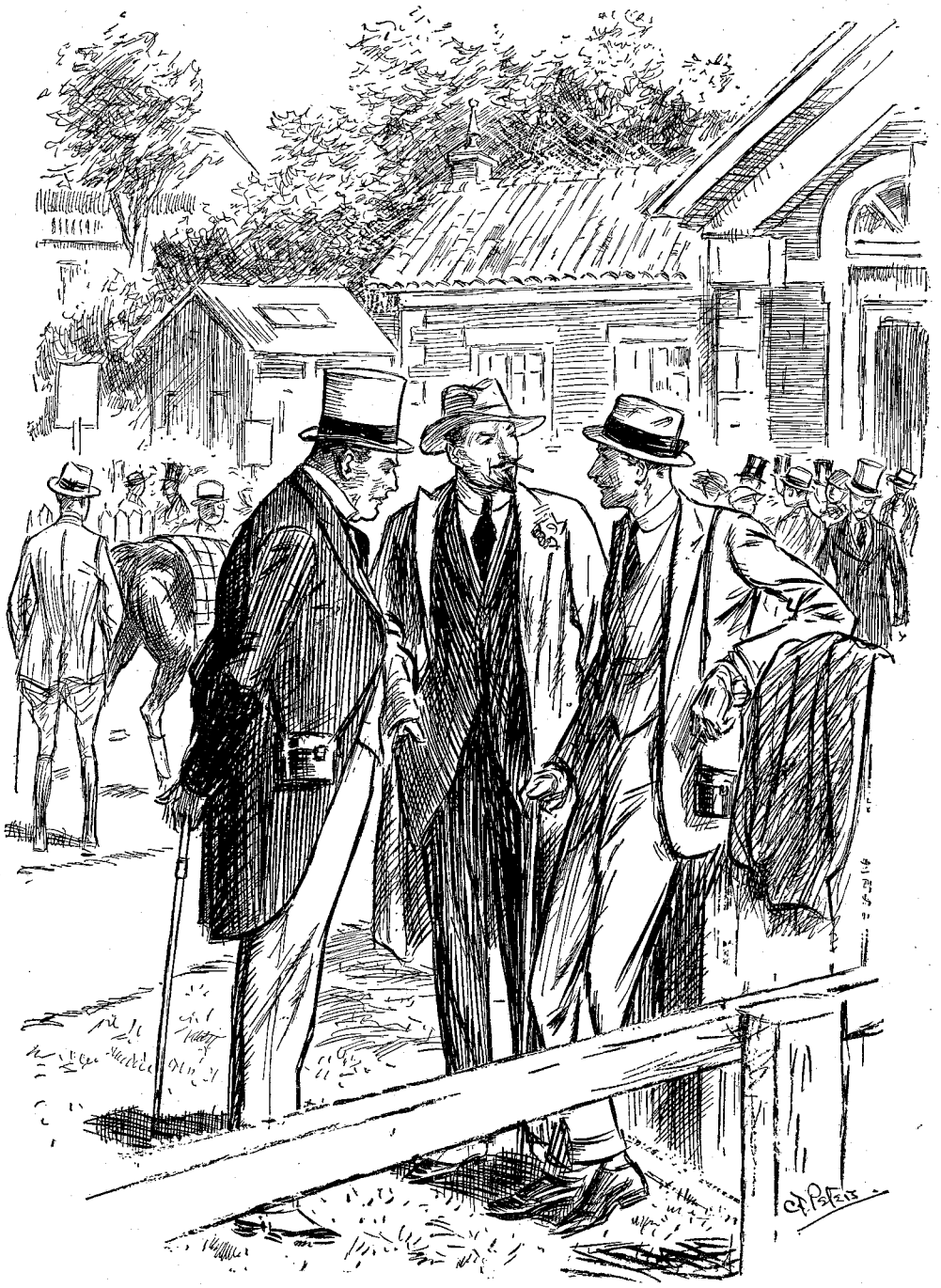

Drawn by C. F. Peters.

"I'm nod. I don' care for it. I'm a yachdin' man. I don' care for yachdin' either, but I like to see my friends."—Page 152.

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those two had laughed. The animal had lost reality.

"That 'small' mare"—he seemed to hear the voice of Monsieur Profond—"what do you see in her—we must all die!"

And George Forsyte, crony of his father, racing still! The Mayfly strain—was it any better than any other? He might just as well have a flutter with his money instead.

"No, by gum!" he thought suddenly, "if it's no good breeding horses, it's no good doing anything. What did I come for? I'll buy her."

He stood back and watched the ebb of the paddock visitors toward the stand. Natty old chips, shrewd portly fellows, Jews, trainers looking as if they had never been guilty of seeing a horse in their lives; tall, flapping, languid women, or brisk, loud-voiced women; young men with an air as if trying to take it seriously—two or three of them with only one arm!

"Life over here's a game!" thought Val. "Muffin bell rings, horses run, money changes hands; ring again, run again, money changes back."

But, alarmed at his own philosophy, he went to the paddock gate to watch the Mayfly filly canter down. She moved well; and he made his way over to the "small" car. The "small" lunch was the sort a man dreams of but seldom gets; and when it was concluded Monsieur Profond walked back with him to the paddock.

"Your wife's a nice woman," he said surprisingly.

"Nicest woman I know," returned Val dryly.

"Yes," said Monsieur Profond; "she has a nice face. I admire nice women."

Val looked at him suspiciously, but something kindly and direct in the heavy diabolism of his companion disarmed him for the moment.

"Any time you like to come on my yachd, I'll give her a small cruise."

"Thanks," said Val, in arms again, "she hates the sea."

"So do I," said Monsieur Profond.

"Then why do you yacht?"

The Belgian's eyes smiled. "Oh! I don' know. I've done everything; it's the last thing I'm doin'."

"It must be d—d expensive. I should want more reason than that."

Monsieur Prosper Profond raised his eyebrows, and puffed out a heavy lower lip.

"I'm an easy-goin' man," he said.

"Were you in the war?" asked Val.

"Ye-es. I've done that too. I was gassed; it was a small bit unpleasand." He smiled with the deep and sleepy air of prosperity which went so well with his name of Prosper Profond. Whether his saying "small" when he ought to have said "little" was genuine mistake or affectation, Val could not decide; the fellow was evidently capable of anything. Among the ring of buyers round the Mayfly filly who had won her race, Monsieur Profond said:

"You goin' to bid?"

Val nodded. With this sleepy Satan at his elbow, he felt in need of faith. Though placed above the ultimate blows of Providence by the forethought of a grandfather who had tied him up a thousand a year to which was added the thousand a year tied up for Holly by *her* grandfather, Val was not flush of capital that he could touch, having spent most of what he had realized from his South African farm on his establishment in Sussex. And very soon he was thinking: "Damn it! she's going beyond me!" His limit—six hundred—was exceeded, and he dropped out of the bidding. The Mayfly filly passed under the hammer at seven hundred and fifty guineas. He was turning away vexed when the slow voice of Monsieur Profond said in his ear:

"Well, I've boughd that small filly, but I don'd wand her; you take her and give her to your wife."

Val looked at the fellow with renewed suspicion, but the good humor in his eyes was such that he really could not take offense.

"I made a small lot of money in the war," began Monsieur Profond in answer to that look. "I 'ad armament shares. I like to give it away. I'm always makin' money. I wand very small lot myself. I like my friends to 'ave it."

"I'll buy her of you at the price you gave," said Val with sudden resolution.

"Why?" said Monsieur Profond. "You take her. I don'd wand her."

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"Hang it all!" said Val, "one doesn't——"

"Why nod?" smiled Monsieur Profond. "I'm a friend of your family."

"Seven hundred and fifty guineas is not a box of cigars," said Val impatiently.

"All right; you keep her for me till I wand her, and do whad you like with her."

"So long as she's yours," said Val, "I don't mind that."

"Thad's all right," murmured Monsieur Profond, and moved away.

Val watched; he might be "a good devil," but then again he might not. He saw him rejoin George Forsyte, and thereafter saw him no more.

He spent those nights after racing at his mother's house in Green Street.

Winifred Dartie at sixty-two was marvellously preserved, considering the three-and-thirty years during which she had put up with Montague Dartie, till almost happily released by a French staircase. It was to her a vehement satisfaction to have her favorite son back from South Africa after all this time, to feel him so little changed, and to have taken a fancy to his wife. Winifred, who in the late seventies, before her marriage, had been in the vanguard of freedom, pleasure, and fashion, confessed her youth outclassed by the donzellas of the day. They seemed, for instance, to regard marriage as an incident, and Winifred sometimes regretted that she had not done the same; a second, third, fourth incident might have secured her a partner of less dazzling inebriety; though, after all, he had left her Val, Imogen, Maud, Benedict (almost a colonel and unharmed by the war)—none of whom had been divorced as yet. The steadiness of her children often amazed one who remembered their father; but, as she was fond of believing, they were really all Forsytes, favoring herself, except perhaps Imogen. Her brother's "little girl" Fleur frankly puzzled Winifred. The child was as restless as any of these modern young women —"She's a small flame in a draughd," Prosper Profond had said one day after dinner—but she did not flop, or talk at the top of her voice. The steady Forsyteism in Winifred's own character instinctively resented the feeling in the air, the modern girl's habits and her motto: "All's much of a muchness! Spend, tomorrow we shall be poor!" She found it a saving grace in Fleur that having set her heart on a thing, she had no change of heart until she got it—though what happened after, Fleur was, of course, too young to have made evident. The child was a "very pretty little thing," too, and quite a credit to take about, with her mother's French taste and a gift for wearing clothes; everybody turned to look at Fleur—great consideration to Winifred, a lover of the style and distinction which had so cruelly deceived her in the case of Montague Dartie.

In discussing her with Val, at breakfast on the Saturday morning, Winifred dwelt on the family skeleton.

"That little affair of your father-in-law and your Aunt Irene, Val—it's old as the hills, of course, Fleur need know nothing about it—making a fuss. Your Uncle Soames is very particular about that. So you'll be careful."

"Yes! But it's dashed awkward. Holly's young half-brother's coming to live with us while he learns farming. In fact, he's there already."

"Oh!" said Winifred. "That is a gaff! What's he like, Val?"

"Don't know. Only saw him once—at Robin Hill, when we were home in 1909; he was naked and painted blue and yellow in stripes —a jolly little chap."

Winifred thought that "rather nice," and added comfortably: "Well, Holly's a sensible little thing; she'll know how to deal with it. I shan't tell your uncle. It'll only bother him. It's a great comfort to have you back, my dear boy, now that I'm getting on."

"Getting on! You're as young as ever. That chap Profond, mother, is he all right?"

"Prosper Profond! Oh! he's the most amusing man I know."

Val grunted, and recounted the story of the Mayfly filly.

"That's *so* like him," said Winifred. "He does all sorts of things."

"Well," muttered Val shrewdly, "our family haven't been too lucky with that kind of cattle; they're too light-hearted for us."

It was true, and Winifred's blue study lasted a full minute before she answered:

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"Oh! well, he's a foreigner, Val; one must make allowances."

"All right," said Val, "I'll use his filly and make it up to him somehow."

And soon after he gave her his blessing, received a kiss, and left her for his bookmaker's, the Iseeum Club, and Victoria station.

VI

JON

MRS. VAL DARTIE, after twenty years of South Africa, had fallen deeply in love, fortunately with something of her own, for the object of her passion was the prospect in front of her windows, the cool clear light on the green downs. It was England again, at last! England more beautiful than she had dreamed. Chance had, in fact, guided the Val Darties to a spot where the South Downs had real charm when the sun shone. Holly had enough of her father's eye to apprehend the rare quality of their outlines and chalky radiance; to go up there by the ravine-like lane and wander along toward Chanctonbury or Amberley, was still a delight which she hardly attempted to share with Val, whose admiration of Nature was confused by a Forsyte's instinct for getting something out of it, such as the condition of the turf for his horses' exercise.

Driving the Ford home with a certain humoring smoothness, she promised herself that the first use she would make of Jon would be to take him up there, and show him "the view" under this May-day sky.

She was looking forward to her young half-brother with a motherliness not required elsewhere. A three-day visit to Robin Hill, soon after their arrival home, had yielded no sight of him—he was still at school; so that her recollection, like Val's, was of a little sunny-haired boy striped blue and yellow, down by the pond.

Those three days at Robin Hill had been exciting, sad, embarrassing. Memories of her dead brother, memories of Val's courtship; the aging of her father, not seen for twenty years, something funereal in his ironic gentleness which did not escape one who had much subtle instinct; above all, the presence of her stepmother, whom she could still vaguely remember as the "lady in gray" of days when she was little and grandfather alive and Mademoiselle Beauce so cross because this intruder gave her music lessons—all these confused and tantalized a spirit which had longed to find Robin Hill untroubled. But Holly was adept at keeping things to herself, and all had seemed to go quite well.

Her father had kissed her when she left him, with lips which she was sure had trembled.

"Well, my dear," he said, "the war hasn't changed Robin Hill, anyway. If you could have brought Jolly back with you! I say, can you stand this spiritualistic racket? When the oak-tree dies, it dies, I'm afraid."

From the warmth of her embrace he probably divined that he had let the cat out of the bag, for he rode off at once on irony.

"Spiritualism—queer word, when the more they manifest the more they prove that they've got hold of matter."

"How?" said Holly.

"Why! Look at their photographs of auric presences. You must have something material for light and shade to fall on before you can take a photograph. No, it'll end in our calling all matter spirit, or all spirit matter—I don't know which."

"But don't you believe in survival, Dad?"

Jolyon had looked at her, and the sad whimsicality of his face impressed her deeply.

"Well, my dear, I should like to get something out of death. I've been looking into it a bit. But for the life of me I can't find anything that telepathy, subconsciousness, and emanation from the storehouse of this world can't account for just as well. Wish I could! Wishes father thoughts but they don't breed evidence."

Holly had pressed her lips again to his forehead with the feeling that it confirmed his theory that all matter was becoming spirit—it felt somehow so insubstantial.

But the most poignant memory of that little visit had been watching, unob-

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served, her stepmother reading to herself a letter from Jon. It was—she decided—the prettiest sight she had ever seen. Irene, lost as it were in the letter of her boy, stood at a window where the light fell on her face and her fine gray hair; her lips were moving, smiling, her dark eyes laughing, dancing, and the hand which did not hold the letter was pressed against her breast. Holly withdrew as from a vision of perfect love, convinced that Jon must be nice.

When she saw him coming out of the station with a kit-bag in either hand, she was confirmed in her predisposition. He was a little like Jolly, that long-lost idol of her childhood, but eager-looking and less formal, with deeper eyes and brighter-colored hair, for he wore no hat; altogether a very interesting "little" brother!

His tentative politeness charmed one who was accustomed to assurance in the youthful manner; he was disturbed because she was to drive him home, instead of his driving her. Shouldn't he have a shot? They hadn't a car at Robin Hill since the war, of course, and he had only driven once, and landed up a bank, so she oughtn't to mind his trying. His laugh, soft and infectious, was very attractive, though that word, she had heard, was now quite old-fashioned. When they reached the house he pulled out a crumpled letter which she read while he was washing—a quite short letter, which must have cost her father many a pang to write.

"My dear,

You and Val will not forget, I trust, that Jon knows nothing of family history. His mother and I think he is too young at present. The boy is very dear, and the apple of her eye. Verbum sapientibus.

Your loving father,
J. F."

That was all; but it renewed in Holly an uneasy regret that Fleur was coming.

After tea she fulfilled that promise to herself and took Jon up the hill. They had a long talk, sitting above an old chalk-pit grown over with brambles and goosepenny. Milkwort and liverwort starred the green slope, the larks sang, and thrushes in the brake, and now and then a gull flighting inland would wheel very white against the paling sky, where the moon was at its bravest—a white bow stretched in heaven. Delicious vague fragrance came to them, as if little invisible creatures were running and treading scent out of the blades of grass.

Jon, who had fallen silent, said rather suddenly:

"I say, this is wonderful! There's no fat on it at all. Gull's flight and sheep-bells——"

"Gull's flight and sheep-bells— You're a poet, my dear!"

Jon sighed.

"Oh, Golly! No go!"

"Try! I used to at your age."

"Did you? Mother says 'try' too; but I'm so rotten. Have you any of yours for me to see?"

"My dear," Holly murmured, "I've been married nineteen years. I only wrote verses when I wanted to be."

"Oh!" said Jon, and turned over on to his face: the one cheek she could see was a charming color. Was Jon "touched in the wind," then, as Val would have called it? Already? But, if so, all the better, he would take no notice of young Fleur. Besides, on Monday he would begin his farming. And she smiled. Was it Burns who followed the plough, or only Piers Plowman? Nearly every young man and most young women seemed to be poets nowadays, from the number of their books she had read out in South Africa, importing them from Hatchus and Bumphards; and quite good—oh! quite; much better than she had been herself! But then poetry had only really come in since her day—with motor-cars. Another long talk after dinner over a wood fire in the low hall, and there seemed little left to know about Jon except anything of real importance. Holly parted from him at his bedroom door, having seen twice over that he had everything, with the conviction that she would love him, and Val would like him. He was eager, but did not gush; he was a splendid listener, sympathetic, reticent about himself. He evidently loved their father, and adored his mother. He liked riding, rowing, and fencing, better than games. He saved moths from candles, and couldn't bear spiders, but put them out of doors in screws of paper sooner than kill them.

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In a word, he was amiable. She went to sleep, thinking that he would suffer horribly if anybody hurt him; but who would hurt him?

Jon, on the other hand, sat awake at his window with a bit of paper and a pencil, writing his first "real poem" by the light of a candle because there was not enough moon to see by, only enough to make the night seem fluttery and as if engraved on silver. Just the night for Fleur to walk, and turn her eyes, and lead on—over the hills and far away. And Jon, deeply furrowed in his ingenuous brow, made marks on the paper and rubbed them out and wrote them in again, and did all that was necessary for the completion of a work of art; and he had a feeling such as the winds of Spring must have, trying their first songs among the coming blossom. Jon was one of those boys (not many) in whom a home-trained love of beauty had survived school life. He had had to keep it to himself, of course, so that not even the drawing-master knew of it; but it was there, fastidious and clear within him. And his poem seemed to him as lame and stilted as the night was winged. But all the same he kept it. It was a "beast," but better than nothing as an expression of the inexpressible. And he thought with a sort of discomfiture: "I shan't be able to show it to mother." He slept terribly well, when he did sleep, overwhelmed by novelty.

VII

FLEUR

To avoid the awkwardness of questions which could not be answered, all that had been told Jon was:

"There's a girl coming down with Val for the week-end."

For the same reason, all that had been told Fleur was: "We've got a youngster staying with us."

The two yearlings, as Val called them in his thoughts, met therefore in a manner which for unpreparedness left nothing to be desired. They were thus introduced by Holly:

"This is Jon, my little brother; Fleur's a cousin of ours, Jon."

Jon, who was coming in through a French window out of strong sunlight, was so confounded by the providential nature of this miracle, that he had time to hear Fleur say calmly:

"Oh, how do you do?" as if he had never seen her, and to understand dimly from the quickest imaginable little movement of her head that he never *had* seen her. He bowed therefore over her hand in an intoxicated manner, and became more silent than the grave. He knew better than to speak. Once in his early life, surprised reading by a night-light, he had said fatuously "I was just turning over the leaves, Mum," and his mother had replied: "Jon, never tell stories, because of your face—nobody will ever believe them."

The saying had permanently undermined the confidence necessary to the success of spoken untruth. He listened therefore to Fleur's swift and rapt allusions to the jolliness of everything, plied her with scones and jam, and got away as soon as might be. They say that in delirium tremens you see a fixed object, preferably dark, which suddenly changes shape and position. Jon saw the fixed object; it had dark eyes and passably dark hair, and changed its position, but never its shape. The knowledge that between him and that object there was already a secret understanding (however impossible to understand) thrilled him so that he waited feverishly, and began to copy out his poem—which of course he would never dare to show her—till the sound of horses' hoofs roused him, and, leaning from his window, he saw her riding forth with Val. It was clear that she wasted no time; but the sight filled him with grief. He wasted his. If he had not bolted, in his fearful ecstacy, he might have been asked to go too. And from his window he sat and watched them disappear, appear again in the chine of the road, vanish, and emerge once more for a minute clear on the outline of the Down. "Silly brute!" he thought; "I always miss my chances."

Why couldn't he be self-confident and ready? And, leaning his chin on his hands, he imagined the ride he might have had with her. A week-end was but a week-end, and he had missed three hours

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of it. Did he know any one except himself who would have been such a flat? He did not.

He dressed for dinner early, and was first down. He would miss no more. But he missed Fleur, who came down last. He sat opposite her at dinner, and it was terrible—impossible to say anything for fear of saying the wrong thing, impossible to keep his eyes fixed on her in the only natural way; in sum, impossible to treat normally one with whom in fancy he had already been over the hills and far away; conscious, too, all the time, that he must seem to her, to all of them, a dumb gawk. Yes, it was terrible! And she was talking so well—swooping with swift wing this way and that. Wonderful how she had learned an art which he found so disgustingly difficult. She must think him hopeless indeed!

His sister's eyes fixed on him with a certain astonishment, obliged him at last to look at Fleur; but instantly her eyes, very wide and eager, seeming to say: "Oh! for goodness' sake!" obliged him to look at Val; where a grin obliged him to look at his cutlet—that, at least, had no eyes, and no grin, and he ate it hastily.

"Jon is going to be a farmer," he heard Holly say; "a farmer and a poet."

He glanced up reproachfully, caught the comic left of her eyebrow just like their father's, laughed, and felt better.

Val recounted the incident of Monsieur Prosper Profond; nothing could have been more favorable, for, in relating it, he regarded Holly, who in turn regarded him, while Fleur seemed to be regarding with a slight frown some thought of her own, and Jon was really free to look at her at last. She had on a white frock, very simple and well made; her arms were bare, and her hair had a white rose in it. In just that swift moment of free vision, after such intense discomfort, Jon saw her sublimated, as one sees in the dark a slender white fruit tree; caught her like a verse of poetry flashed before the eyes of the mind, or a tune which floats out in the distance and dies.

He wondered giddily how old she was—she seemed so much more self-possessed and experienced than himself. Why mustn't he say they had met? He remembered suddenly his mother's face; puzzled, hurt-looking, when she answered: "Yes, they're relations, but we don't know them." Impossible that his mother, who loved beauty, should not admire Fleur if she did know her!

Alone with Val after dinner, he sipped port deferentially and answered the advances of this new-found brother-in-law. As to riding (always the first consideration with Val) he could have the young chestnut, saddle and unsaddle it himself, and generally look after it when he brought it in. Jon said he was accustomed to all that at home, and saw that he had gone up one in his host's estimation.

"Fleur," said Val, "can't ride much yet, but she's keen. Of course, her father doesn't know a horse from a cart-wheel. Does your dad ride?"

"He used to; but now he's—you know, he's—" He stopped, so hating the word old. His father was old, and yet not old; no—never!

"Quite," muttered Val. "I used to know your brother up at Oxford, ages ago, the one who died in the Boer War. We had a fight in New College Gardens. That was a queer business," he added, musing; "a good deal came out of it."

Jon's eyes opened wide; all was pushing him toward historical research, when his sister's voice said gently from the doorway:

"Come along, you two," and he rose, his heart pushing him toward something far more modern.

Fleur having declared that it was "simply too wonderful to stay indoors," they all went out. Moonlight was frosting the dew, and an old sun-dial threw a long shadow. Two box hedges at right angles, dark and square, barred off the orchard. Fleur turned through that angled opening.

"Come on!" she called. Jon glanced at the others, and followed. She was running among the trees like a ghost. All was lovely and foamlike above her, and there was a scent of old trunks, and of nettles. She vanished. He thought he had lost her, then almost ran into her standing quite still.

"Isn't it jolly?" she cried, and Jon answered:

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"Rather!"

She reached up, twisted off a blossom and, twirling it in her fingers, said:

"I suppose I can call you Jon?"

"I should think so just."

"All right! But you know there's a feud between our families?"

Jon stammered: "Feud? Why?"

"Isn't it romantic and silly? That's why I pretended we hadn't met. Shall we get up early to-morrow morning and go for a walk before breakfast and have it out? I hate being slow about things, don't you?"

Jon murmured in a rapturous assent.

"Six o'clock, then. I think your mother's beautiful."

Jon said fervently: "Yes, she is."

"I love all kinds of beauty," went on Fleur, "when it's exciting. I don't like Greek things a bit."

"What! Not Euripides?"

"Euripides? Oh! no, I can't bear Greek plays; they're so long. I think beauty's always swift. I like to look at *one* picture, for instance, and then run off. I can't bear a lot of things together. Look!" She held up her blossom in the moonlight. "That's better than all the orchard, I think."

And, suddenly, with her other hand she caught Jon's.

"Of all things in the world, don't you think caution's the most awful? Smell the moonlight!"

She thrust the blossom against his face; Jon agreed giddily that of all things in the world caution was the worst, and bending over, kissed the hand which held his.

"That's nice and old-fashioned," said Fleur calmly. "You're frightfully silent, Jon. Still I like silence when it's swift." She let go his hand. "Did you think I dropped my handkerchief on purpose?"

"No!" cried Jon, intensely shocked.

"Well, I did, of course. Let's get back, or they'll think we're doing this on purpose too." And again she ran like a ghost among the trees. Jon followed, with love in his heart, Spring in his heart, and over all the moonlit white unearthly blossom. They came out where they had gone in, Fleur walking demurely.

"It's quite wonderful in there," she said dreamily to Holly.

Jon preserved silence, hoping against hope that she might be thinking it swift.

She bade him a casual and demure good-night, which made him think he had been dreaming. . . .

In her bedroom Fleur had flung off her gown, and, wrapped in a shapeless garment, with the white flower still in her hair, she looked like a mousmé, sitting cross-legged on her bed, writing by candlelight.

"DEAREST CHERRY:

"I believe I'm in love. I've got it in the neck, only the feeling is really lower down. He's a second cousin—such a child, about six months older and ten years younger than I am. Boys always fall in love with their seniors, and girls with their juniors or with old men of forty. Don't laugh, but his eyes are the truest things I ever saw; and he's quite divinely silent! We had a most romantic first meeting in London under the Vospovitch Juno. And now he's sleeping in the next room and the moonlight's on the blossom; and to-morrow morning, before anybody's awake, we're going to walk off into Down fairyland. There's a feud between our families, which makes it really exciting. Yes! and I may have to use subterfuge and come on you for invitations—if so, you'll know why! My father doesn't want us to know each other, but I can't help that. Life's too short. He's got the most beautiful mother, with lovely silvery hair and a young face with dark eyes. I'm staying with his sister—who married my cousin; it's all mixed up, but I mean to pump her to-morrow. We've often talked about love being a spoil-sport; well, that's all tosh, it's the beginning of sport, and the sooner you feel it, my dear, the better for you.

"Jon (not simplified spelling, but short for Jolyon, which is a name in my family, they say) is the sort that lights up and goes out; about five feet ten, still growing, and I believe he's going to be a poet. If you laugh at me I've done with you forever. I perceive all sorts of difficulties, but you know when I really want a thing I get it. One of the chief effects of

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love is that you see the air sort of inhabited, like seeing a face in the moon; and you feel—you feel dancey and soft at the same time, with a funny sensation—like a continual first sniff of orange blossom—just above your stays. This is my first, and I feel as if it were going to be my last, which is absurd, of course, by all the laws of Nature and morality. If you mock me I will smite you, and if you tell anybody I will never forgive you. So much so, that I almost don't think I'll send this letter. Anyway, I'll sleep over it. So good-night, my Cherry—oh!

Your

FLEUR."

VIII

IDYL ON GRASS

WHEN those two young Forsytes emerged from the chine lane, and set their faces East toward the sun, there was not a cloud in heaven, and the Downs were dewy. They had come at a good bat up the slope and were a little out of breath; if they had anything to say they did not say it, but marched in the early awkwardness of unbreakfasted morning under the songs of the larks. The stealing out had been fun, but with the freedom of the tops the sense of conspiracy ceased, and gave place to dumbness.

"We've made one blooming error," said Fleur, when they had gone half a mile. "I'm hungry."

Jon produced a stick of chocolate. They shared it and their tongues were loosened. They discussed the nature of their homes and previous existences, which had a kind of fascinating unreality up on that lonely height. There remained but one thing solid in Jon's past—his mother; but one thing solid in Fleur's—her father; and of these figures, as though seen in the distance with disapproving faces, they spoke little.

The Down dipped and rose again toward Chanctonbury Ring; a sparkle of far sea came into view, a sparrow-hawk hovered in the sun's eye so that the blood-nourished brown of his wings gleamed nearly red. Jon had a passion for birds, and an aptitude for sitting very still to watch them; keen-sighted, and with a memory for what interested him, on birds he was almost worth listening to. But in Chanctonbury Ring there were none—its great beech temple was empty of life, and almost chilly at this early hour; they came out willingly again into the sun on the far side. It was Fleur's turn now. She spoke of dogs, and the way people treated them. It was wicked to keep them on chains! She would like to flog people who did that. Jon was astonished to find her so humanitarian. She knew a dog, it seemed, which some farmer near her home kept chained up at the end of his chicken run, in all weathers till it had almost lost its voice from barking!

"And the misery is," she said vehemently, "that if the poor thing didn't bark at every one who passes it wouldn't be kept there. I do think men are cunning brutes. I've let it go twice, on the sly; it's nearly bitten me both times, and then it goes simply mad with joy; but it always runs back home at last, and they chain it up again. If I had my way, I'd chain that man up."

Jon saw her teeth and her eyes gleam. "I'd brand him on his forehead with the word 'Brute'; that would teach him!"

Jon agreed that it would be a good remedy.

"It's their sense of property," he said, "which makes people chain things. The last generation thought of nothing but property; and that's why there was the war."

"Oh!" said Fleur, "I never thought of that. Your people and mine quarrelled about property. And anyway we've all got it—at least, I suppose your people have."

"Oh! yes, luckily; I don't suppose I shall be any good at making money."

"If you were, I don't believe I should like you."

Jon slipped his hand tremulously under her arm.

Fleur looked round at him:

"Jon, Jon, the farmer's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!"

Jon's arm crept round her waist.

"This is rather sudden," said Fleur calmly; "do you often do it?"

Jon dropped his arm. But when she laughed, his arm stole back again; and Fleur began to sing:

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"O who will o'er the downs so free,
O who will with me ride?
O who will up and follow me——"

"Sing, Jon!"

Jon sang. The larks joined in, sheep-bells, and an early morning church far away over in Steyning. They went on from tune to tune, till Fleur said:

"My God! I am hungry now!"

"Oh! I *am* sorry!"

She looked round into his face.

"Jon, you're rather a darling."

And she pressed his hand against her waist. Jon almost reeled with happiness. A yellow-and-white dog coursing a hare startled them apart. They watched the two vanish down the slope, till Fleur said with a sigh: "He'll never catch it, thank goodness! What's the time? Mine's stopped. I never wound it."

Jon looked at his watch. "By Jove!" he said, "mine's stopped, too."

They walked on again, but only hand in hand.

"If the grass is dry," said Fleur, "let's sit down for half a minute."

Jon took off his coat, and they shared it.

"Smell! Actually wild thyme!"

With his arm round her waist again, they sat some minutes in silence.

"We are goats!" cried Fleur, jumping up; "we shall be most fearfully late, and look so silly, and put them on their guard. Look here, Jon! We only came out to get an appetite for breakfast, and lost our way. See?"

"Yes," said Jon.

"It's serious; there'll be a stopper put on us. Are you a good liar?"

"I believe not very; but I can try."

Fleur frowned.

"You know," she said, "I realize that they don't mean us to be friends."

"Why not?"

"I told you why."

"But that's silly."

"Yes; but you don't know my father!"

"I suppose he's fearfully fond of you."

"You see, I'm an only child. And so are you—of your mother. Isn't it a bore? There's so much expected of one. By the time they've done expecting, one's as good as dead."

"Yes," muttered Jon, "life's beastly short. One wants to live forever, and know everything."

"And love everybody?"

"No," cried Jon; "I only want to love once—you."

"Indeed! You're coming on! Oh! Look! There's the chalk-pit; we can't be very far now. Let's run."

Jon followed, wondering fearfully if he had offended her.

The chalk-pit was full of sunshine and the murmuration of bees. Fleur flung back her hair.

"Well," she said, "in case of accidents, you may give me one kiss, Jon," and she pushed her cheek forward. With ecstasy he kissed that hot soft cheek.

"Now, remember! We lost our way; and leave it to me as much as you can. I'm going to be rather beastly to you; it's safer; try and be beastly to me!"

Jon shook his head. "That's impossible."

"Just to please me; till five o'clock, at all events."

"Anybody will be able to see through it," said Jon gloomily.

"Well, do your best. Look! There they are! Wave your hat! Oh! you haven't got one. Well, I'll cooee! Get a little away from me, and look sulky."

Five minutes later, entering the house and doing his utmost to look sulky, Jon heard her clear voice in the dining-room:

"Oh! I'm simply *ravenous!* He's going to be a farmer—and he loses his way! The boy's an idiot!"

(To be continued.)

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SOME ETCHINGS OF OLD PARIS AND OTHER FRENCH SCENES

BY LOUIS ORR

INCLUDING THE FRONTISPIECE AND SIX OTHER EXAMPLES

Self portrait.

LOUIS ORR is an American artist, painter, and etcher, who has lived for a number of years in Paris. He has won high distinction in the French capital, and in recognition of his work during the war was awarded the Legion of Honor by the French Government. He has the rare distinction for an American artist of having his work hung in the black-and-white section of the Louvre. In the Luxembourg there are a number of his original pencil drawings and etchings, including his noted series of "Old Paris." Mr. Orr came to America at the invitation of the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, to make an etching of its famous group of Municipal Buildings. His work is included in a number of American public and private collections.

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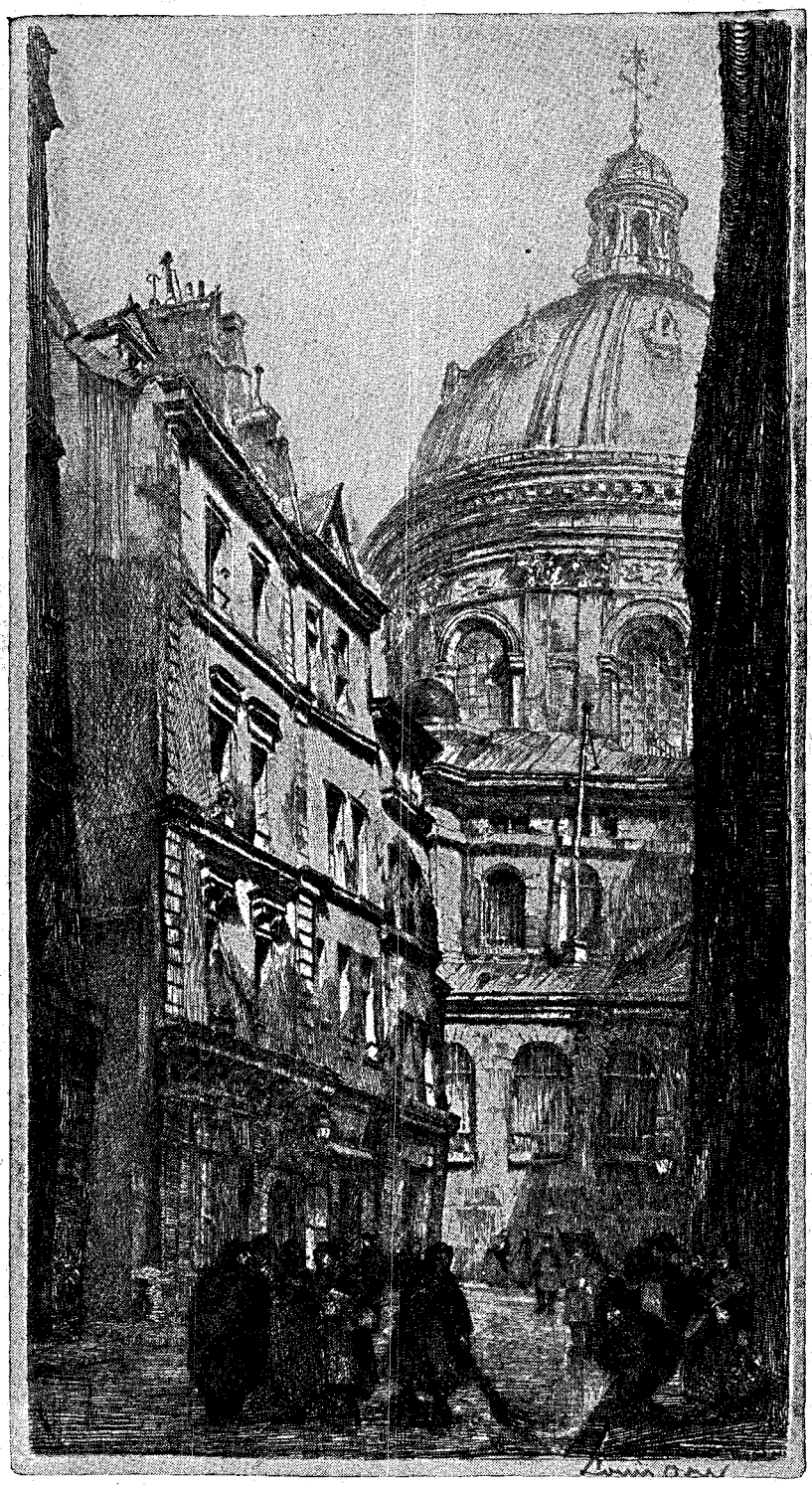

La Rue Mazarine.

Here lived the Cardinal Mazarin whose "College of the Four Nations" is now the home of the Institut de France. La Rue Mazarine has undergone but little change; every house has its story of romance or tragedy.

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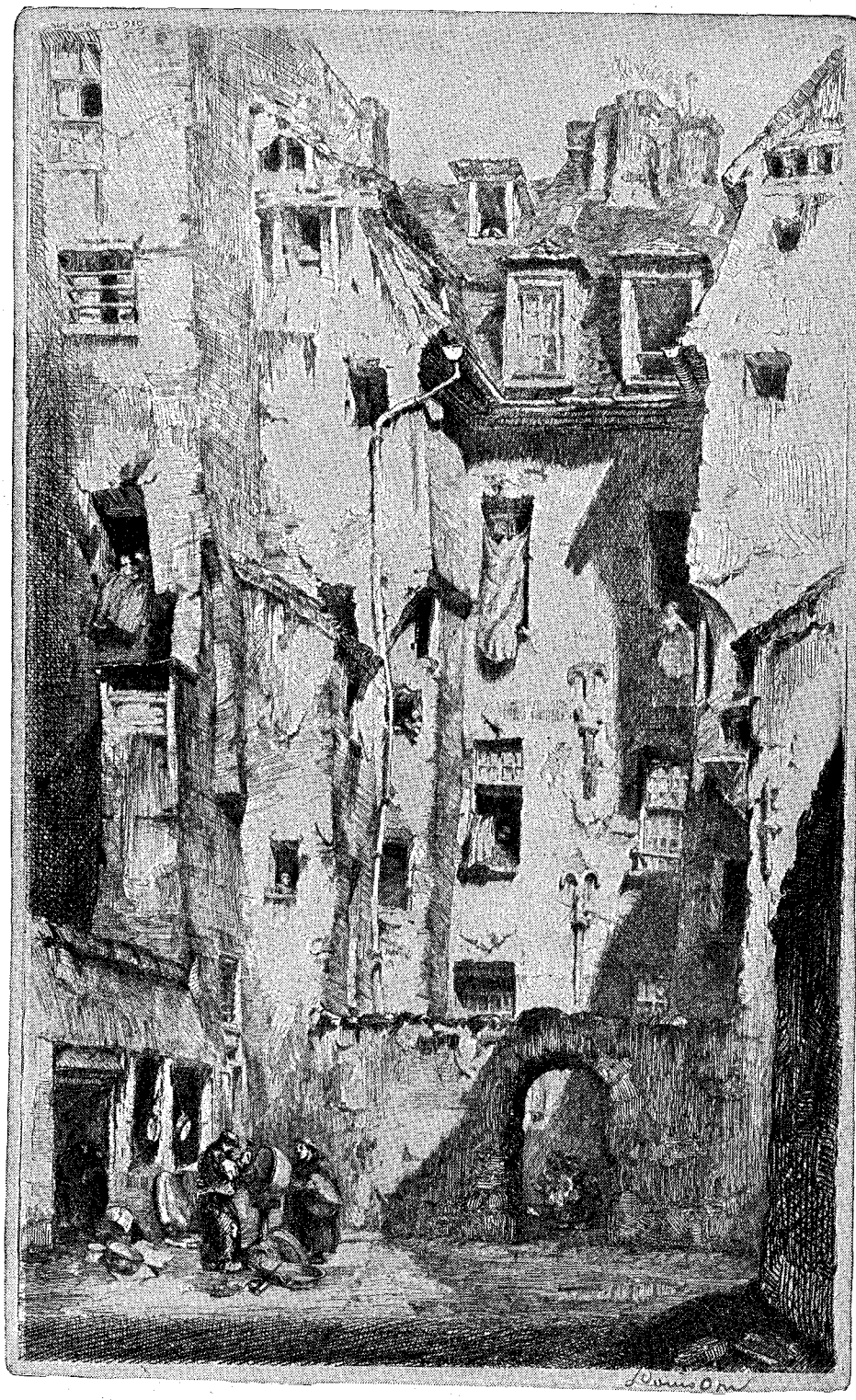

L'Impasse des Bœufs.

This curious group of buildings forms an important part in the composition of an ancient stained-glass window in the Church of St. Étienne du Mont.

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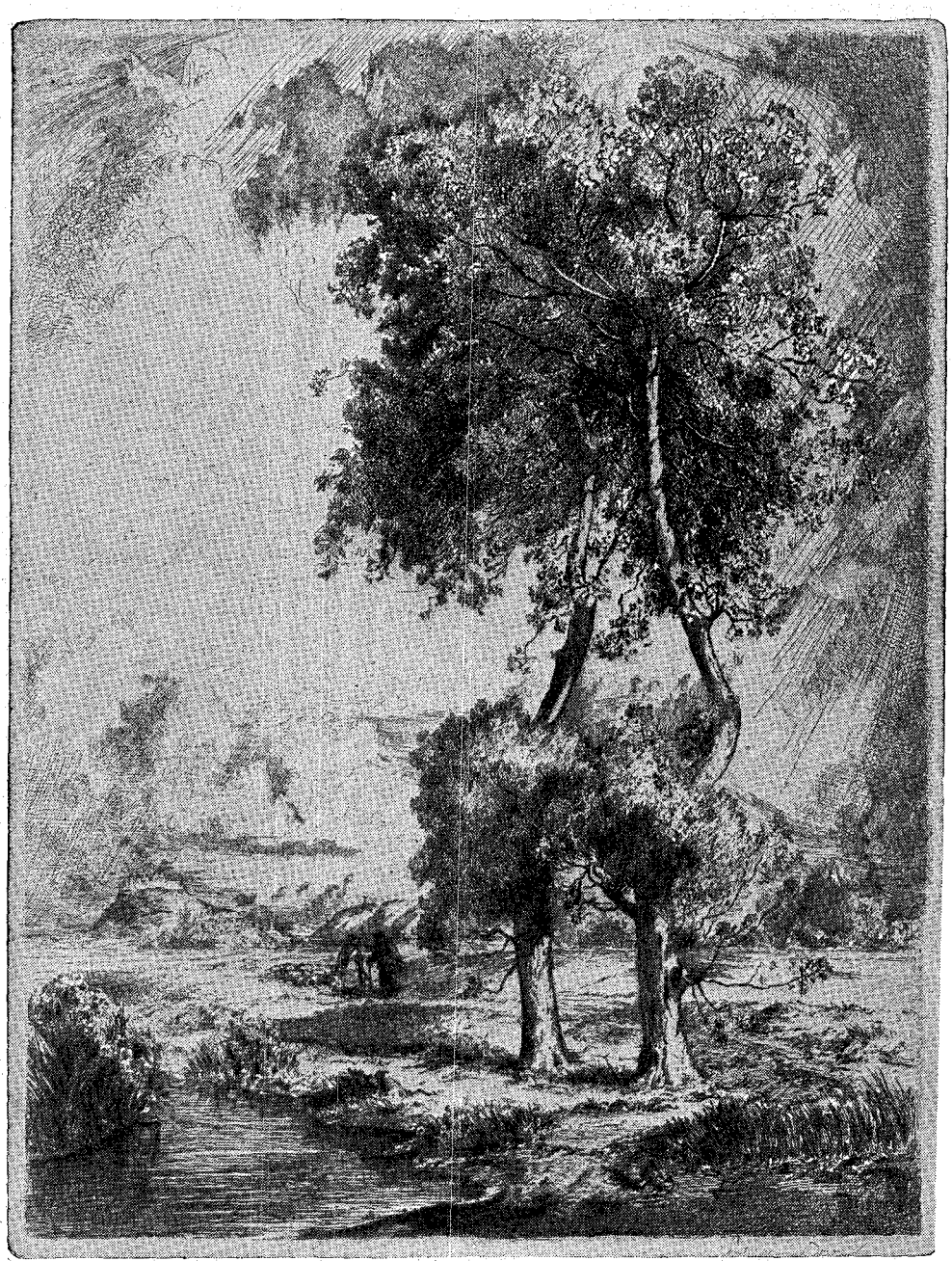

French Landscape.

Not only are there interesting architectural motifs to be found in the South of France. The lover of hills and meadow will understand why Alphonse Daudet returned to his native country. There he wrote his "Lettres de Mon Moulin," and other French classics.

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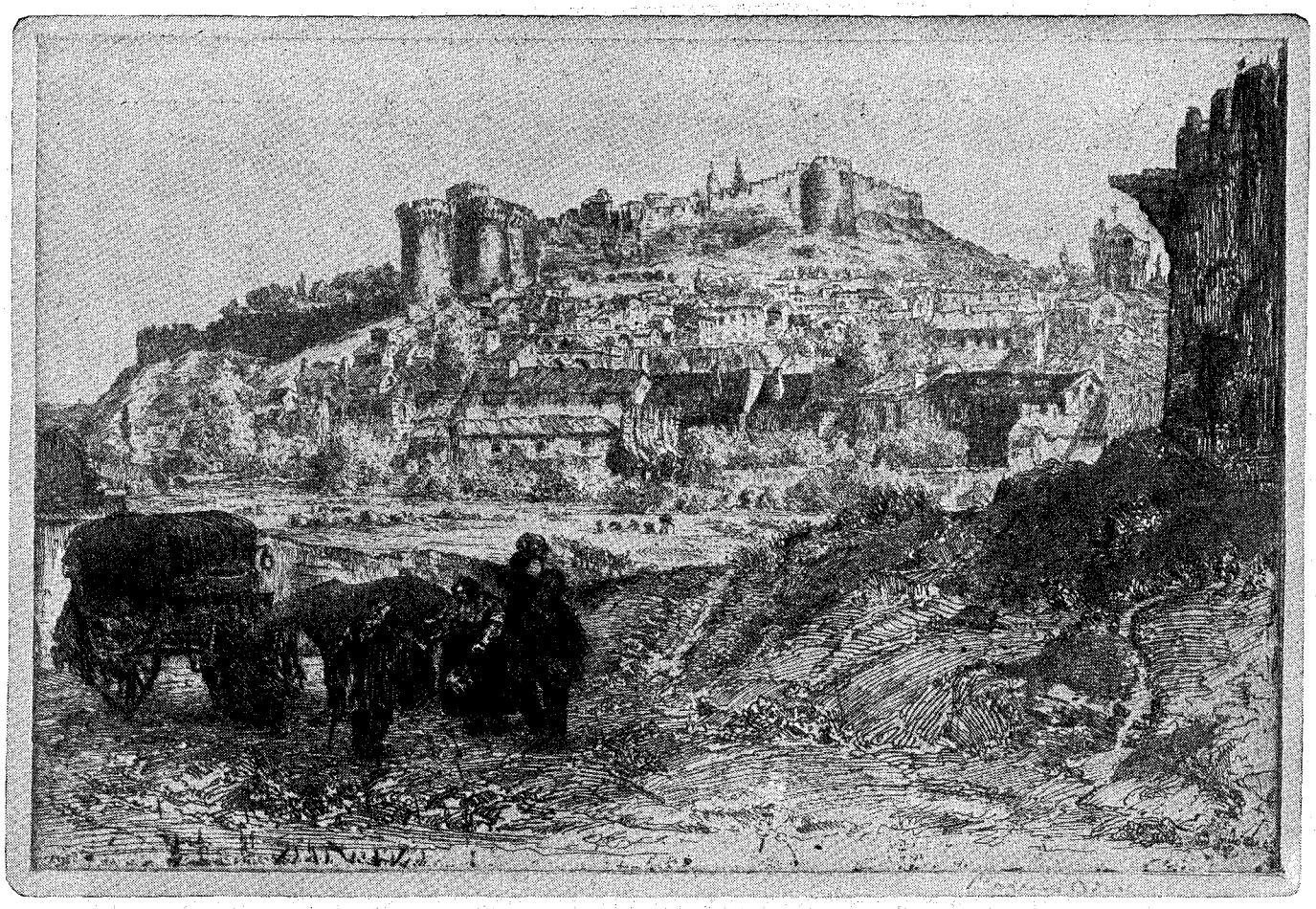

Villeneuve-les-Avignon.

Opposite Avignon is found one of the finest specimens of mediæval strongholds. Fort St. André, since the time of Philippe le Bel and the popes of Avignon, has sheltered many powerful barons. Partly destroyed by Louis XIV, the château, or fort, is now classed as a historic monument and is the property of the Beaux Arts.

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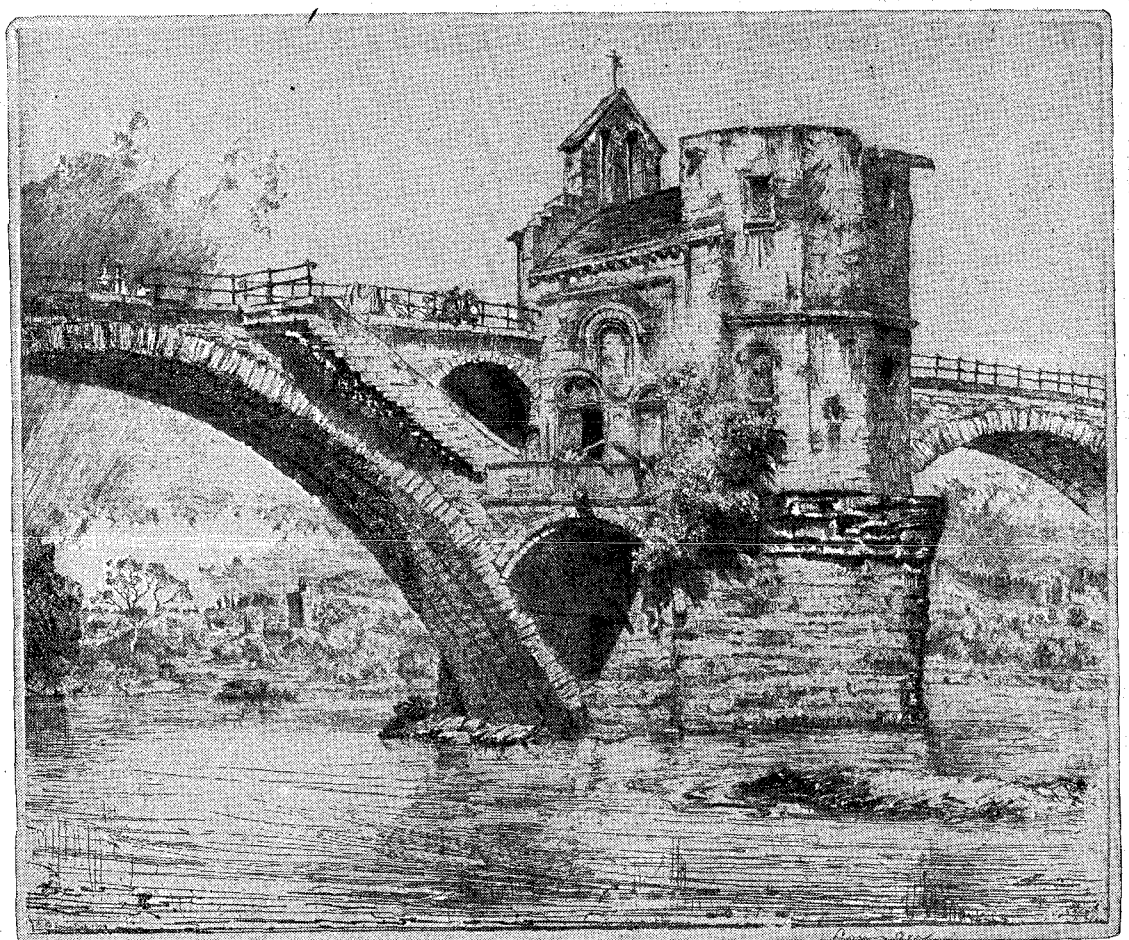

Chapelle St. Nicholas.

The Pont d'Avignon is but one of a multitude of rare architectural masterpieces to be found in La Provence; Avignon, surrounded by its walls and towers, has attracted a number of artists and poets. John Stuart Mill lived for many years in this aristocratic city, and his French admirers have erected a bronze statue to his memory.

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THE "GUM-SHOE"

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATION BY WALLACE MORGAN

THERE are certain professions which have an innate fascination for even the least illusioned of us, which probably explains why I always went out of my way to talk to Frank Casey, the house detective of the Hotel St. Romulus. At any rate it could not have been Casey's personal charm, for he was a fat, red-faced man with puffy lips, while a mind more strictly literal than his I have never encountered. As for the poetry of his particular office, it consisted largely of looking intently and fiercely at certain well-dressed persons who seemed to think that the lobby of the St. Romulus was maintained solely as a free social and recreation room for their benefit, while occasionally he was called into service by a headwaiter or clerk to explain to some Latin that the customs of this country and his own were not always the same. As a romantic figure he was distinctly a disappointment, and once I almost told him so.

"Frank," I said one night, "sometime before I get too old to enjoy it, I would like to meet a detective who really looks like a detective."

Frank considered the matter coldly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Don't I look like a detective?"

"Yes," I replied, "you do look like a detective. That's just the trouble. I meant a detective who looked like a detective in a book. That's the kind I'd like to meet."

"So would I," replied Frank fervently.

The conversation seemed at an end, but standing alone in a hotel lobby had given Frank a vast power of soliloquy, and I waited patiently while he rocked back and forth on his heels, his eyes following the figure of a young man in a brown derby who was wandering toward the newsstand. The young man bought a copy of "The Signboard," and Frank lost interest but his eyes still roved.

"You write books," he said at last. "But you don't have long hair or a sissy necktie do you?"

The question seemed superfluous, but burly Frank Casey had a disconcerting way of thrusting his nose in your face, and demanding answers to even superfluous questions.

"Do you?" he insisted.

"I hope not," I hastened to reply.

"Well, then."

My quest did not seem to meet with much encouragement. It passed from my mind and I thought that it did from Frank's too, but I reckoned without his elephantine memory, for one night, a full year later, he hailed me at the foot of the elevator.

"Say," he said, with a ponderous jerk of his head which made the elevator-boys look at me sharply, "come here, I want to talk to you."

He led me a few steps away, and then with rough confidence he vouchsafed in a low tone:

"Remember you said detectives never looked like detectives? Well, there's a fellow here I want you to meet."

Standing at the point where Frank usually stood was a tall, striking-looking man of forty in evening clothes. A silk hat was pushed back easily on his head, a yellow cane hung over his arm, and a pair of gloves were crumpled in his hand. From the languid, humorous way in which he stood watching the crowd in the lobby he might have been a typical man-about-town, but his lean, rather gaunt face, with its blond mustache, had a tanned, weather-beaten look which made him notable in that pallid company. It was the type of face which one usually attributes to a British officer.

"Mr. Blake, shake hands with Mr. Munson," said Frank, and as we obeyed he added: "You boys ought to know each other. You'll have things to talk about."

Blake and I smiled as we studied each other, and my scrutiny, at least, was one

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of interest, for Blake did look like the kind of man who would have things to say. In my business clothes he made me feel dingy, and his air of cool self-possession rather awed me. I waited for him to make the advances but he waited too, and Frank had to start the thing moving.

"Would either of you like a sandwich or something?" he began hopefully.

The tall man smiled.

"I would like *something*," he said.

He seemed to express the will of the party, but hardly were we seated at a dark oak table in the café when a bell-boy whispered in Frank's ear, and our host stood up.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen, I've got to run off, but stick around. I'll be back. If you want anything sign my name."

With his hundreds of friends among travelling men, actors, reporters, and other casuals who flowed in and out of the St. Romulus lobby, it was seldom that worldly wise Frank was as lordly as that. The note in his voice increased my respect for this stranger who commanded such deference, but our conversation, as soon as he left us, concerned Frank himself.

"A great character—Casey," remarked Blake as the huge, waddling back disappeared through the door.

"A fine fellow," I agreed, but a certain whimsical twinkle in the eyes of my new companion told me that our conversation need not be limited to platitudes and I struck out boldly on the line which had failed with Frank.

"I can never see Casey," I suggested, "without thinking how different are most of the detectives you meet in real life from—well from what you imagine detectives would be."

A deep pair of parenthesis lines formed around my companion's mouth. He looked down at the wooden table-top and slid the glass in his hand idly about in small circles as if to see how hard he could do it without spilling its contents. I gathered that my remark was not wholly novel.

"Well," he replied in a not unkindly way, "in real life, you know, a detective is usually nothing but a high-grade roughneck, a sort of glorified policeman."

He kept his eyes on the glass in his hand and put on the brake just as the contents swirled up to the edge. Then, as if he had found out all that he wanted to know, he suddenly shoved it aside and continued:

"And, when you come down to it, that is just about the way that it should be, for detective work, like any other business, is largely a matter of acquaintance. The best man to sell bonds is the man who knows the most investors. The best man to catch crooks is the man who knows the most crooks."

He made it sound disappointing but I still clung to my cherished romance.

"Then you think the detective stories we read are impossible?"

My companion laughed.

"I wondered if that was what you had in mind."

As if he could not concentrate without doing it, he began circling his glass again.

"No," he continued, rather hesitatingly, "I wouldnt say that the stories are impossible. I wouldn't say that anything was impossible."

By the long time that he sat in silence gazing at the table-top he seemed to be giving my question a flattering amount of thought.

"The difference between a detective in a story and a detective in real life," he began at last, "is that the detective in the story goes on the principle that things are seldom what they seem, while the real detective goes on the principle that things are almost always just what they seem."

"It sounds simple," I said rather vaguely.

"If it weren't," replied Blake, "few crooks would ever be caught."

Then, suddenly, as if he had been playing a part, as if he had been holding himself in restraint, he leaned back and laughed.

"I don't want to spoil your romance," he said. "Perhaps I can show you what I mean by a little instance."

I summoned all my attention and also summoned the waiter.

"I'll have the same," said Blake, nodding, then lighting a cigarette, he asked: "Do you happen to know the motto of the Enterprise Agency?"

I shook my head.

"Well," explained Blake, "the motto of the Enterprise people is, 'Evidence where evidence exists.' That covers about the whole of detective work right

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Drawn by Wallace Morgan.

"You boys ought to know each other. You'll have things to talk about."—Page 169.

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there, but the more you think of it the more it means. First off it means not to go chasing half over the world looking for things that exist right under your nose; but it means something else that you don't realize at first.

"When you spoke about old Frank there," he continued, "I couldn't help thinking about a man I once knew who had all the ideas you find in the story-books—the international intrigue, the gentleman sleuth stuff. So every time I am tempted to laugh at the books I think of this case and have to believe them after all.

"You see, most detectives are honest chaps who have graduated from patrolmen, or have made investigations for lawyers, or have been private watchmen, or express-messengers. Then there are lots of foreigners, especially Italians. You have to have them at any price because they speak the language. But this boy was unusual. He went into the business deliberately, just out of pure romance. He went into it to keep life from being dull, like our old friend Sherlock. He was a college man, had travelled abroad, had done some writing for the newspapers——"

"And his name was—?" I interrupted.

Blake flushed but smiled in spite of himself.

"Well, call his name Smith, because that is easy to remember and you won't trip me up on it. Anyway Smith—how's that?—Smith, with his college clothes and his happy smile walked into the Enterprise office one morning and asked the chief for a job. Can you get it? Young Hopeful breezing into that place with a fraternity pin and a little cane and calmly saying, 'I want to be a detectuv!'

"I—well I might as well say that I was there. Anyway, you can imagine what happened. Even the stenographers got it and began tittering until the poor kid got all red and flustered, and ended up by wishing that he'd never been such a romantic ass. But he stuck to it, and after looking him over a minute and trying to keep his face straight the chief asked him into his private office and said: 'So you want to be an operative, do you?'

"Of course—what did I call him? Smith had never heard that word before, but he nodded and then the chief began to do some quick thinking, for, although he didn't let the kid know it, he was a gift on a blank Christmas. He was exactly the kind of man the chief wanted for a case he had in hand, and exactly the kind he thought he could never get, for that office, like every other office, was filled up with Frank Caseys, only they weren't all so fat. The youngster looked to the chief too good to be true. He was almost afraid of a 'plant,' but he asked him some questions, got some references, and the next day he took him on, after which he began to teach him Lesson Number One.

"'Now, er Smith,' he said, 'this may not be your idea of the gay and happy life of a gum-shoe, but you know that all our work does not consist in tracking murderers to their lairs or putting the Prince of Moravia back on his throne. The job I'm going to give you is like a lot of work you'll get in this business, and you can take it or leave it.'

"Then he told him about the job, which really is of a sort that you get all the time in some agencies. The client was a nice old gentleman. You'd know him in a minute if I told you. He was not a multi-millionaire but one of those solid old boys who has dinner at four o'clock on Sunday afternoons, serves on all sorts of committees, subscribes to the opera and the horse show alike, and never gives a hang whether the market goes up or down. And the old gentleman had a daughter. And the daughter had a young man who wanted to marry her, and gave signs that he was going to do it, too."

Blake lit a fresh cigarette from his old one, and the parentheses around his mouth deepened again at the memory of that case.

"So there you are," he said between puffs. "Doesn't that sound like Chapter One?"

I agreed that it did and Blake went on:

"To make it better this suitor was a foreigner. At least, he was an Englishman. He was almost a stage Englishman. He was one of those young fellows that you used to see in droves in the hotel tea-rooms before the war—tall, languid, long nose, little mustache, handkerchief up his sleeve, and all the rest of it, a great ladies' man, a regular parlor-snake."

"Is this what Smith told you?" I interrupted suddenly.

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Blake grinned.

"Presumably so," he answered. "Anyway that's what Smith told the chief. Of course that was the job, to go out and shadow this Englishman, for although everything about him was beautifully plausible, the old gentleman began to suspect what was in the air. He wanted to get rid of him, and he wanted to get rid of him before things had gone so far there would be a muss. Plenty of people in New York knew the Englishman but they didn't know anything about him. He had drifted into New York the way that lots of others had done—letters to somebody who gave him letters to somebody else until he was there and nobody remembered exactly where the original letters had come from. He claimed to have been an army officer and a younger son of some one important at home, but after a while people had begun to talk and the father was getting scared.

"So that was the case as the chief laid it before young Smith. He gave the names and the general facts, told him that the Englishman was visiting the family at their country-place down on Long Island, and then he put it to him straight:

"'Now, boy' he said, 'you may have to do some things in this business that you think no gentleman would do, and if you feel that way about it you've got to remember that this is no gentleman's game. First you're to meet old Mr. So-and-So at his club on Forty-fourth Street and get acquainted. Then you're to go down there and visit. You're a guest from—well what place do you know besides New York?'

"'I was brought up in Akron,' answered the kid. 'And I went to school in Ann Arbor.'

"'Right,' said the chief. 'You can take your choice, only let me know which you choose in case some friend from your home town should have reason to call you up on urgent business. You're to fix up some reason for visiting there. Get a simple one and one that will come easy to the old gentleman, for remember that you're going to carry the work, not he. Then, when you get there, I want to give you one rule. I want you to forget that you are a detective or have ever been one, which you only have for fifteen minutes. If you think of it you will show it and somebody else will guess it. You won't have to wear any false whiskers or do any hiding behind doors. You're to fool yourself into believing that you are just what you pretend to be, a guest of the family from Akron or that other place. Act natural, eat natural, sleep natural, and make yourself agreeable without slopping over. Don't shadow this Englishman, just remember that he's there, that's all, and make up your mind about him as you would about any new fellow you meet. Without seeming to watch him think him over and get his number. Every time he mentions a name or a place or a date let it sink in and, when you get a chance, write it down. Don't try to draw him out. Let him hang himself if he's going to. As you get more names and places and dates, check them over and see if they agree, and then bring them in to me.'

"'Is that all?' asks the kid.

"'No, it's not,' said the chief, looking suddenly pretty hard. 'There's one thing more and the most important of all. I told you to forget that you are a detective, but I don't want you to forget that you are working for me and that I am working for my client. My client is paying me to spot this bird, and I am paying you to do it. He may be as pleasant as a day in June and may put you under obligation to him, but no matter how noble a lord he may seem to you, don't forget that you are working for me, not him. You get that, don't you?'

"This sort of talk and the sneery way the chief said it made the kid feel kind of uncertain, and wonder whether he wanted to be a detective after all, but he thought he was in for it now, so he went away, made his appointment with the old gentleman, and two days later, when he came back, he was feeling a whole lot better. So was the chief.

"'Well,' he said, 'how do you like the work? Or are you sorry you ever learned the trade?'

"'To tell the truth,' the kid had to confess, 'so far I like it fine, only I can't make it seem like work. I haven't done anything but play golf and ride horseback and live off the fat of the land.'

"The chief grinned.

"'That was what I told you to do,

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wasn't it? But how about this bird you're watching?'

"At that young Smith got sort of embarrassed, but he had at least one thing to report: 'Anyway, I've found out that he really has been in the army.'

"'How do you know that?' asked the chief.

"'Well,' said the kid, 'he was telling a story at dinner last night about a soldier in his company. It was a long, long story, and the soldier talked all the time, but not once did he use the word "you" to the officer. He always addressed the man he was talking to in the third person. "The leftenant this," and "the leftenant that." Nobody who has never been in the army can keep that up without slipping.'

"'That's a new one on me,' said the chief. 'Still he might have been the soldier himself and not the officer. That's fine as far as it goes but what more of him? What kind of a fellow is he?'

"At that the kid got red again and finally he burst out: 'To tell the truth, I think he's a dandy.'

"The chief couldn't help smiling a little but he gave a grunt. 'I told you he was a smooth article. He wouldn't be there if he wasn't. He's working you, boy, just as he's working the rest of the family.'

"'I don't know whether he's working me or not,' said the kid. 'But that's the way he looks to me so far.'

"'Awright,' said the chief. 'Stick to it and do a little snooping around now.'

"A couple of days later Smith reported again, and this time he had a long list of names and places in England, but the story was about the same. He couldn't find an edge in the Englishman anywhere and the chief was getting impatient.

"'You know it is costing our client good money to keep you out there, don't you?' he asked. 'From all I can make out the bird is getting ready to stay there for life, and that's what you're to keep from happening.'

"'Yes, sir,' said the kid, looking and feeling pretty rough about it. 'But to tell the truth, sir, I can't get a single thing on him from anything that has happened.'

"At that the chief looked at him hard and half shut his eyes.

"'Happened?' he said; 'can't you make something happen? Suppose things were made easy for him? Put in his way? How about a little card-game with you playing the easy-mark, or a little trip and a couple of bottles of fizz? Places do occasionally get raided, you know, if the right people have the tip. Do you get me now?'

"The kid's face must have been a study. For a long time he thought he was going to balk, but he also was awfully uncertain about himself, for he wanted to be game.

"'Yes, sir, I get you,' he said at last, but he didn't say it with much heart.

"'Very well, then,' said the chief. 'Now get back there and give us some action.'

"For three days Smith never showed up at all, and when he did come in he had made up his mind about the detective business, bag and baggage. He went up to the chief as if the chief were a waiter.

"'I think, sir,' he said, very lordly himself now, 'that my career as—as an *operative* is over.'

"The chief looked him over from head to foot.

"'You think what?' he howled.

"'I think,' repeated the kid, 'that my career as an *operative* is over. I not only think it but I know it.'

"This time the chief got the situation and he became quieter.

"'Before you go into that,' he said, 'you might give me your final report on this chap that you were sent out to lose.'

"At that the kid burst. 'My report,' he said, 'is that he is one of the cleanest, finest fellows I ever met in my life.' He was looking at the chief now just as hard as the chief was looking at him, and something was going to crack. 'He told me his whole story last night. The facts are there on that paper. You may not believe it but I believe every word of it. My report is that if your client could get that man for a son-in-law he would be lucky. I came here to be a detective, not a blackmailer. That's my report, sir. Now is there any reason why I should not resign?'

"'None whatever,' answered the chief, 'except that we want to keep you.'"

Blake lighted another of his interminable cigarettes which he had been smoking all during his story. He watched the

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first puffs of smoke reminiscently and then he went on:

"For a long time both of them sat there without saying a word but at last the chief asked:

"'Young man, did you ever see the motto of this agency?'

"Of course Smith had, for it was on all the letter-heads, but the chief told him just the same:

"'The motto of this agency is "evidence where evidence exists," and among other things that means *only* where evidence exists. Pleasant or unpleasant, it is our business to dig up the facts, but we have never yet had to go into the business of manufacturing them.'

"The chief," explained Blake, "was not exactly a man for the heart-to-heart business and he did a good deal of hemming and hawing, but he was trying to be square.

"'Young man,' he said to Smith, 'I want you to stay with us because I think that you are the man I have been looking for ever since I have been in the game. I have given you rather a raw deal but I had to do it. Every agency in the country needs a man of your education and standing, but there's not one in five that has got him. There are plenty of so-called gentlemen who will take money from us, but a man of education who goes into this business in nine cases out of ten is merely a parasite, a failure at everything else. All he wants is a soft living and easy money. He is not a detective, he is a sneak. He will lie about his friends if we pay him to do it, and a man who will lie about anything is no use to us. You have got to learn the tricks of the trade. We can teach those to any scoundrel, but if a man hasn't got a love of truth in him we can't teach it to him. I gave you plenty of chance to fake, but I have checked you up from day to day and if you had faked one fact you would have been through before now.'

"The kid looked at him with his mouth wide open, and the chief let him look just to give it a chance to sink in.

"'As to this particular case,' he said finally, 'you've told me just what I thought from the start, and I may as well tell you now that it wasn't necessary to send you clear out to Long Island to get what I wanted. I got all the dope on our British friend the day after I wired to London for it.'

"'But—but,' asked the kid, 'what *is* the dope about him?'

"'Exactly what you said it was,' said the chief. 'He's straight as a die. And I'll tell you this. There are people in England who are more worried about his marrying our client's daughter than our client is about her marrying him.'

"'As for that,' said Smith, 'I don't think she meant to marry him, anyway.'

"The chief gave him a look. 'What makes you think that?' he asked.

"'Oh,' stammered the kid, 'just things she said from time to time.'

"'To you?' roared the chief.

"'Yes, to me,' confessed the kid, and at that the chief lay back and threw up his hands.

"'Smith,' he said, 'I wouldn't have missed you for money. It's all right once, but don't think it's part of your work to have a love-affair every time I send you out on a dress-suit party.'"

Blake emptied his glass and looked at me smiling.

"So that," he said, "is my one real detective story."

"But," I said, puzzled, "you haven't finished it. Did Smith himself marry the girl, or did the Englishman, or what?"

Blake laughed.

"If I could tell you that, I wouldn't have to call him Smith."

I was disappointed but I could hardly pursue it.

"Well, anyway," I insisted, "how did the chief get his own line on the Englishman? How was he able to check Smith up from day to day?"

"Oh, that," replied Blake. "That was routine. Of course when he sent out Smith, the chief planted one of his roughnecks, one of your glorified policemen, to watch him."

As if the words were a signal, at that moment the fat, red face and immense shoulders of old Frank Casey came towering into the room, but I had to hurry.

"You might as well tell me," I begged. "You were Smith, weren't you?"

Blake laughed at my persistence and then relented.

"No," he replied, "I wasn't Smith. I was the glorified policeman."

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"Any chance o' gettin' set on terdaye?"
London dockers get sixteen shillings for an eight-hour day. The trouble is that there aren't enough full days.

"FULL UP!"

GETTING AND GRIPPING THE JOB IN CROWDED BRITAIN

By Whiting Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"FULL UP!"

At almost every one of the cheap boarding or lodging houses of the manufacturing cities, as well as at practically all of the mines, docks, shipyards, and steel-plants where I asked for work—and looked as though I needed it—last summer, in Wales, England, and Scotland, that was the answer. Generally it was delivered with the same expressive gesture of the hands and shoulders, and usually in the same regretful but completely final tone of voice.

To a certain extent the words were the result of the war. In spite of the vast army of young and middle-aged men who left their jobs never to return to them from "Flanders Field," nevertheless, something like one hundred and fifty thousand demobilized soldiers were, last summer, still without work—and that in spite, too, of the urgent appeals of Earl Haig on their behalf. But for the most part "Full up!" spells not a transient but an established condition.

Britain is a crowded country. It has been so for a long time. It expects to be so for a long time to come. It has less than half our population in a space less than twice the size of Ohio.

Industrial Britain is even more crowded. The margin between the number of available jobs and the number of people who need them for their bread and butter is narrow. It has been narrow—and acknowledged as narrow—through-

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out a long period in the past. Britain expects it to be narrow for a long time to come.

British life is largely what it is to-day as the result of this situation, this acknowledgment, and this expectation.

"If yer 'ave yer card with yer—awnd ye're well known in these parts—mebbe!" was the answer of a London docker to my inquiry as he proudly walked away with his pay for the Saturday forenoon's work.

On all sides getting a job is regarded—regularly, chronically—as a very serious matter over there. The humblest of workers will do well to have his "character" with him at all times.

"'Ere it is. 'Of gude character, sober, and industrious,' it says. I'm not for the losin' o' it, not for onythink, awnd thot's God's trufe!" testified with much pride the pathetic-looking young traveller who made one of the six of us who slept in the same attic dormitory above the taproom of "The Leg of Lamb" in a well-known steel centre. (Incidentally it might be said that each of us made sure to put our shoes nearest our heads and took our coats to bed with us!)

With the "character" should go, too, the other papers in proof of his claims for so many years at this job or that, and the skill which those years are taken to imply. The losing of the job may mean the losing of the value of those years. The period of apprenticeship will bring to the new joiner—after he has gone through the further stage of "improver"—as high wages as he will ever get—unless his whole trade group secures more. But the years by which the "general laborer" moves up the line to the coveted position, dignity, and emoluments of "first hand" on the "smelting stage," as they call our open-hearth floor, may be lost entirely if he unthinkingly quits in hopes of finding elsewhere a similar place of privilege not already pre-empted to a whole line of others zealously guarding their precious rights of position and preference.

Few of even the largest British establishments have employment offices except under the hat of the "gaffer" or foreman in charge of his particular group of workers. A more elaborate office is not needed. The reason is that giving up a job is, in the nature of the case, certain to be just as serious a matter as getting one. Being discharged is even more serious. It means not only the loss of the job but also the loss of the "character" likely to be needed for the securing of the next one. So a discharge pretty generally requires the approval of the local union and, of course—in view of that seriousness of getting "set on" to the next place—such approval is quite generally very difficult to obtain. Repeated drunkenness on the job and repeated fighting—also on the job—seem to be generally agreed upon as barring a man from all hope of retention; unless he were at the same time to be put in jail or fined for his misdoings by the civil authorities. In that case there would be a question.

"Well, if we do give a man the sack in such a case, we see to it that we do it *before* he is arrested," a manager answered my question whether it was true that certain railway employees had been "kept on" after serving prison terms for stealing from their company a great number of valuable things—including a few pianos! "In that way we would, as you would say, 'beat them to it'—I mean we would so avoid the possibility of the men's friends claiming that they had been punished twice for the same offense."

Needless to say, one consequence of such an attitude—an attitude resulting, it must be remembered, from the seriousness of joblessness—is a fairly well formulated prejudice in favor of the restriction of individual output as a means of preserving the maximum number of jobs for the general good.

"Well, I'd say everybody knows thot!" a subforeman on a lighter in one of London's docks responded to my question about the cause of the job shortage on the city's wharfs. "Of course it's this 'ere proppagander for 'More production! More production!' It's well there's some as 'asn't 'eeded it or there be no work fer nobody!"

Among the more intelligent workers, of course, such a misunderstanding does not prevail. During and since the war some of the more skilled industries have equipped what are often called "American shops," where the most scientific of methods of maximum production have

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been in full operation. Among many others, however, the salesmen of devices for saving labor are likely to find it necessary to persuade not so much the purchasing agent or the manager as the worker and his friends. Whether organized or not, the universal and highly manifest difficulty of finding jobs for those displaced makes it appear to all workers the obviously proper—and the obviously kindly—thing for them to insist as far as immediately practicable upon the rule of "One man, one machine," or other device for saving jobs.

It is highly superficial to see in this merely an evidence of crass and arbitrary class or union selfishness. After all, the difference between class selfishness and class benevolence is a difference of view-point—a difference likely to depend, in turn, like all such view-points, largely upon the personal experience of the viewers.

"Yuss, I know them piece-work fellies!" exclaimed with an amazing heat the old fellow with whom I had been standing for some hours at the gate of a great dock in hopes of a stray job—after the "badge" or union men had had their first chance, of course. I had mentioned to him the men seen the day before unloading seven thousand tons of frozen beef from the *Argentine* and getting big money for their magnificent exertions. "I know 'em well! They gets their fifty bob [shillings] a daye—awnd tikes the bread outen the mouths o' three workers the likes o' you awnd me—awnd our wives and kiddies! But wot do *they* care so long as they mikes their three men's paye?"

He had had only a few days of work in several weeks. To such a man the assurance of the economists that the husky-shouldered carriers of *Argentine's* contribution were, in the long run, helping his class, gives only a cold and cruel denial of the actualities as he sees and—more important—*feels* them. Orthodox economics and empty stomachs sit seldom in the same classroom.

But what is more important to our proper understanding of "the land of the precious job" is this: to a far larger proportion of the whole people over there than here the view-point of the old man appears, on the whole, fairly reasonable.

Such a view-point and such a proportion in its support are only the logical result of this: the narrow margin between the number of available jobs and the number of people needing them is a huge and fundamental fact which holds not simply for the hand-workers but for practically all parts of British society except the idle rich.

Here in America we are quite likely to take for granted that if a man has a good education, then his finding of an opportunity to apply it profitably is a comparatively simple matter. Certainly our whole educational programme, and especially our whole line of educational appeal and propaganda, will have to be changed the moment that assumption is no longer to be made. "Equip yourself, Young America, and the country's yours!" we say in effect to our youth, whether in school or at work.

In Britain there is much testimony to the effect that that assumption is not thus to be made.

"Unless they spend additional years training for medicine, the law, or other of the professions, graduates of the universities must pretty much expect to find berths in the civil service. The exams for that are extremely difficult. Those who come out of them with marks at the top of the list get the best of the positions in the most important departments here at home. The next go out to India or other provinces, while those below them take the second grade of the places here—and so on. The pay starts at about £300 (nominally $1,500, and considerably more in buying power), with gradual yearly increases up to a certain maximum and a pension."

This testimony, with the comparatively narrow demand or opportunity for men of the country's best education, which it implies, was borne out by another graduate. This man had gone into the competition for the secretaryship in one of the most important offices of the Department of State. First, all competitors had been given a careful questioning for the discovery of any obvious disqualifications. Failure to have served in the Great War was one of these. "If a man said he volunteered in September of 1914, he was asked what was the

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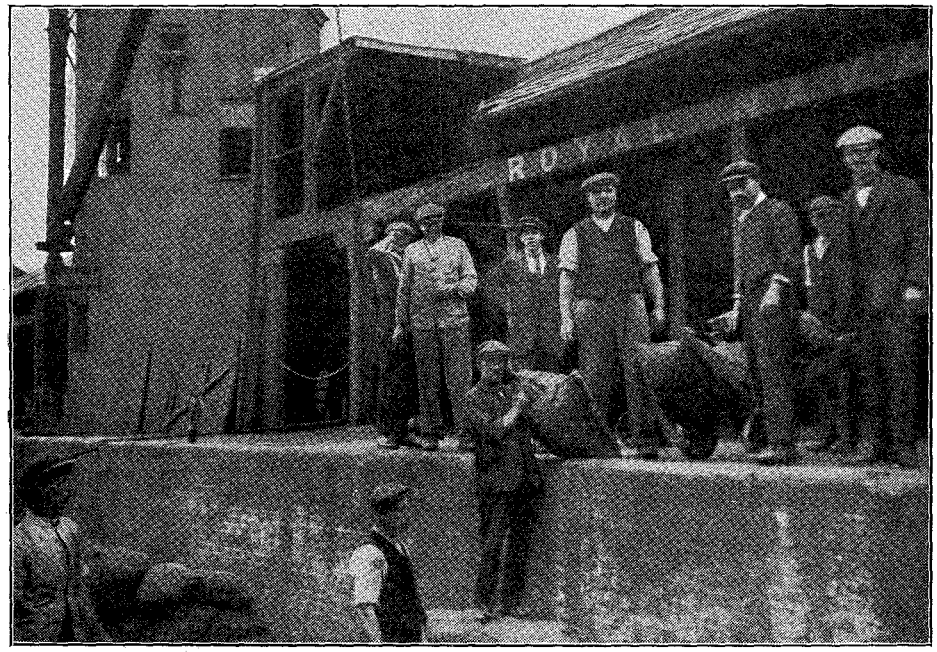
reason for his delay during August. After this screening discouraged quite a number, there were still left to take the written examination from which he came out victor a total of only a few less than three hundred!

In many cases the highly educated entrants in such a contest would not expect to obtain from the position's usually modest salary all the income needed for their support. Quite probably the possessors of the training necessary to win the successful rating would be in a position to add to their earnings an additional hundred or few hundreds of pounds received from some legacy which may have been in the family for generations. Such "old gold," as it has been called, is expected to permit many a man to give the heart of his day to the uninteresting bread-and-butter routine of some government bureau, while in the remaining hours he does his real living in the absorbing activities of the scientist or man of letters.

"When my engagement to Mr. Asquith was announced," writes the famous Mrs. Asquith in the diary which is greatly interesting Britain, "a number of friends asked if I did not consider that I was doing a very unsafe thing to marry a man who, while undoubtedly brilliant at the law, was nevertheless *entirely dependent for his living upon his earnings.*"

The italics are mine—it would hardly occur to Mrs. Asquith or any other English person of her group, brought up in the security of "old gold," to see anything out of the bounds of ordinary prudence in such advice.



Dockers unloading copra or cocoanut-shells for making oil, cattle-food, or oleomargarine at a London dock.

The same thought of the uncertainty and risk which accompanies the ordinary business pursuits is one of the reasons, doubtless, why the highly educated Englishman is not normally expected to go into "trade." To maintain the establishment on the same limited basis as inherited from father or uncle hardly offers proper opportunity for the use of a university training largely classical. On the other hand, efforts to build up and extend the business by the application of the economics or the psychology of a college graduate may possibly mean the loss

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Crowds listening to the smooth-tongued salesmen of "riot, racing, or religion—representatives of a better chance in either this world or the world to come."

of the entire patrimony. And, with the old gold vanished, what then? What will his own children and grandchildren say to that!

The psychology of such a situation is much the same as that of the young American whose sister was explaining the matter of her brother's life of complete leisure:

"You see, he could not get a position of the importance his social standing in the city would require without investing in the business rather heavily. But if he did that, he might lose the whole of his share of father's estate. That gives him enough to live on, provided he can hold on to it."

Luckily, such a man is rare with us. But the most important difference is that if he did lose his paternal "leisure insurance," he would find it immensely easier to apply his particular brand of Eastern college education to the earning of a living over here than over there.

While the well-to-do expect to meet the scarcity of economic opportunity by thus stepping into father's bank-account —inherited, in turn, perhaps, from *his* father's father!—it is only natural that the workers should expect to step into father's job.

"'If this berth has been good enough for me, for forty years, I don't see why it isn't good enough for you!' That's what my father back in England said to me when I told him I wanted to try my fortune. I was just turned twenty-one, and had passed the examination which showed that I could expect to succeed him—and also my grandfather—as the head of the government shipyard. That was twenty years ago, but I have never had a word from him since that day!" So one who is now an American said recently.

All this surely makes plain one of the most fundamental and far-reaching of the consequences which follow—which are sure to follow—upon an actual and an acknowledged scarcity of jobs or positions: it becomes the generally accepted and the socially proper thing to place *security* of position high above *opportunity* of position. A "place" becomes known as a "berth" or "crib"—suggesting, at least, something to lie down on rather than to stand up on or climb up through!

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The whole of a people, in fear of the Gehenna of placelessness, begins to vie in what that fear makes appear the highly moral virtue of playing safe.

It is quite evident that all this means that the earning of a living—and to every American that is most of life—has by all this been robbed of its spirit of adventure.

The mythical investigator from Mars who would proceed this far in his study of British life would quite probably ponder only a moment at this point before asking:

"Well, then, where *do* the people find opportunity for the thrill of excitement and achievement which comes from playing with not too dangerous uncertainties —from the taking of certain chances combined with the exhibition of personal skill?"

He would not need to travel far to find the answer to his question. From bottom to top, the British people all but universally finds pleasure in the uncertainties and the skills connected with sport. For many this means active—and healthy —participation, thanks to the universal week-end holiday and the all but universal athletic field at the edge of every hamlet, town, and city. For most it doesn't. Every day in the year except Sunday, it is said, sees somewhere in the isles an opportunity for the enjoyment of the Sport of Kings. Which means that at the gate of the ordinary factory the newsboys stand a chance of being injured by the crowd which pours out at the noon-hour to purchase the sheets of "dope" for the afternoon's events. After they have looked this over with the eyes of experts, the small slips of paper are marked with the name of the expected winner and handed, as unobtrusively as possible, to the ever-present "bookie," or his representative. In case the worker is taking a day off or is in a factory too small for the attentions of the bookie, little eight-year-old Mary can be trusted from earlier experience to find the right man without difficulty.

"'Old this a moment, old chap!" a man I had never seen before whispered to me in great excitement one afternoon in a "pub" where I was trying to learn from some new pals how to get a job in a near-by steel-plant in South Wales. I

Some of fifteen thousand miners at a football game in Barnsley, the capital of the Yorkshire coal-district.

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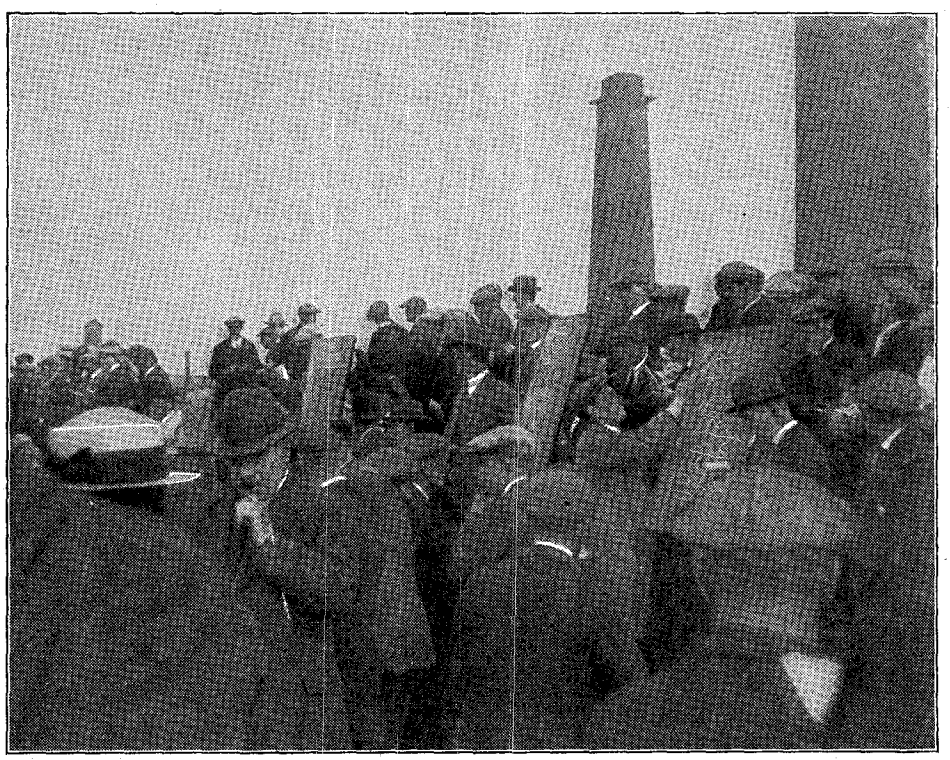
could feel the small tablet which he had shoved under me. But I could not guess what should make him seem so perturbed at one moment, and now so manifestly calm as he lolled nonchalantly upon the bar over his beer. An instant later it was plain—entirely too plain! In walked two "bobbies"!

I had visions of some extremely difficult explanations in the local police court. Instinctively I reached into my pocket as I wondered whether I had any documents with which to prove my American honesty and respectability in the face of my obvious disreputable appearance and illegal possessions. The living of a "double life," so it occurred to me in a flash, even when for proper purposes, has its disadvantages. Luckily, the sergeant and his companion made no careful search and went on their stalwart and officious way. The rightful owner took time to assume again his rightful property—and responsibility—and I my breath.



The crowd waits as the bookies mark up their preferences at the week-end whippet races.

"Registered" bookies have certain rights to receive wagers under certain conditions and obligations, but they comprise a small proportion of those who take bets in more or less covert and unnoticed places, such as the toilet of the pub.

Under ordinary circumstances it proved surprisingly easy for an apparent working man like myself to stroll into a plant without obstruction—in search of that employment office under the "gaffer's" hat. Ordinarily such a visitor attracted little enough attention. Without stopping them from their work, he could without difficulty get them to talking first about their work and then—especially if he had himself worked on those same jobs—about all the other factors of their lives. But when such a visitor happened along in the late afternoon with a newspaper under his arm, he was likely to cause something of a stoppage. The first time I encountered this surprising thirst

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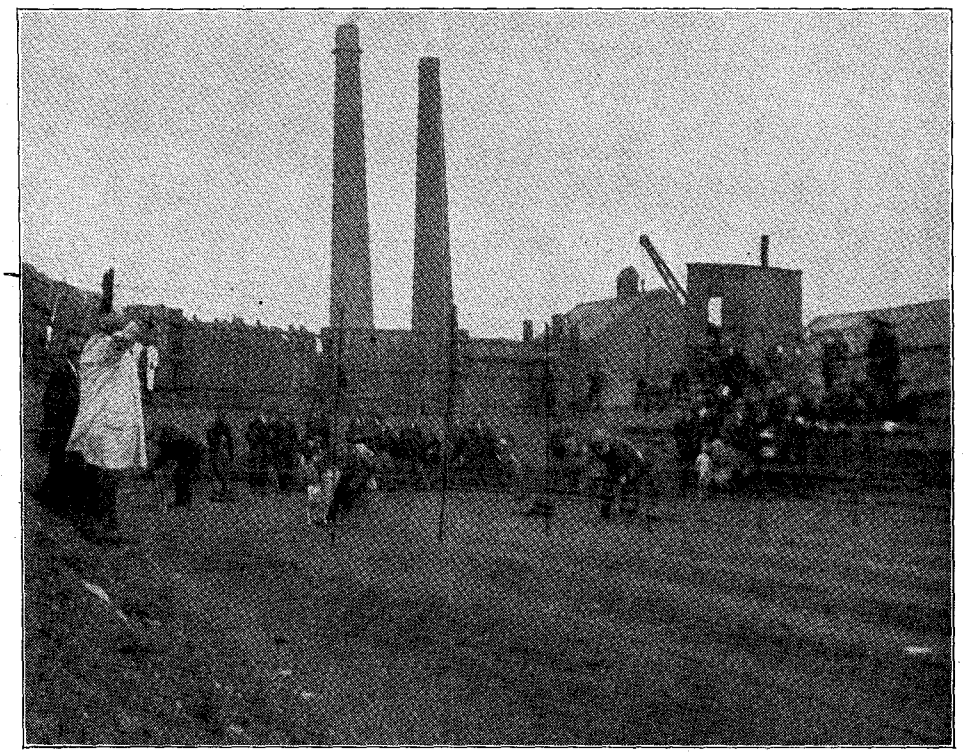
for news I tried to tell them some of the chief items noticed in the few columns of news with which what was in reality a racing-sheet was "salted." It did not take long to note the disgust registered in the faces of my inquirers, and to hand the whole paper over to them. In an instant they were able to learn whether they had won or lost their noon-hour wager, and

Among the workers themselves the testimony was universal as to both the extent of such gambling and its harmfulness.

"There's many 'ere as loses regular, ye might say, 'arf their earnin's," was the strongest statement from a grimy laborer in the "jinnies," or generating-chambers beneath the furnaces.

"Two quid [pounds] 'ight [eight] bob



The week-end whippet race.

The chief starter about to fire, the starters holding their dogs by neck and tail.

justified or failed to justify their noon-hour judgment.

"'Ow they wangle it [arrange it by skill or craft] I do unt know," explained a worker to me as we sunned ourselves in the main square of a factory town. One after the other a group of old men had borrowed my paper and proceeded to scrawl upon their white slips the choice of "Silver Glove" or "Spy Glass." "There be 'ardly one of um as 'as 'ad a daye's work in a fortnight, but they never misses the findin' of a bob or two fer at least the week-end race."

Hi've mide this week on the bloo-ody 'osses—awnd me brains, y' understawnd!" a husky dock-hand was boasting in the pub. I remarked that he must be putting a lot of his winnings into the bank as so much "velvet." His answer raises the question as to what happens when the 'osses and his brains fail to run so well together:

"No bloo-ody fear awve its gettin' inter the bank—not with five little chicks ter buy shoes fer!"

With the majority, of course, the purpose is not so much to get money for the

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shoes—most of the workers are quite fairly well paid when work is steady, and the wagers are usually for small sums. Rather it is the hope of getting that feeling of accomplishment which a lifetime's job at much the same type of labor, especially when it is unskilled, rather frowns upon—with always, back in a man's head, the dream of the lucky strike which will not only bring the "big money" but also, and more important, the outstanding fame and reputation of the man in ten thousand. To the workers of a crowded country where scarce jobs offer less opportunity for taking long chances upon themselves in the ways urged by the amazing exploits of other workers as recounted in the correspondence-school advertisements, such a stroke is certain to supply the subject of prideful conversation for many years.

"Me brother-in-law 'e been a bookie, ye oonderstawnd, awnd the very day o' the rice 'e wires me the tip. Awnd I says ter meself, 'I'll take this 'ere tip, I will,' awnd so——"

In such wise the half-drunk miner on his "'olidays" would recount—and recount—the story of the time he won from a daring ten-pound wager the young fortune of three hundred and thirty pounds!

"Wull, thot been the waye it 'appened. Awve coorse, w'en I left the plice, I 'ad only three poond left in me pocket. Awnd, awve coorse, I could not walk strite, like. But all me friends been 'appy—I'll say thot for thum, awnd fer meself, too.—'Ere, miss, a pint o' mild all roond!—Yes, I says to meself: 'I'll take this tip fer once!' Me brother-in-law bein' a bookie, ye see, awnd makin' a cool fifty thoosand poond on it too," etc., etc., to the accompaniment of many a "Wull now!" or "I saye!" from the admiring and envious crowd of us.

In every town "Stable Whispers" or "Paddock Secrets," or other such books of advice, are on sale in great numbers. In one great city every pleasant Sunday afternoon would see great crowds assembled in an open square—about evenly divided in their crowdings around the "speechifying" Bolshevist, the race-tipster, and the preacher of the Gospel. Of these representatives of riot, racing, and religion, the first two might be said to be talking about men's bettering their chances in this world, the third their chances in the next.

Besides the horses, there are the races of the whippet dogs and the pigeons. Good sport I found them and interesting to watch—though it dulled my pleasure in them to notice that most of the onlookers seemed to give slight attention to anything except the placing of their wagers, the watching of the judge's flag giving the results, and then the careful annotating of their score-cards in the assembling of a performance record which might be counted on for wiser choosings in the future. In at least some parts of the country, football games are made to afford the usual opportunity for placing the white slips with the bookie. But at any rate this does not lessen the great Saturday-afternoon crowds of working men who follow every play with the eyes of experts—though not with the voices of the ordinary American "fans."

"Old gold," oddly enough, comes into this matter of sport, and the opportunities it presents for lessening the uneventfulness that goes with both a play-safe kind of job and a similarly play-safe sort of leisure. For the man, that is, who cannot get the pleasure and excitement of testing himself and his resourcefulness in the real problems of business—for the reasons of the American mentioned—the football or cricket field offers opportunity to meet the artificial obstacles set up by the game, and by the exhibition of his prowess to gain a popularity which may perhaps secure an election or other form of public recognition. At the very least it provides a widely used means of taking off the curse, as it were, from the otherwise unavoidable life of do-nothingness and the social insignificance which it is likely to imply.

Such attitudes toward the earning of a living and toward the finding of something like adventure in life follow, I believe, from that decisive "Full up!" of the factory "gaffer." Needless to say, they affect vitally such other matters as education, morals, drinking habits, class feelings, unionism, and similar factors in the life of a people—with deep-going consequences. The proper discussion of these, and of the causes of the gaffer's words, will require another article or two.

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BIG TOP O' THE WORLD

By W. Edson Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

IT was circus weather, even though this first day of September found them in the high country. A hot afternoon, getting along toward evening; the low mellow sun—there in a wide gap horizonward—generously glorifying what the bill-boards called the hills of canvas. Big as it was, with its hippodrome and its thousands of seats and many rings, the big top seemed small to-day, for this town was built in the shelter of the range. Splendid hills were smiling down on the big top's littleness. And the real mountains—the snow-caps—crowded up behind the hills and looked solemnly over their shoulders at the diminutive white mounds that dared call themselves hills of canvas. For the circus had come from where the west begins, and now it was back again after the long, long circling through the flat country. Soon they would be far to the south. But to-day the smell of the upland pines was in the air.

The largest of touring-cars flashed up and stopped just to the rear of the ticket-wagon. Native Exton, the manager, was quick to meet it. In desperation he had sent for Sardon, and Tommy Sardon had covered the hundred odd miles out of Denver in no time. For it was Sardon's sweetheart—that circus. It wasn't merely owning it. Anybody could own a thing. It wasn't a lot of wagons and elephants and poles and railway-cars to Sardon. It was a love-affair. He stepped from his car hastily—a portly, iron-gray figure, cold eyes roving.

"What's the matter, Native?" he asked sharply. "Come, let's walk over behind the tent here. Can't you talk, man? Why didn't you say something in your message?"

"Six of the damn hoboes down and the rest white around the gills."

"Now, what the——"

"It *looks* like it might be measles only—there haven't been any new cases since day before yesterday. The bunch is restless—due to stampede."

Sardon rose to the occasion. He always rose to an occasion.

"We'll rush 'em away right now," he declared. "If they're gone in the morning, it'll do for the scare. Forget it in a day."

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"I thought of getting some young doctor to ride the train with us a while——"

"Doctor, the devil," sneered Sardon. "A kid doctor would do a heap of good, now wouldn't he? Find me that black nigger they call Sunburn—the one that takes care of those little white dogs."

"Get that Sunburn," called Exton to a boy that was passing. "Quick now!"

And Sunburn was there almost at once, grinning uncertainly. A short, broad specimen he was, immensely long-armed and muscular, with a shiny, scarred face.

"Kid," snapped Tommy Sardon, "you remember that time in New Mexico and what you did for me. Well, I've something else on hand for you. We've half a dozen men here that feel sick and lazy. We're going to put them in a wagon and you're to drive them up into the hills to a place I know of, and take care of them till they're through loafin'. You order a covered wagon, Native—please, please don't ask me whether it should be blue or white—a covered wagon, and give him a team you won't miss. Get Fred to stock him up at the cook-house with a lot of grub. He won't be where he can get to town every few minutes. We want to hustle and have them well along the road before dark."

"But I cain't drive, Mistah Sardon, I nevah mixed it up with hawses, sah. I've allas ben in de cook-tent or wid de dawgs. I nevah knew nothin' about hawses. I could tek care o' dem boys ef I was on'y there, boss. I ain't no 'fraid cat."

"You'll have to send a driver, Native—who'll it be? Step him to the front!"

"Say, I don't know about that. I haven't enough teamsters, and any way you handle them, they're a touchy lot."

"Touchy be damned! I want a man to drive that wagon. Money'll do it, I reckon. Bring one out. I'll talk to him."

"There's one fellow, Ben Elder. He's due to drop out in this country anyhow. He's a mountain man and I don't care overmuch, for he's shinin' around one of the girls, and the first thing you know he'd coax her away. But he's an independent devil. One of the respectable sort."

"Oh, roll him up here, quick! What do I care for all that? I'm independent, too, ain't I? And respectable?" And Sardon turned his back on the manager.

Presently Ben Elder came. A good-looking man, brown-faced, blue-eyed, tall, and never a slouch to his six feet.

Sardon went at him like a tiger.

"We've some sick men over in the cars. I'm loading them out for a hill camp. I've got a black boy to go along and nurse them through. But he ain't there with the horses. I want you to drive the lay-out up into the big sticks. I'm going to give you——"

"But, look here, I'd rather stay with the show. I don't want to break away—not just now."

"Want money, don't you?" snarled Sardon, furiously flinging himself closer to the other. "I suppose you're makin' eyes at one of the gals around here. You need money for that game, son. I'm going to give it to you. You can pick up your skirt later on—or another one. I'm going to give you—let's see how much I have here—four, five, six hundred dollars—and the team. I'll give you a scrap of paper so they won't nail you for horse-stealing. You pass the nigger four hundred after you get there. He'll have to keep the camp going for a while. The rest and the team is yours. You know what the worst of our stock is worth these days. You're going—d'ye understand? Might as well. If you didn't, I'd have you run off the lot, you can bank on that. As it is, I'm your friend and I'll stick. Now listen! You follow the big road out of town up this Peaceful Creek till you pass the sawmill. Then you come to a branch to the north—right hand. Twelve miles up that road is the Live Oak shaft. Only it's a dead one, if I know anything about mines. But it's gobbled up a heap of my money in its time. And that's not so long but that the bunk-house is in fair shape. See that you take enough blankets. Tell that Sunburn there's a trail straight on over the ridge that'll take him to a ranch where he can buy grub when he runs out. There's good water and pasture for the horses. Only you better take your Dobbins along with you from there, son. Unless you want to loaf around—which isn't likely. Get me?"

"I've been up that way," said Ben Elder slowly. "I've been up and down

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"I have the bad luck to own this show. What do you do around here?"—Page 188.

these hills. Well, I'll do it; partly to give those poor devils a breath of fresh air. I'm not leary of a smallpox scare. I've been straight through a worse deal than you're giving me. If a man's clean like a white man ought to be, he ain't afraid and he don't get sick. When somebody takes down with something, why—usually somebody's been shivery. I'll get Sunburn up there an' stowed away nice, then I'll hit the trail. I'll leave the big end of your stake like you said, and sell the pair to the Valley Ranch man. I know him. He'll give me a fair price."

"Now you're saying things," beamed Sardon. "Good-by, son. I'll go over to the ticket-wagon and fix up your horse deal on paper. Take along any damn thing around this show that they can use up yonder to make 'em comfortable. Be sure and get one of those big gasoline lanterns filled. Make it easy driving to-

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night. And here's your money, boy. You're welcome to it. Just get those fellows on the road before sundown, that's all I ask. Shake hands on it, and God bless you."

"Oh, that part's all right," returned Ben Elder easily, showing his white teeth in a laugh. "I reckon God blesses everybody, only it sort o' slips our memory sometimes. I'm gone—so long!" He hurried away and Sardon turned away, too—first to the ticket-wagon, then on to a restless stroll.

He did not go wrong on things he was used to, either at home or abroad, so when he came to the angle between the back of the side-show and the menagerie, and found Colette MacKenzie sitting on the tongue of a seat wagon, he knew her for a show-hand instantly. He took in the comeliness of the girl appreciatively. Colette was enjoying as much privacy as one ever had around a circus, but Sardon broke in on it ruthlessly. Wasn't she part of the equipment?

"Hello, little one!" he said. "I'm Mr. Sardon. I have the bad luck to own this show. What do you do around here?"

"I take tickets inside and check up the passes and the cook-tent meals. Then I help the wardrobe mistress some."

"You ought to be in the chorus," asserted Mr. Sardon. He could never let well enough alone—it wasn't in him. "You're pretty and you've got the shape. You ought to be a regular show-girl. I'll attend to it."

"I don't want to," returned Colette briefly. By her tone, a storm threatened.

"Oh, now look here, kid," coaxed Tommy Sardon softly. "You don't want to be pokey. Be a sport. And I'll tip you to something better than that, yet. Quit 'em cold to-night and come down to Denver. Look me up. I've got a whale of a business office, and it's a treat to me to have a pretty girl around. You don't mind giving the old man a treat, do you, kid? You can file my darn letters or something. There's a million of 'em a day. And you don't need to think I'll be tryin' to kiss you when I come down in the morning, either. I'm more likely to cuss than to kiss. But I'll be a mighty good friend in a quiet way. Show a little life. Quit 'em to-night and put up over at the hotel. See me in the morning. I'll take you along in my car. Or if you don't like the looks of that, come down by train and ask me for a job. I'll be there. I'm in the 'phone book, all right. Good-by. You do that—we'll make it pay. I'll be knowing you'll come, kid. You sit here and study about it."

She sat on the wagon-tongue—an odd, haggard, pretty girl, small and lithe, with warm gray eyes—eyes that may have been warmed at her hair, for her hair was red—the pleasant bronze red of an autumn leaf. There was a clear-cut, decent honesty in those eyes—sweetness at the corners of her mouth. Her years were twenty, and she was an old circus-hand at that. She was staring off at the hills. All day long they had drawn her. She did not remember ever being so near the mountains before.

And at the same moment Ben Elder was near to forgetting his native hills entirely.

"I'll see if I can get a word with her so she'll know," he whispered as he neared the dressing-room. "There's Mother Mark now. Say, Mrs. Mark, is Colette around? I've just got to see her a little minute."

"Well, you won't!" The wardrobe mistress eyed him sternly. "She said she was going to town after the show to buy a pair of shoes. She must've gone—I haven't seen her since. Moreover, I don't want any good-looking eight-horse driver around this dressing-room. You hear that?"

Ben Elder was disappointed. "Say—" he begged soberly. "I've got to go and go quick. Will you tell Colette I'm leaving? And that I'll write her as soon as I can? I wouldn't bother you, only they're running me off in a hurry."

"Where you going—walking away like this?"

"Oh, up in the high country. I belong around here. You'll sure tell her?"

"Yes. Though I ain't any post-office, an' you want to remember there are forty of those girls. But if she gets past me to-night, I'll tell her to-morrow."

"I'll be much obliged, ma'am," returned Ben Elder earnestly. "Good-by, Mrs. Mark. Happy days!"

"Good-by. I won't be sheddin' any

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"Say, Mrs. Mark, is Colette around?"—Page 188.

tears. You'll be joinin' on in the spring. I know you boys. Your feet get itchy when the weeds begin to grow."

The cook-tent was down and gone. A summer day—a circus day—was ending. It was high time for a side-show opening. And there were enough quarters in sight. So Mr. Henry Pussifer, better known as Pussycat, Pilgrim's right-hand spieler, mounted to a vantage-point in front of his banners and addressed a rapidly thickening crowd. It was Pussycat's pride that he could get 'em to listen regardless—rain or shine. And that, too, with neither a cow-bell nor a snake-charmer. He was just around a corner of canvas from Colette. She heard him vaguely, as something far away.

"Friends of mine," he began with genial earnestness, "the most wonderful thing of all shall I tell you. Come close. You folks there by the ticket-wagon also. It is important that you hear me plainly —that there be no disappointment. Did you ever—ever hear of an oyster, a common, every-day oyster—gentle, affectionate, and well trained—walking a tight wire? I said—did you ever? No—and you never will! But I am here to tell you more wonderful things. So all get as near me as is possible while I describe these startling, amazing features of our annex—an annex which has held uncounted thousands spellbound this season. Mysteries unparalleled. Phenomenon after phenomenon! Marvel upon marvel!"

Colette knew the marvels well enough. There was Pasquale the Mexican who

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had the ugly tumor on his forehead that Pilgrim had faked into a second head. There were the poor little negro half-wits from the asylum who made up well as a cannibal crowd. She sighed, looking at the last of the light in the west. But it seemed she was never to be left alone, for it was just then the manager came upon her. And Native Exton was in a very bad humor. He loved his horses and it had gone against the grain to give up that one team. He stopped short in front of Colette.

"Mysteries unparalleled. Phenomenon after phenomenon!"—Page 189.

"I've been looking for you," he began. "We need another girl in the chorus, George tells me—and they don't seem to be joining on around here—not so you'd notice it. I'm putting one of the boys from the reserved seats to taking tickets. You trot around to Mother Mark and have her fix you up with some real pretty tights."

Colette's cheeks burned and a small blaze started in each of her gray eyes.

"I don't want to go into the chorus," she returned. "I won't wear tights. I don't care about that sort of thing. I never——"

"It don't matter what you want or don't want, Colette," interrupted the manager, his thin lips grim. "It's what I want you to do. If you'd been one of these 'boes, I'd 've— Well, what do *you* want?"

A black man was standing close, far from picturesque in his dirty, torn, red sleeveless undershirt and dirtier overalls. His thick lips were curled into a leer.

"Ah wan's mah money. Ah ben workin' three days an' yo' boss am runnin' me off an' no pay at yo' ticket-wagon. Now, ah wan' dat money. Ah don' wan' to have to hurt yo'. Yo' am an old man——"

"Old man, the devil—" The black man seemed to rise into the air, so hard was the blow. After an instant he got up, wiping the blood from his mouth, glaring uncertainly.

"Get out of here!" the manager told him sharply. "Step lively, or I'll land on you again. That's right—keep going— Don't let's have any more nonsense, Colette. Be a good girl and do what I tell you. Run around and see the wardrobe mistress while she isn't busy."

"It says on my contract I'm to be ticket-taker——"

"*And* make yourself generally useful. It says that, Colette, I'm sure! Don't let's argue about a fool thing like a contract. You heard what that darktown just said. I'm an old man."

"I won't wear tights," said the girl doggedly.

"You've been stubborn quite a spell, Colette. Furthermore, I've seen a teamster hanging around talking to you. I haven't much use for that kind of mixin' up—dressing-room and stables. But we've got rid of your friend. And you want to let go your grumpiness at the same time."

"Did you run Ben Elder away for—for that?"

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"He's gone. Didn't leave you any word, did he? No! But I can't stay here any longer. Do as I tell you, Colette."

"I won't!"

"You're sure you mean that?"

"Yes."

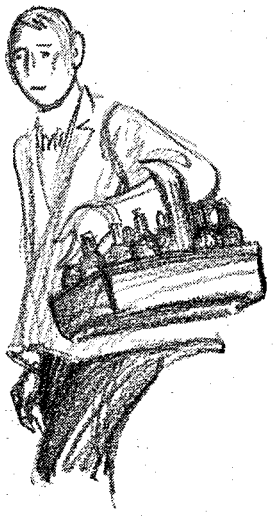
The manager's eyes hardened. "Curly," he called to a young man who had emerged from the half-lifted side-wall near by, "tell that property-man to come here. And you'd better change your mind before he gets here, Colette; I'm telling you that." Then the manager fell to sharpening a pencil. The girl said nothing. Her eyes stayed on the hills, all darkening into purple—quiet, cool, serene—though the monotonous side-show music was beating in her ears and Pilgrim's voice around in front, spieling.

"Come on—come on—come on," he called to those he knew only as "come-ons." "It's a long time before you can get into the big show—a long time before the ticket-wagon opens. And you have entertainment offered—something you can never, never forget. Wild wonders—exciting sights! A big change for a little change. Come on! Come on! Come on!"

"Ah wan's mah money."—Page 190.

The boss property-man was always in a hurry. He came up breathless.

"Lucky," said the manager deliberately, "you're packing around a trunk for Miss Colette MacKenzie. You dig it out and leave it on the lot when we move to-night. She's leaving us here. That's all."



"All right, sir." And the property-man went as hastily as he had come.

"I'm going over to the front door, Colette. It's about time to open the wagon. If you decide to do as you've been told, let me know. Got any money coming?"

"Just to-day."

"Here, I'll give it to you and collect at the wagon. They're too busy to pay off right now. Well, good-by, Colette. I'm sorry."

"Good-by. I'm not sorry."

Left to herself, the girl sat for a minute, swinging her feet and eying her new shoes. They were very good shoes—very good, indeed. In fact, she had spent nearly all of Saturday's pay—all that hadn't been spent before she got to the wagon. Colette was not thrifty. She had not been told anything about such things in her brief life. Yes, they were good shoes. The old ones were in a package there on the wagon-tongue. For she had just come from town and had sat there to rest. She opened her purse and put in the silver the manager had given her—the last day's pay. That made four dollars and ninety cents she had to go on. And in another part of the purse was her emergency fund—three new five-dollar bills. But, somehow, she was not thinking about dollars and cents. She was pondering the fact that Ben Elder was gone. Colette had never cared for the

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men of the circus. Through the seasons she had carried the frank manner of a boy and as little sentiment. But Ben Elder was—different. He was so big and gentle and clean. Just clean. And the circus world seemed rather a dirty world—the best they could do. Now he was gone. Surely he must have left some word for her.

She jumped from the wagon-tongue and went to find Pardner, the mail-man. Pardner brought the letters from the post-office and distributed them. Also he was an usher and leader of the ushers' band. Pardner knew everybody and everything. If you couldn't write a letter yourself, didn't know how, Pardner would do it for a quarter. He would send money home for you if you had the money and the home—which was seldom. So by all these things Pardner had a deep insight into personal affairs.

Happily she found him at the back door—the performers' entrance. He had his red coat on one arm and was on his way to the seats.

"Pardner, where did Ben Elder go?"

"Didn't know he'd gone, Colette. You mean he blew?"

"Yes. Won't you go and ask Brownie?"

"I will if I can do it in a minute. That's my limit on time."

Colette consulted her wrist-watch. "Oh, you've plenty," she told him. "You've ten minutes. Please do find out. I'll be right in here."

She went into the dressing-room almost like a stranger, hoping to avoid the wardrobe mistress, having a sudden distrustful notion that maybe the manager had given instructions about her, so that she might have her argument all over again, and perhaps be overborne. But she reached her trunk unnoticed. Every one was busy. Mother Mark was having a violent wrangle about something or other with a half-dozen girls at the other end of the tent. She took a hand-bag from the tray, slipped a couple of khaki-bound books into it, together with a few trivial necessities, put the old shoes in the space where the hand-bag had been, got out a light cravenette rain-coat—then shut and locked the trunk and set the suitcase on top of it. Lucky would do the rest. Cool, clutching fingers of excitement caught her throat and held her breathless for an instant. What was she going to do? Resolutely she turned her back on the trunk—the only homelike thing she knew—and went out just as Pardner came back from a fruitless errand.

"I don't know what's wrong," he told her, aggrieved at his own lack of success. He did not know that the bosses had been sternly instructed to keep their mouths to themselves about the flitting. "Brownie's got a grouch on. Says he don't know anything but that Ben had some sort of round-up with the old man and blew. I didn't have time to snoop any more. But I'll find out for you to-morrow, Colette. I'd like to see 'em have secrets! Say, I've got to hustle—they'll open the front door on me. So long!"

Colette was out of it. She hesitated, then went irresolutely around toward the front door. The moon was up in the east, but nobody around a circus notices a moon. Lights were flaring everywhere—side-shows, concession stands, front door. The midway was packed with people. They were selling out of all three windows at the ticket-wagon. The sharp "Lay your money down!" of the lightning-handed ticket-sellers broke into the blaring notes of the canned music in the menagerie tent. Then the ticket-takers lined up and the front door opened.

Colette went slowly around and across to the other side. Over behind the big top and menagerie was a long stretch of wooden seats, tier upon tier—by courtesy a grand stand on athletic field-days. There were scattered knots of people along it—small family groups of men and women, boys and girls—getting all the circus they could without paying a cent; glimpses through the space between the side-wall and top; and the steady, racy music of the band.

The girl had been carrying her jacket over her arm, together with the cravenette. Now she put it on and chose herself a place, nestling down apart at the end of one of the tiers. There was a gap here—a sort of an entrance. She leaned over and looked down on the top of an automobile standing below. It was full of talk and laughter. A voice floated up to her.

"Jimmie and Ralph broke camp early," laughed the voice. "And then left us

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The familiar flamboyant march.

womenfolk while they walked into town to order out the wagon that was to haul the outfit. Oh, it was such a lovely place where we were!"

"Though now we know a better one." It was a man's voice this time. "We climbed a ridge and got a line on it. Only you never could get there with a machine. You'd probably have to pack a burro, though a buckboard might negotiate it. Only an apology for a road but the real thing in pines. If you folks decide to spend a few days roughing it—tell you which way. Right up this street—the main street—there's a barn of a building where they handle ore from the mines. Just the other side, a road turns off to the left around a little hill. That's the way we came down this morning. As pretty a bit of scenery as you'd ever see and looks like it had never been peeked at."

The machine went its way, but it left a most amazing bit of free thinking behind it.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" whispered Colette to her own heart. "I'm going along that very road he spoke of. Maybe I'll find a gold-mine. Maybe there'll be a cave where I can sleep. Anything would be better than the mattress in my berth on that Empress car. Just think—I've never in my whole life been out of a town! A body wouldn't believe it, but it's true! I wonder what it'll be like! You old circus—I'm done with you. But I'll watch you off the lot."

Her seat was on a level with the sidewall and she could see into both tents. By now the trappings were on the elephants, and the girls were in place on their backs. It was time for the walk around. The band-concert stopped abruptly. Brown and his men were getting into their togs. The familiar flamboyant march began—the familiar clapping of many hands. The show had begun, and that meant the beginning of the end, for it was

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melting away at the same moment. The menagerie was vanishing almost while one might say the words. Its side-wall was down. The canvas covers were on most of the cages. Colette laughed to see Jimmie Dee put a sack over each ostrich's head—one by one—and, with the aid of an energetic helper, pull and push them up the runway into their cage. A few minutes ago the long inside candy-stand had seemed a fixed enterprise. Now it was in the heavy iron-bound trunks, and the last of the red lemonade had been recklessly given to the thirsty, trampled weeds. The clusters of lights slipped down the centre poles and were blotted out. The canvas followed. A half-dozen canvas men came along, taking down the side-poles. The centre poles swayed—came deliberately down. Then three more big top men with a stake-puller. The elephants hurried from their act and went away to their own car—big black lumps against the night. The menagerie was gone. Pilgrim's side-show was gone. The outside lemo-stands would be there till the last. A small runabout leaped out of the dark and stopped very close to the side-door of the ticket-wagon. That was for the money. Colette knew the manager went away with that. Instantly four horses had taken the ticket-wagon.

"It's going!" whispered Colette—a tremulous whisper. "Oh, dear! They're starting on the empty sections in the big top. I don't care! I'm staying! I'm done with you—you old circus! I'm done!"

The band paused momentarily while the Princess Pauline was announced. Again it stopped while the girls lined up for the concert talk. It seemed only a minute till the crowd came pouring out through the sides—the big top steadily melting, melting, even while the concert was going on. Then she heard the familiar shout: "All over! All over!" Colette looked suddenly around her. The people on the board seats had disappeared. The lights were out. The big top was down. There was only a flaring torch here and there—there and here, for a memory. She drew a long breath and got to the ground, picking her way across the lot to where the dressing-room had been. Yes, there was her trunk—such a lonesome-looking little steamer-trunk with her suitcase cuddled against it.

"You poor dear," crooned Colette to the trunk as she picked up the suitcase. "You've been my old Kentucky home for a good while. Never you mind, I'll go this minute and have you sent for."

There was a garage across from the lot with a sign "Express and Drayage." The man in the office stared owlishly at the show-girl. But she had been stared at in so many ways so many days. It was a part of living.

"I want you to get a small trunk from the circus lot. It's right behind the big pole-wagon—where you see those torches—marked MacKenzie on the end. It's to go to the depot. Here, check my suitcase, then I'll be travelling light."

"S. and S., you mean?"

Colette nodded. "How much?"

"Dollar. Thanks. Here's your claim checks. Tend to it right now."

She went along the deserted street leisurely—yes, right happily even, till youth's greatest problem presented itself.

"I'm hungry," she murmured gravely, coming to a corner and inspecting the cross streets where there was a semi-occasional lighted front. "And here's a little eating-place—you wouldn't call it a restaurant. That would be too huge a name. Let's go in, Colette. And I'll tell you something else, Colette MacKenzie—you're not going to look up any shabby, shoddy, down-in-the-mouth hotel and spend a lot of your money for a bad, bad bed and a worse breakfast. There's no one in there," she meditated, surveying the interior of the restaurant, "and it's real bright and nice-looking. I'll go in and eat them out of house and home. While I'm busy at that they shall put me up a scrumptious lunch. There'll be provisions to last a short lifetime. I'll follow that road—follow—follow—follow. I'm not a bit sleepy; and there's the moon. Even if it is behind those clouds now, I just know it will give me light by the time I'm on my way. Oh, won't it be fine! Who knows what next? I can say it like old Pussycat: Come on! Come on! Come on!"

She went to a bit of a table in the rear, almost hidden by a sideboard. A clean, oldish Chinaman came out. Colette was

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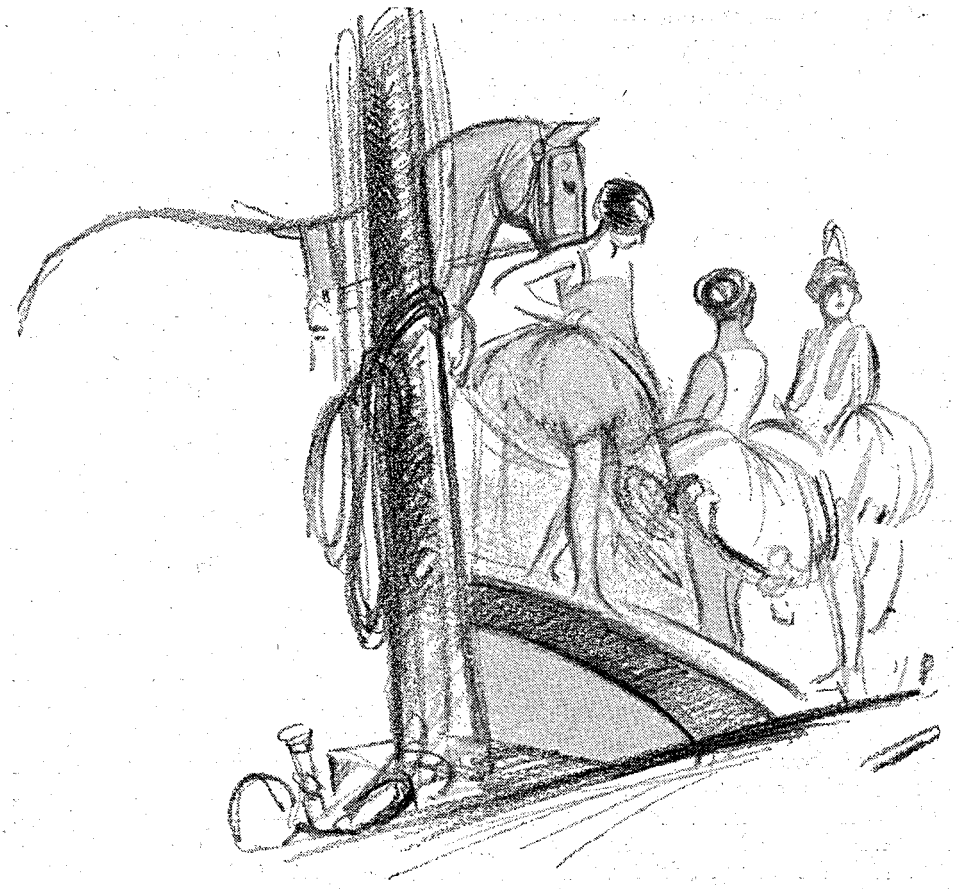

The show had begun, and that meant the beginning of the end.—Page 193.

rather glad. A Chinaman would know his place. He would neither forget her altogether nor try to flirt with her. She smiled up at him companionably.

"I'm good and hungry—what's your name?"

"Name Al Sing. Anything you like?"

"Al Sing, you make me some real hot buttered toast and French fried potatoes and some sliced tomatoes. And a pot of hot chocolate. You sabe chocolate—yes? And put me up a nice big lunch—enough for three girls."

"All so," Al Sing smiled placidly. "I fix you fine good box—you like to read now? One funny page here."

After a bit Colette let the paper fall and sat dreamily wondering what the journey would be like. It had been a hard road—the one she knew about. Colette had a vague notion it had been harder than was good for a girl. This would be something new, even though it took her to the jumping-off place.

"That's exactly where I want to go," she mused, pleased by the last fancy. "The jumping-off place. And then, oh, when I get there you'll see me jump!"

She ate and drank eagerly yet deliberately, and smiled with fine approval at Al Sing as he came from the kitchen carrying a long flat pasteboard box strongly tied, and with a rope handle so it looked a good deal like a suitcase. Colette lifted it appraisingly.

"I'm sure that's just right," she remarked contentedly. "How much is all this?"

"Three dollar and a half," smiled Al Sing politely. "Good lunch. V'y good lunch."

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"I'm glad you didn't say 'velly,'" said Colette. "I'm glad it's that much. It's worth it and I have the money. You surely put in everything?"

"All things—all!" Al Sing spread his hands comprehensively.

"Good. Here's your money and a quarter to remember me by, Al Sing." She took the package and started out, pausing at the glass case in front. There was a penny machine for selling matches. Colette thoughtfully took a penny from her purse and possessed herself of a box.

"I might have a camp-fire," she murmured. "You never can tell." Then she went out into the night. "Isn't this street quiet! Lights behind, but up at this end it's off the beat. I'm glad of it. I hope I can get clear out of town without some cop stopping to chin me—like as not have to pause and tell him my life history. Only I won't lie to anybody—I'll tell the truth. I've been nowhere and I'm on my way to somewhere."

The big building of which the man had spoken loomed into view presently. Beyond it the houses were few and fewer. The skies above were gray with clouds, but the moon, over to westward, was almost a full circle behind those clouds, and there was light enough to see the road.

"Here's the branch I follow," laughed Colette in soft delight when she had been trudging for a time. "Pretty soon now there won't be any houses. Just hills and hills and hills. Those beautiful blue hills I saw last night from the lot. Fancy a girl never seeing anything like that, except from the windows of a circus-train, all hot and dusty, with fifty girls crowded into the same car. Why, I'm part of them. If anybody's looking at those lovely, misty peaks now, they're looking at Colette MacKenzie."

Around the corner of the hill the road went up over a rise, then dipped steeply into the hollow—then up again with rocks beginning to pile high on either side. The girl went steadily along, a lonely little figure through the mountain night. It was after another sharp turn and another bit of a climb and another bit of a valley—it was after that the trees began to come closer to the road. Sometimes standing in serious groups to see her go by. And then——

"It's raining!" she exclaimed, stopping short of a sudden and tilting her face heavenward. "It's raining and, oh, I do love a rain! I'm glad I have the cravenette. But I must get under one of you trees! Now which one wants me most? Don't all speak at once."

She began to pick her way carefully to a shadowy rock a hundred steps or so off the road. Silhouetted against the skyline and very close to the rock was a tree. By the time she reached her destination the shower was pattering briskly. But it was the right place. Creeping beneath the low branches, she found that the rock sent out a great slab almost to the tree-trunk—a goodly roof over her head. It was dry under there, carpeted with the pine-needles of years and years gone by. Colette put the precious box in the farthest driest nook, and then propped herself luxuriously, listening in huge content. It was only a shower, though. Over in the west the moon was breaking through the clouds. But how good it sounded! How good to be in this dear cranny—so warm and sheltered—listening. Such a kindly, gentle rain—the way the drops touched the rocks and the big tree was like a soft voice whispering—a sweet voice whispering.

Colette sighed. "If I put my hand-bag under my head it will make enough of a pillow. I can listen to that rain just as well lying down. I don't want to miss a single drop—I love it so!" She buttoned the last button of the long rain-coat and drew her feet up beneath it. "I'm very comfortable," she told herself. And then it was quiet indeed in the lodging under the rock—quiet indeed.

When she opened her eyes a chipmunk was sitting within a foot of her face, alert and curious. They stared at one another for a flick of an instant, after which the chipmunk, thinking about breakfast, flashed away. Colette sat up, wide-eyed. There was sunlight everywhere. Morning was out for a walk—so they went together. Morning and Colette were good comrades by all the ups and downs of the mountain road till afternoon. Morning companioned her till the road had come to be not much more than a trail up a steep hillside. She had been on the friendliest terms with the lunch-box, but

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Drawn by O. F. Howard.

Morning and Colette were good comrades.—Page 196.

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it was heavy, the rain-coat heavier. Yet only to see a reckless young creek cascading down the ledges a dozen steps away made up for all that. And it was fine the way the big courteous pines lined up along the march so a small body could rest at will in their shade. Then she came suddenly out into an open glade; a little oval from which one could look out over wonderful miles of mountains. And across the glade was a most inviting cabin—a homey place with a long porch. It was the kind of a cabin that looked to have been built to last forever and ever.

The one window to the rear was shaded by a pine-tree and looked out upon a great boulder higher than the house. The window wasn't boarded closely like the others, for the back of the house was in the shelter of the hill. Colette peered between the boards.

"It doesn't seem to be nailed down," she murmured. "I could take this old pole and pry the boards off." She did it too and then pushed up the sash. "Gracious me! If some one should come suddenly around the corner and say, 'Did you do this?' I guess I'd have to speak right up and say, 'Yes!' But they wouldn't care. Not when I told them about me—surely they wouldn't care. There! It was a bar across the front door. What a big room—and a fireplace! Colette, you've never had a chance at a fireplace except in a hotel parlor, and what fun is that? And a better bed than I've been used to; the blankets look as clean as can be. But looky!—here's an extra pair folded up and there's no question about them. In a minute I'll carry them out and give them a good airing till bedtime. There are books and a lamp. How could any one go away from such a house? Aren't those windows the darlings, even boarded up? I love it all this minute more than anything. Let's see the kitchen. That ladder must lead to an attic. Such a cunning little cook-stove. Al Sing, I'm cross. There isn't a solitary thing in that lunch-box to cook, and who wouldn't want to cook? Here's the pantry—do you suppose—but of course they stayed till it was all gone—every bit. No, here's some cocoa in a can. There's been sugar in—oh, here's sugar in a glass jar. No flour—that's about all. Why, of course they stayed until it was all gone. Nobody would leave till then. I wish I had four weeks' provisions. Well, I'm very thankful for this little bit and the cocoa. Now, what must I do before dark? There must be wood for the fireplace and the stove, and water from the creek."

There was plenty of wood scattered everywhere. Then there was the woodpile with pieces saved for the fireplace, and lots of chips to start with. Very soon smoke was curling from kitchen and fireplace too.

"It isn't cold," admitted Colette; "not yet. But I like the looks of it." So she made her cocoa, and ate her supper in the living-room, sighing to see how much empty space was left in the lunch-box. And then she went to watch the sunset.

The shadows were getting long. Evening had settled on the canyon below and in all the hollows of the hills, though the sun was yet warmly red on the heights. It was a lovely, contented corner of the world. Some time or other fairies had come here and put in a summer day cooking up a supply of peace spells—and the kettle had boiled over. A belated gray squirrel cut a green cone from the tallest of the trees at the side of her doorway and then stopped short, half-way down the trunk, to chatter mountain news to her before he took his provision away. After he was gone she was very much alone, for by now the sun was gone. The hills stood darkly blue. The quietness that came was a rare thing—pleasant as the fragrant breath of the pines. Colette had been hammered with noises all her young life. Circus days—city ways—are clamorous. Somehow the singing of the little stream did not break in upon the stillness in the least. Indeed, the singing of the stream was part of the stillness.

After a while it grew cool, so Colette went within and built up the blaze in the fireplace, rejoicing in the light and its warmth for hour-long ages. Then she put on her jacket and strolled out to see how it all looked beneath the moon—for the moon was just getting above the shoulder of the hill eastward. The sidewise swing of its rising made it seem to cling to the crest—a big, blown glory-bubble, resting on the velvet-green carpet of pines along the ridge.

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"Mother Mark told you—but how did you know about my mine?"—Page 200.

She walked slowly across the glade to the singing water, and then—more slowly, so very slowly—back again. On the porch she turned her flowerlike face to the dark clearness above.

"Are you going down the hill to-morrow, Colette—to see what Mr. Sardon will do for you?" she queried softly, as if she were there—up above. "You know well enough there'll be something for you. Oh, it's wrong, wrong to go down there—but it's all you can do. And it's right to stay up out of it—like here—you love it so—and that's all you can't do! You can't eat pine-cones like that dear old squirrel that talked to me. Well, there's God, you know. There couldn't be such a beautiful, beautiful place unless God made it all. Men don't do things this way. They make a—a—circus-tent! And God's here. He is my life—that's how I can love everything so much. I haven't any folks. I don't want to leave this house that I found all by myself. But I can't stay—and I must go—to-morrow. God'll have to change that around to-night—so that I must stay and I can't go—yes, to-night—so it'll be done in the morning. God's no sleepy-head like Colette MacKenzie."

She went in and crept into bed by the firelight and was instantly asleep.

Morning came to visit her again—only a minute it seemed. Colette went to the stream and rejoiced in the sting of the icy water on hands and face. Then she took a small mirror from the cabin wall and, propping it against a convenient rock, combed her hair. She was hardened to makeshift ways and means. The sun was high, for she had slept very late. By the time she had brought a stew-pan full of hot cocoa out to the right corner of the porch and arranged her breakfast, it was later yet.

Just then a burro came out into the open—behind the burro, a man. Colette's eyes suddenly became intent—there was something oddly familiar about that man. The clothes didn't look the same, but—the man.

"Why, why—Ben—Ben Elder," she said shakily as he came near. "I—I came— How did you— Good morning!"

The small burro began to gather weeds or flowers at its own good pleasure. Ben Elder stood as still as one of the pines before the cabin.

"It is you, Colette. It must be you!"

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Then he broke the spell suddenly and caught her two hands, perhaps to make sure she was no shadow.

"Colette," he queried wonderingly; "Mother Mark told you—but how did you know about my mine?"

"Your mine! Yours! Ben Elder, you aren't telling me that my house I found is yours! Oh, Ben! No, I didn't know. How could I know? I didn't see Mother Mark."

"I asked her to tell you I was going. I drove some sick men out to the tall timber—out the other way, it was. Left a man to take care of them. Say, they were pretty near well men when we got there, even after a rough drive. They liked it. Got 'em located and caught a ride in yesterday afternoon. Then I stocked up on some new clothes and had a bath and a shave, and wasn't a circus man any more. But I'm glad I joined on, Colette. I guess I am glad! Yesterday afternoon I bought the little burro—her name's Katie. And I loaded Katie with a grub-stake and came home. I've been away seven weeks. Now you tell me. It's your turn."

"I closed night before last—quit the show—they wanted me—well, I didn't like it and quit. I was sitting around watching them tear down when I heard some folks talking about a road out of town. And I'd heard you talk about the hills, and I'd never seen them, so I bought a lunch and came. And to your house! I'm so ashamed! I tore some boards off the window, Ben—to get in. And I used your cocoa and sugar and a good deal of wood."

Ben Elder had no harsh word for any of her sins.

"Colette," he said diffidently, "I never told you. I thought maybe a circus man looked best to you. You see, it was this way. I've been up here a long time. I can take out enough ore to make a mighty fine living. It's hard work—anything's hard that's worth while. But one day two months ago I got tired of it all of a sudden and I said to myself I'd ride east as far as Chicago. When I got there it was hot. Nothin' to do; and I wished I was home digging a little deeper into the hill there. Then I saw a circus picture on a bill-board and I went out there that night. You took my ticket to the seat inside. I was right close to where you stood. After the show, when they were tearing down, I stood around. The boss hostler was growling to another fellow about being short of drivers. All at once I woke up and joined. That's the way I got to know you, Colette. Last night I wrote you—went at it pretty late, and then took the letter over and mailed it before I slept. This morning I woke Katie grand 'n' early and came home to wait and see what you'd write back to me. Henry in at the post-office is a good old friend of mine. He was going to send any likely letter out quick. Colette—Colette——"

"Yes."

"What would you have written? Tell me."

"How should I know? I don't know what you said."

"Why—I told you all about this place and the hills. And how anybody could live here from April to the last of October, and then stay in town till spring. I've plenty of money for us, Colette. There's a ranch back in Dixie Canyon—a fellow runs it on shares. It's almost as pretty as this, only I like the high ground. And I said—I said you'd be just as happy as I knew how to make you. I'm not much of a girl's man, Colette. I never saw a girl before you, not to look at twice. But I'd be decent. I know there's a big principle in behind things somewhere, and I never buck it by drinking or playing it low down. I haven't had a chance to talk to you much. As it was, I got cussed twice a day for neglecting my horses, just trying to get a glimpse. So I thought I might as well write it. But that was all I said, except that you were the kind of a girl that a man would love forever—and that I loved you. I do love you, Colette, more than I can very well tell. If we went right away to town to be married—I could have them drive us back out as far as the foot of the hill. Then we'd walk up here together—home."

Colette was not haggard now. She was rosy and her gray eyes were like morning stars.

"I must get us something to eat," she said shyly. "Oh, what are you doing, Ben? I didn't say I would—but I will! Oh, my dear, yes, I will! And I'm glad! It's such a wonderful way to go—and come."

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MENTAL CONTAGION AND POPULAR CRAZES

By James Hendrie Lloyd, M.D.

TO the physician, whose habit it is to study the pathology of his cases, the tendencies of the present day offer some interesting problems. He can make no claim to write about them as a politician or economist; and, in fact, he is rather happy to be exempt from the prejudices of the partisan, and to be able to take a detached position in which he can wield the pen of the scientist.

De Quincey tells us that an eminent British surgeon, by whom he is supposed to have meant Sir Astley Cooper, thanked heaven that he was entirely ignorant of history; that what little history he had ever known he had resolutely tried to forget, or to confuse in his memory, so that "as to all such absurd knowledge" his mind was a *tabula rasa*. Now this may be a qualification for a surgeon, or at least no disadvantage to him (as to which point the present writer expresses no opinion); nevertheless, it is indisputable that there is an aspect of history that is distinctly pathological, and therefore cannot be ignored by the mental pathologist. History is full of instances that prove the truth of this thesis. If, as has been claimed, history is philosophy teaching by example, it is also psychiatry warning us by many frightful instances.

The cases of individuals who have been insane and yet have played a part in history are not unknown and need not be mentioned. Ireland has written a book on this subject which he calls "The Blot upon the Brain." We are concerned here not so much with individuals as with popular movements, for such movements may be quite as abnormal as men. The mental pathologist has even invented a name for this sort of movement and calls it a "pandemic psychosis"; that is to say, a functional mental disorder which tends to spread over large numbers of people. Its chief characteristic, indeed, is this tendency to spread; it is like the cholera or the smallpox in so far as it pursues what may be called a centrifugal course. It grows out of what has been somewhat crudely called "mob psychology," but a better term is mental contagion, because the analogy to the contagious diseases is complete.

The Middle Ages, which were a period of dense popular ignorance, were prolific of such crazes. The belief in demons dominated all imaginations; superstition spread everywhere; it was the reign of sorcery; of the witches' Sabbath; of demonopathy, and of demoniacal possession. Terrible epidemics of religious insanity occurred, which led to priestly exorcisms and mystical ceremonies, and ended in the condemnation of the ill-fated insane and in their punishment as witches by torture and death. Thousands of these unhappy wretches atoned with their lives for their loss of reason, and perished at the stake.* Calmeil and other French writers have preserved the history of this deplorable distemper of the human mind. Lord Chief Justice Hale, of the King's Bench, was so firm in his belief in witchcraft, that he is known to have condemned two women to death for it; and King James I wrote a work on demonology in which he urged that the plea of insanity for those accused of witchcraft should be rejected in the courts; but most of the writings of this monarch were "studded with absurdities." In this country the historic epidemic of witchcraft at Salem is too well known to need more than a passing reference. All this literature should be commended to the notice of Sir Oliver Lodge. If we are to have a witchcraft craze in this present age of so-called enlightenment, it will be due to those who claim that they can hold communion with the spirits, for they ignore the fact that, if they can summon up *good* spirits from the vasty deep, there will be some perverts who will draw the

*See the writer's work on "The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity," in Wharton and Stille's "System," vol. III, p. 506; also, Régis, "Manual of Mental Medicine," translated by Bannister, p. 16, from which the statement is taken.

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logical conclusion that *they* can summon up *evil* spirits as well—and so we shall have all the materials for a witches' dance. There may be some cynical neurologists who would rather like to see such a dance. It would give them an opportunity for a critical study—for these pandemics are of great scientific interest to your cynical neurologist.

There are two principles that dominate this subject. The first is the emotional or sentimental factor. When a mere emotion, such as desire or fear, becomes the chief motive of conduct, we have a reversal of normal psychology, for evidently in the normal man the reasoning process should precede the emotional, although there is a school of psychologists who deny this. Nevertheless, their denial only raises an academic question, for practically in sound morals it is not to be denied that a man should have a clear conception of his duty or his aims, which conception should hold precedence of his emotions, which latter are merely the reactions of his mind to his own personal interests. We can perhaps gain a clear understanding of this subject if we observe the mental processes of children. They argue and act largely from their emotions, not having yet developed the reasoning faculties sufficiently to control conduct. They act from the narrow personal standpoint, of which alone they are cognizant, not from any large general principles of reason. This is the normal state also of animals. Now, it is not unusual to see a certain type of men and women who seem never to have advanced far beyond this juvenile stage; and even in the best of people such an occasional reversion to the juvenile status may be seen. It is also very common in the insane, for the more their reason is dethroned the more their emotions run riot. This, indeed, is one of the marks, or stigmata, of insanity. But there is no hard-and-fast line between sanity and insanity, and in the border-land between the two we see all kinds of queer or aberrant conduct, in which the emotions have more sway than they are legally entitled to. This is a feature never to be overlooked in considering the psychology of the crowd.

The second factor is the principle of imitation. We owe more to this in our education than some of us might like to acknowledge. There is little that is original in any of us; we owe most of our attainments to others, and we have come by them by the simple process of copying them. This facility is very marked in our simian kinsfolk, and doubtless has come down to us from a remote ancestry among the anthropoid apes. It is such a powerful and all-pervading impulse that it clearly transcends the limits of a magazine article. Sufficient to say that it is by imitation largely and unconsciously that mental contagion spreads. There is a form of insanity which the French call "Folie Communiquée," which is communicated from one person to another. The writer once saw an example of it in three sisters, who had communicated their delusions to one another in an abnormal domestic environment, until they all became so insane that they had to be locked up. If the abnormal environment, instead of being the domestic circle, is a nation-wide or a world-wide pandemonium, such as has followed the Great War, the conditions are most favorable for the growth of pandemics such as we see at the present day. A homely illustration of what is meant can be seen in the automobile mania, which now holds this country in its grip. The great majority of the people who go tearing up and down our city streets and along our country roads could probably not tell why they do it. There is nothing rational in their conduct, and most of them would doubtless be better off if they remained at home and engaged in some useful occupation. They are following an imitative impulse which hurries them into a mad race—useless, extravagant, and homicidal.

Zionism, for another example, looks to an outsider like one of these pandemic psychoses, although it is still in the making. Its moving spring is a disordered sentiment, not reason. The Jews have not possessed Palestine for nearly two thousand years, and even at that remote time their tenure of the land was a very feeble one. They originally acquired it, according to their own book of Judges, by conquest, and were not overnice in their methods—as when they cut off the

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thumbs and the great toes of Adoni-bezek. Therefore, if there are any descendants of the ancient Canaanites still living, these have a prior claim to the Jews, who at most held on for only a few centuries. It is difficult to see how the modern Jews have any better claim to Palestine than the descendants of the *Mayflower* pilgrims have to their ancestral homes in England. But the cold facts of history do not disturb enthusiasts—and so contagious, unfortunately, is this mental state in America, that a large body of sympathizers is easily marshalled, who care no more for history than did old Sir Astley Cooper.

You can more easily convince some people by a hunger strike than you can with a lecture on mental contagion. They will not, or cannot, see that a man who substitutes his stomach for his reason as the umpire of his cause, and stakes the morality of his case on his ability to withstand starvation, is dangerously near to lunacy. His fight is no better than the old ordeal by fire or water, or the old wager of battle, and it is not nearly so picturesque.

Gibbon tells us that "in the quarrels of ancient Greece, the holy people of Elis enjoyed a perpetual peace, under the protection of Jupiter, and in the exercise of the Olympic Games." This probably comes as near to the dream of the modern pacifists as anything that will ever be realized on earth. It is a pity that our American baseball could not be utilized in some such way instead of being a perpetual war on the umpire. Elis was the capital of the Hellenic state in which stood Olympia; yet, in spite of its dedication to sport and its exemption from war, it was a rather backward provincial place and contributed no great man to history. The fact, indeed, would seem to be, as we cast our eyes over the past, that peace has had no monopoly of the virtues, and that mankind, since its début upon the stage of history, has been in such a constant state of war that this state has some claims to be considered its normal environment. This is in strict accord also with our modern doctrine of evolution, for all life is a struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. We can no more escape from this universal law than from the law of gravitation—which puts us down where we belong, whether we like it or not. It is by no means certain that to substitute the ignoble wrangles and deadly competitions of peace for the occasional out-and-out conflicts of arms would greatly redound to the moral progress of the race. It is rather humiliating to our bourgeois pride to recall the story of the Persian general who looked down with contempt on the Greeks cheating one another in the market-place. Man in full vigor of health is a fine fighting animal; such is his normal state, and to this martial vigor has been due the success of the great Nordic race, which has dominated in the modern civilization of Europe. Mental pathologists know full well that brain-fatigue is most likely to show itself in its earlier stages by aversion to strenuosity; a desire for seclusion and repose; an avoidance of conflict; a fear of pain; a dread of responsibility. This aspiration of the pacifists is an abnormal sign; a mental contagion. This dream of perpetual peace can easily end in a neurasthenic nightmare. It should be resisted, before it goes too far, as the manifestation of a world-wide psychosis; the reaction, as it were, of a sick world, which knows not itself nor the diagnosis of its own case. From another angle of mental pathology this morbid desire for peace may be regarded as one of the "repressed emotions," which, according to Freud, are usually kept out of view in the hysterical brain by force of convention, until some great crisis gives them an eruptive impulse which drives them to the surface—an impetus which may not lose its force until it has created a veritable craze.

The present age is neurasthenic from war-shock and industrialism, and this state of nerves provides good ground for propaganda, which is merely a mode of imitation. Neurologists know that nothing is more characteristic of neurasthenics and hysterics than their tendency to yield to the potent influence of suggestion, and that no other patients are so liable to be affected by their surroundings. This mental contagion can spread, like a bad odor, through a hospital or sanitarium, and on a pandemic scale it goes far to explain the present tendency of people to fall victims to all kinds of moral schemes, impracticable reforms, and uplifts. There is also an underlying

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sense of vague apprehension—"a sense of impending evil," as the nerve specialists call it—which is very commonly seen in persons on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When this gathers momentum in such a vast country as the United States we witness a furor of virtue and fanaticism which may become an appalling tyranny—for there is no tyranny like the tyranny of the populace.

In a former paper, written for a medical society, the present writer said that prohibition in America is the greatest pandemic hysteria since the crusades. The analogy may be thought to need justification. The crusades made their appeal to religious enthusiasm, and the object they sought to attain was not only not practicable but not even (except from a sentimental standpoint) greatly to be desired. So strong was the impulse that inspired them, and so oblivious to the teachings of common sense were the ignorant multitudes who followed them, that they lasted, with intermissions, for nearly two centuries. They levied a frightful toll in blood and treasure, and set an awful example of cruelty and fanaticism. And, after all, they accomplished nothing. There never was, up to that time, such a misdirected effort, such a barren enthusiasm, such a long-lived pandemic. Gibbon, in his summing up of the effects of the crusades, says that they appear to him to have checked rather than forwarded the maturity of Europe. Among the few benefits which they introduced into Western civilization he mentions windmills, silk, and sugar—but he does not mention *alcohol*. The discovery of the art of distilling the spirit of wine has been ascribed to the Arabs, and the name is obviously Arabic. The knowledge of this art is said to have been spread to Europe by means of these holy wars, but our modern prohibitionists will hardly claim this knowledge as one of the benefits conferred by the crusades. Berthelot, however, has written a learned essay to disprove that we owe to the Arabs this our first step in the downward course of alcoholism.

Now in the object and circumstances of the crusades there is evidently much that can find no analogy in our modern prohibition, but in their main features, as a pandemic psychosis, such as their religious enthusiasm, their fanaticism, their impracticality, and their lack of common sense, the analogy is not far-fetched. Can any man in his senses believe that this stupendous revolution in the habits and morals of a 100,000,000 people is to be accomplished by adding a few lines to a written constitution? This law has been a half-dead letter since the very day it was promulgated. The new broom did not sweep clean. How will it be in another ten, twenty, fifty years? And if it does not succeed, if it is flouted, will it not have brought the Constitution itself into disrepute? This is one of its most menacing features. Our fathers left us a rational and liberal Constitution, but we have patched and disfigured it by adding to it a sumptuary law which raises a secret rebellion in the breasts of self-respecting men. Physicians have little reason to defend alcohol, but neither can they, without a protest, follow in the wake of a popular movement which seems to lead nowhither, unless to chaos.

But perhaps we are to fall back on the doctrine of the perfectability of mankind. This is one of the catchy terms which seem to have had their origin in a misinterpretation of Darwin. If men to-day are not what they ought to be, they will become so to-morrow, for the doctrine of evolution teaches that there is a constant upward progress. This is the argument. But a candid study of evolution does not support these hopes of a millennium. According to Professor Conklin, of Princeton, there has been no notable progress in the evolution of the human body for at least 10,000 years, and there is none in prospect. He points out that the more highly specialized an organism becomes the greater is its risk of extinction, because a very slight change in its environment may be fatal to it. It is like a delicate machine, such as a watch—easily put out of order. The progress of evolution through the ages is marked with the fossil remains of animal forms that perished from the earth because of changes in their environment. Now it may be that such a crisis is at present confronting civilized man. We are face to face with conditions that indicate very clearly that civilized man is not adjusting himself successfully

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to his environment. This is a biological way of stating a sociological fact.

Dean Inge, of London, seems to think that the Great War inflicted a mortal wound on Western civilization. The human race can no longer bear the burden of our hard, mechanical, industrial life, and is going to refuse to continue to produce. To the present writer the most ominous symptom of this decadence, this maladjustment of the organism to its environment, is the modern strike. As this is a morbid phenomenon, it is a fit subject for the mental pathologist.

The strike exhibits the action of the two principles already referred to: first, arguing from the emotions; second, imitation. When, from natural causes, the price of wheat fell recently to a little below two dollars and thus gave some promise to a suffering world of a reduction of the high cost of living, the Western farmers raised a cry that they would hold their wheat until they forced the price up to three dollars. In other words, like Joseph of old, they would corner the wheat-market, even though the world starved for it; and they proclaimed that in their opinion this was an act of justice or equity. Now it is impossible to argue with men like those. Their disregard of economic law is complete; and this disregard of, or ignorance of, economic law is the characteristic of the strike almost everywhere. But the industrial world rests on economic law. To speak biologically, this law is a part of the environment. If fate has brought the world to a pass where it cannot, or will not, conform to it, the world is in a bad way for evolution along present lines.

It is the power of one idea acting on large masses of men that gives the strike its distinctive feature—and this one idea makes its way by the most elementary method, namely, by imitation. Complex thinking is not possible for the crowd; everything must be brought to a focus, until the one idea becomes an obsession; and it is then transmitted from brain to brain as a sort of unreasoning impulse, very much like what is seen when a herd is stampeded. It goes in one direction, heedless of the dangers incurred or the obstacles to be overcome. When men are thus stampeded there is a strong instinct of self-preservation, but there is also a supreme indifference to the claims of society at large, and just as in the individual who suffers with a monomania, and feels that his claims to favor are disregarded, so there occurs in the strikers a sense of persecution, which leads to acts of resentment and violence. At this writing there are 1,000,000 coal-miners on strike in Great Britain. It is impossible to suppose that any great number of these men have either the inclination or ability to reason fully and clearly about all the momentous and disastrous consequences of their action. The industrial world is a highly complex organism; or, to use Professor Conklin's phrase, it is highly specialized—the product of a process of evolution. It will suffer, and it may perish, if its component parts are no longer able to keep themselves in adjustment to their environment. This may not be the fault of any man or of any set of men—it may be due to some inherent weakness in the organism or to some inscrutable law acting in the environment.

If the reader will turn to Osborn's book on "Men of the Old Stone Age," he will wake up to the fact that we civilized men are not far removed from the barbarians. The whole period of man's civilization, from the time of the earliest records in Egypt and Mesopotamia, is but as yesterday compared to the long prehistoric period during which the human race existed in Europe as the contemporary of the cave-bear, the cave-hyena, and the rhinoceros. Osborn presents us with an ancestral portrait of the Piltdown man, who is supposed to have lived about 300,000 years ago.* But it is little more than a thousand years ago that our ancestors were living in a semi-civilized state. When Charlemagne took the Roman crown, in 800 A. D., he was a barbarian chieftain with only a thin veneer of the old Roman culture. From out of all that state of unpreparedness, extending back through myriads of years, man has been called upon, in a comparatively short period, without time to adjust himself to his new environment, to assume the burdens of this complex and

* Professor Osborn does not admit that the Piltdown man is an *ancestral* form; but Elliot Smith, whom he quotes, is of the affirmative opinion.

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exacting industrial civilization. If he fails, it will not be due entirely to his own fault, but due in a large measure to his destiny. Perhaps the failure of the coal-beds will have much to do with it, but more may be due to the faults of the whole system. Man was never made for this sort of thing. He may not have developed the capacity of brain, the endurance of nerve, to sustain it.

In his long career through the ages man has not greatly changed his nature. He is the lineal descendant of the Neanderthaloids and Cro-Magnons of prehistoric times. This new-fangled civilization is but a costly and dangerous experiment which he has been making for a few centuries. Perchance he may tire of it and cast it aside; or, having exhausted the forests and the coal-fields, like the improvident son of a barbarian that he is, he may resolve to make another trial, having discovered that not all the advances of the human spirit in the past have depended on the steam-engine and the coal-mine.

He has the ample promises of a "new day," made to him by the idealists, the pacifists, the Socialists, the Bolshevists, the prohibitionists, and the suffragists, all of whom in their own way are ready to provide for him a millennium. But he must wait awhile and see how well they will redeem their promises. It will fortunately not be for the present generation of mental pathologists to chronicle the results.

THE VIOLIN

By Florence Earle Coates

He gave me all, and then he laid me by.
Straining my strings to breaking, with his pain,
He voiced an anguish, through my wailing cry,
Never to speak again!

He pressed his cheek against me, and he wept—
Had we been glad together overmuch?
Emotions that within me deep had slept
Grew vibrant at his touch,

And I, who could not ask whence sprung his sorrow
Responsive to a grief I might not know,
Sobbed as the infant, that each mood doth borrow,
Sobs for the mother's woe.

Wild grew my voice and stormy with his passion,
Lifted at last unto a tragic might;
Then swift it changed, in sad and subtile fashion,
To pathos infinite,

Swooning away, beneath his faltering fingers,
Till the grieved plaints seemed echoless to die:
When, calm, he rose, and with a touch that lingers,
Laid me forever by.

Forever! Ah, he comes no more—my lover!
And all my spirit wrapt in trance-like sleep,
Darkling I dream that such a night doth cover
His grief with hush as deep.

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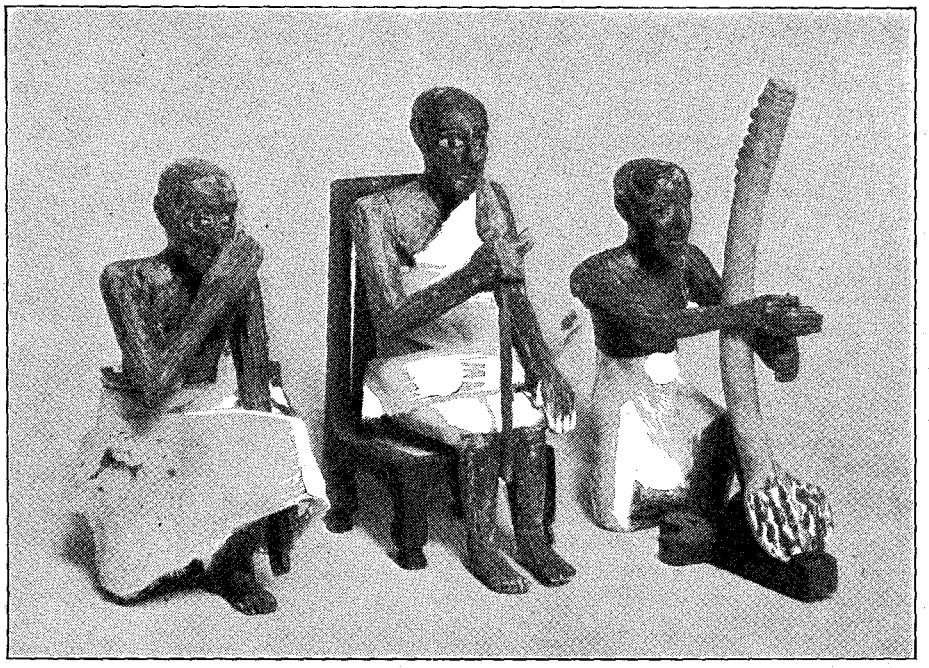

The noble, seated in his chair smelling a water-lily bud, listens to his minstrels—a blind harper and a singer who pats his lips to make a warbling note.

DIGGER'S LUCK

REMARKABLE MODELS DISCOVERED IN AN EGYPTIAN TOMB 4,000 YEARS OLD

BY HERBERT E. WINLOCK
Assistant Curator, Metropolitan Museum of Art

PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM BY HENRY BURTON

AS soon as anybody finds out that you excavate in Egypt, their first question is bound to be: "And how do you know *where* to dig?" I have always found that if you answer truthfully and tell them that there is no more infallible rule for knowing where to dig than there is for knowing where to find a cook, they immediately put you down as incorrigibly flippant. What they want to hear about is an archæological divining-rod, or a story with a dream or table-rapping in it, and so I always beg the question.

But in the field with a couple of hundred Arab workmen on your hands you can't wriggle out of giving some sort of an answer, and the way you arrive at it—or the way it answers itself—sometimes is most unexpected. Here is the story of the Egyptian Expedition of the Metropolitan Museum at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, last winter, and the fluke that turned a very bad guess into a howling success.

Just before sunset on the 17th of last March all of our guesses seemed to me very bad ones indeed. I was in no mood to take in the violet shadows creeping up out of the deep ravines of the mountain. I was absolutely indifferent to the silvery dust raised in the evening glow by two lumbering old water-buffaloes, driven by a diminutive slip of a girl, shambling up

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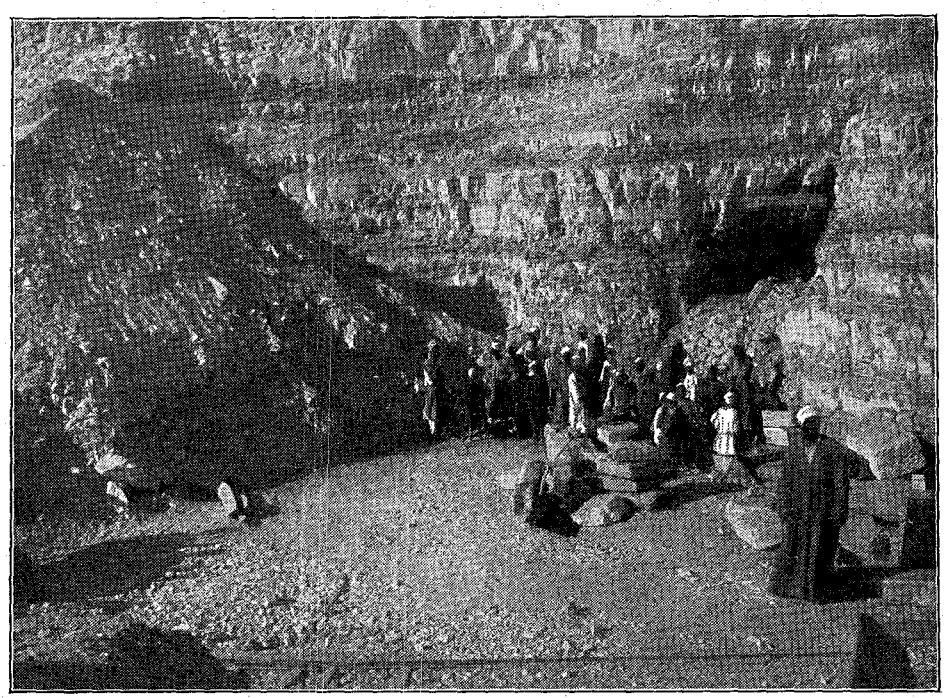
across my path from the green fields to some cavernous tomb that was house and stable for a whole swarming family. Men were coming back from the fields; gossiping women were returning from the wells with water-jars precariously balanced on their veiled heads; lop-eared goats shuffled along the dusty paths, still smelling out wisps of parched straw, heedless of the surprising antics of the kids that bucked and jumped around them unaware of the seriousness of life.

I thought life was very serious indeed, for it was about time to write another letter home explaining why we hadn't found anything yet; and leaving my nimble little mouse-gray donkey to pick his way through the pitfalls that beset our homeward path, I began to run over the situation as it stood.

We had dug for eight weeks in a valley where the mighty Pharaohs of the Egyptian Empire had been found hidden away some forty years ago, and where, just the year before, our expedition under Lansing had unearthed the mummy of a little prince of the royal family—and we had found literally nothing.

Then we had taken a desperate chance on a big tomb cut in the cliffs near by. Its two dark, yawning entrances led into gloomy tunnels where great bats squealed like enormous litters of blind puppies every time we ventured into the mysterious twilight of the rock-cut chambers behind. In front of the entrances were mountainous piles of rock fallen from the crags above, and down below, in the desert valley, were traces of a gateway. We had looked the place over time after time, and many a long argument we had had before we had decided to risk a fortnight of the little cool weather left to us. The place had been dug over before, and we had copies of the discouraging reports of our predecessors there, but after all there had seemed a chance that some fragments of sculpture might be buried under those fallen cliffs in front. Burton, who took the expedition's photographs, had been all for the place. He had noticed a big block of limestone lying



The mound of rubbish which raised—and dashed—our hopes, and the entrance to one of the corridors which we had believed would hardly repay the clearing.

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in the rubbish in front and had persuaded Lansing and me to help him heave it over to look at the under side, and when we saw the delicate tracery and brilliant coloring of a frieze pattern of four thousand years ago upon it, we had been won over to take the chance.

Then there had been another advocate for the desolate old tomb, but one whom, rightly enough, we took less seriously.

Every morning we used to see him squatting near our front door, an unsightly, dirty, gray-bearded old fellah, whose blind eyes were hidden behind an ancient pair of misty, steel-rimmed spectacles. Whenever one of us appeared on the porch the little, wild-looking granddaughter, who was his guide, would silently give him his cue and his piercing old voice would rise in a wail of salaams and greetings, mixed of Arabic and donkey-boy English. He was one of the Abdel Rasoul family—notorious old tomb-robbers who had found the royal cache years before it was known to archæologists. When he was younger he had dug for himself by night, and putting on an air of respectability, had dug for the government Service des Antiquités by day. But now he was fallen on evil days and lived in a dream of retrieving his fortunes by giving us a lucky tip to some place where we might make a find.

We had tried all sorts of wiles to get him away from our front steps, but he always came back hopefully every morning. Once I saw him out of the window and sent my boy Gilani around to warn him very confidentially that the "mudir" had gotten up that morning in a frightful temper, and that all the Arabs in the house were scuttling for dear life every time they ran across me. The scheme worked beautifully and I saw the old thing break into a shambling trot in tow of the granddaughter, seeking sanctuary out back in the kitchen, where he got a cup of tea out of Hadji Kheir, the cook, and stayed in hiding until it was safe to go home. As Gilani put it, had old Abdel Rasoul known of any place to dig he would have emptied it out long ago even if he had had to drag the mummies out with his two old stumps of teeth.

What we saw when we peeped into the crack and flashed on our electric torches.

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Every noon and every evening for three days, the men were formed into a procession to bring some of the models down from the tomb to our house.

But finally all of my stratagems were exhausted, and in a moment of weakness I had agreed to go with him to his marvellous place. Lansing and Burton came along and we had taken with us the old man's son Seddîk, who happened to be one of our workmen. The little granddaughter had hardly seemed capable of dragging the old patriarch over the rocks, and none of us could see ourselves touching the dirty old gelabieh he wore. Curiously enough, he led us to this very tomb where we had already decided to dig. As soon as we saw which way he was heading we told him that all of our plans were laid for that place, and called Seddîk to witness that his old sire could not say that he had had anything to do with our choice. But when the old man claimed to have been head workman for M. Daressy, when he dug there twenty-five years before, we had agreed to go on up to the tomb to see whether he could tell us anything worth while. In some ways his story seemed reasonable, and checked up more or less with Daressy's published report. The rubbish in front had not been thoroughly dug through, he said—which was what we had already seen. The corridors had been completely emptied, and whatever rock now filled them must have fallen from their roofs—which seemed probable enough. And finally, his great point was that at the back of the corridors there were two great pits, one of which they had emptied out to the bottom and the other still remained intact, with its treasure buried in it still. As a tip this was manifestly worthless, for Daressy described having dug out both of the pits. We took his word that the courtyard had not been finished and that the corridors had, and a few days later began work in the former.

We had worked now for three solid weeks with all of our hopes centred on that big pile of rubbish on one side of the courtyard, and had found nothing whatever under it but the hammers and rollers some ancient quarrymen had left up

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there after they had smashed up the façade to get stones for some later building. The place was a sell evidently. We had left the men there for a few more days to clear out the fallen stones from the corridor so that we could make a plan of the tomb—our archæological consciences demanded that of us, because our predecessors had omitted it. Otherwise we were finished, and our haunting question of where to dig was still unanswered.

I devoutly wished I knew where to try next and what to write home to the museum, so that they wouldn't think we were frittering away our time. The fellaheen were coming home in the sunset, their day's work over. My hardest job for the day remained—that letter.

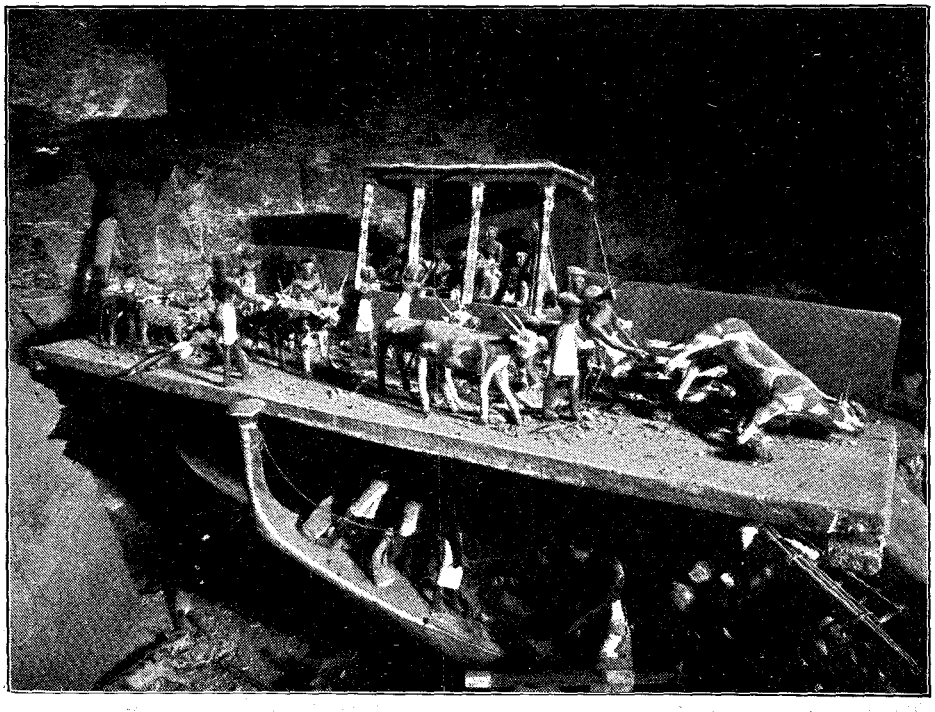
I had gotten as far on my way home as the ruins of Medinet Habu—but no farther toward an answer to my question than I have told the reader. The walls of the old temple were turning pink in the sunset glow. The water-wheel that drones and quavers all day under the palms near by was silent for the night. Way up where the purple shadows were creeping out of the valleys in the tawny mountain I could see little specks of men and boys winding down the paths from the work at the tomb. The evening meal was being prepared and the bluish smoke of cook fires was beginning to float over Gurnet Murraï, where the tombs are seething tenements of Arabs and their flocks. At the house they would be getting tea ready and I was late.

From among the passers-by on the path there broke into my thoughts a cheerful voice saying: "May thy night be happy."

I looked around and recognized one of our workmen, Abdullahi. "And may thine be happy and blessed," I replied, without checking my donkey, who was far more interested in getting home to his evening clover than in stopping for wayside greetings.

But Abdullahi felt otherwise. He must shake hands—quite an uncalled-for politeness, I thought—and evidently wanted to stop and chat.

"I am going home," he informed me, and I said that that seemed evident. "And when I get my blankets I am going



The noble sits on his porch taking the count of the cattle driven past him—a photograph taken in the tomb before anything was touched.

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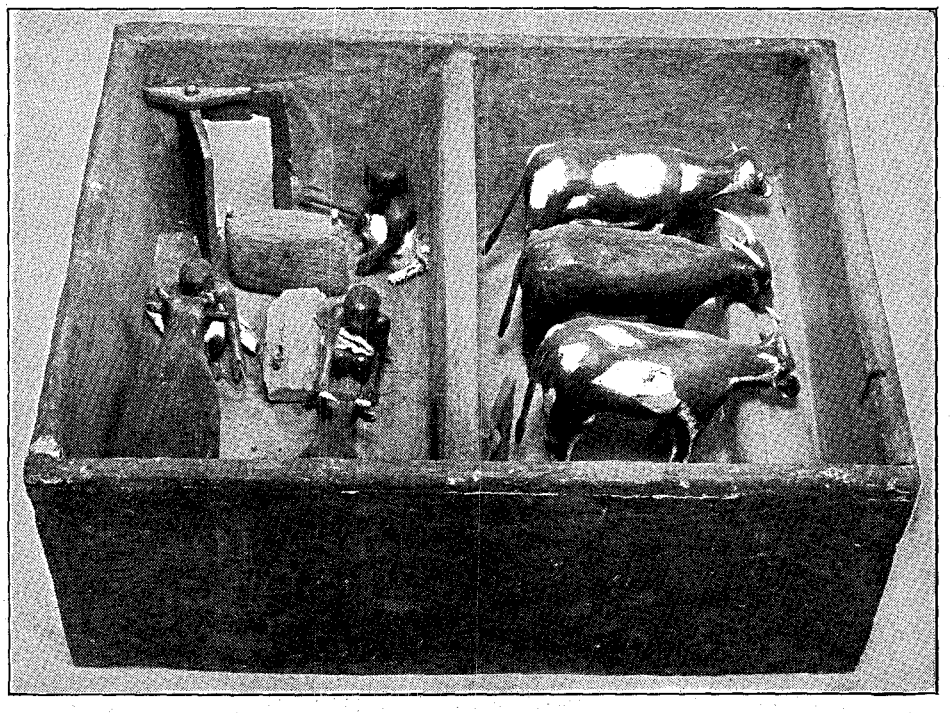

The stalled oxen are being fattened for the slaughter.

The butchers at their work slaughtering oxen, plucking geese, and making blood puddings under the direction of a scribe with a roll of papyrus in his hand.

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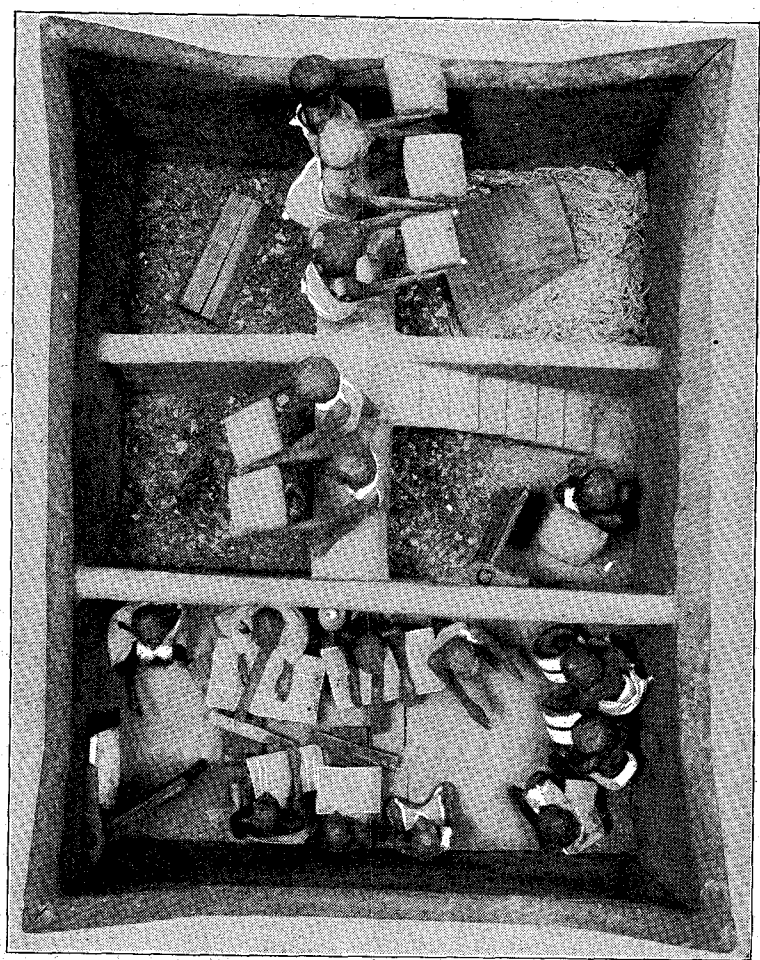
back to spend the night at the tomb." For the life of me I couldn't remember whether we kept guards up there at night to look after the equipment, but I supposed we must, and as I started on again I laughingly hoped he had something to one of the gangs which were clearing those corridors, I knew perfectly well there could be nothing to it all. Daressy had surely dug those corridors out, and our reclearing to draw a plan could not possibly show up anything new.



A bird's-eye view of the granary with the scribes drawing up the accounts of the grain which the men measure and dump into the bins.

watch. "The Headman Hamid says I must tell no one, but your Honor will see something up there," Abdullahi called after me.

He had charged his voice with all the mysteriousness he could put into it and his whole manner would have been strange enough to impress me at any other time, but I was convinced of failure, and when I remembered that Abdullahi belonged to

At the house I met Lansing and Hauser coming out. They said they were going up to the work, and showed me a scrap of paper with a hastily scribbled note from Burton: "Come *at once* and bring your electric torch. Good luck *at last*." This seemed preposterous. Surely it was another false alarm, and we had had so many of them. However, there was Abdullahi and his mysteriousness, and I

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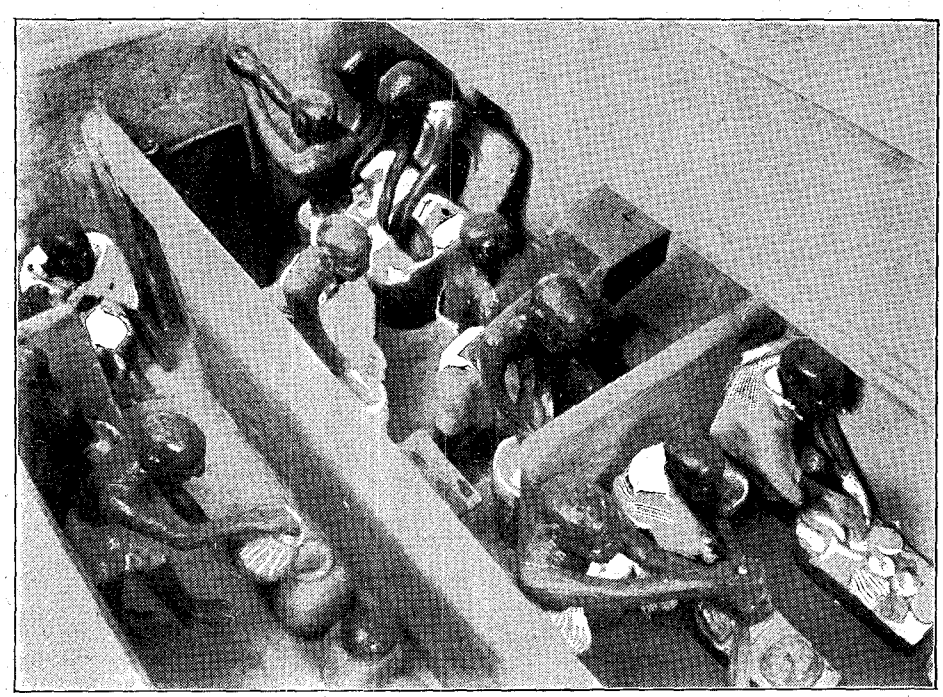
decided to let my tea wait a while and go along with them, but I refused to have any hopes, and the three of us got ready all sorts of sarcasms for Burton's benefit as we trudged along.

A little knot of Arabs were standing around the mouth of the tomb in the twilight. Inside in the gloom we could just make out Burton and the head men. There was something in the air that made our sarcastic remarks sound flat. Burton pointed to a yawning black crack between the wall of the corridor and the rock floor. He said he had tried to look in with matches but they didn't give light enough and told us to try the torches.

At least a hole here was unexpected, but we had looked into so many empty holes. Anyway, I got down flat on my stomach, pushed the torch into the hole, pressed the button, and looked in.

The beam of light shot into a little world of four thousand years ago, and I was gazing down into the midst of a myriad of brightly painted little men going this way and that. A tall, slender girl gazed across at me perfectly composed; a gang of little men with sticks in their upraised hands drove spotted oxen; rowers tugged at their oars on a fleet of boats, while one ship seemed foundering right in front of me with its bow balanced precariously in the air. And all of this busy going and coming was in uncanny silence, as though the distance back over the forty centuries I looked across was too great for even an echo to reach my ears.

I was completely stupefied when I gave the torch to the others and one by one they looked in through the crack. It was almost night now and we saw that we could do nothing until the morning. While the other two went back to the house to get sealing-wax and cord, Burton and I sat down dazedly to talk it over. He told me how he had been coming down from the mountain-top, where he had been taking photographs and had stopped at the work to dismiss the men, as usual. As he expected, they had cleared most of the fallen stone from the corridors, but just before he had come along one of the men in this one had noticed that the chips had an unaccountable way of trickling into a crack as fast



Women grind flour, bakers make odd-shaped cakes, and a brewer pours off the fermented "home beverage" into jugs which he caps with round clay stoppers.

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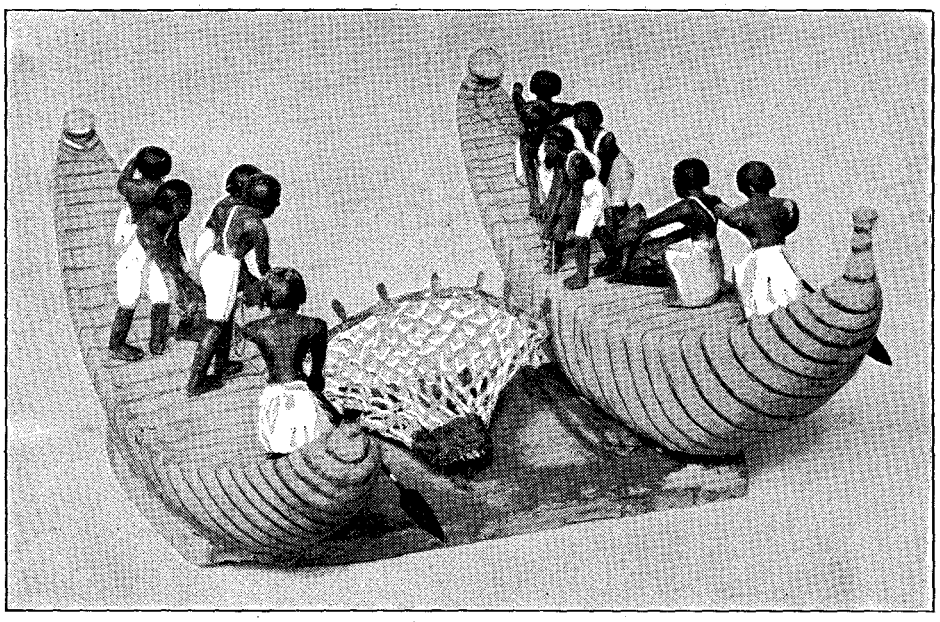

The fishermen haul their seine between two papyrus canoes.

as he dug. At first the man hadn't paid much attention. It was just one of those crazy whims of the Americans that had made them want to dig out such a place anyway. Still he had called the head man of his gang and together they were scraping away the stones from the crack when Burton had arrived.

When we left the tomb for the night the crack was stopped up with stones and stretched across with strings securely sealed with sealing-wax—quite a little of which was on my fingers. The gang, which was working in the corridor, had received all sorts of needless instructions about keeping some one on watch all night. None of them slept a wink for the next three nights, I am sure, sitting in the starlight in front of the tomb discussing the backsheesh they hoped to get. We were no less excited. That night we sat up late discussing what the place could be and each one of us dwelling at length on some marvel he alone had seen. I believe some one claimed to have seen Santa Claus and his eight tiny reindeer—or possibly I dreamed I had seen him. Anyway, I for one woke up in the morning with a raging headache that was made no better by trying to seem masterfully calm.

In the morning our work began, and three terrific days followed. Burton rigged up mirrors to throw sunlight down the corridor and took a photograph of the crack in the rocks. Then we dug in front of it and found in the floor of the corridor a little pit, about a yard square and waist-deep. It had been carefully filled with chips of the very rock it was cut in, and both ancient thieves and modern archæologists had taken this filling for the living rock of the mountain and passed over it. The side of the pit under the wall of the corridor was built up of mud bricks, and when we had photographed them and taken them away we were looking down into a little low chamber about three yards square and scarcely four feet high into which no man had entered for four thousand years. Rock had fallen from the roof—in doing so it had opened up the crack we had looked into the night before—and had upended one of the boats and broken others, but except for this nothing had been disturbed. Our only fear was that as fresh air got into the chamber more would come tumbling down, and we were torn between a desire to get everything out safely before we had a catastrophe and to get a complete set of photographs and plans of everything just as we found it. It was just luck that made both possible, for after we were finished tons of rock began to fall in the tomb. Still

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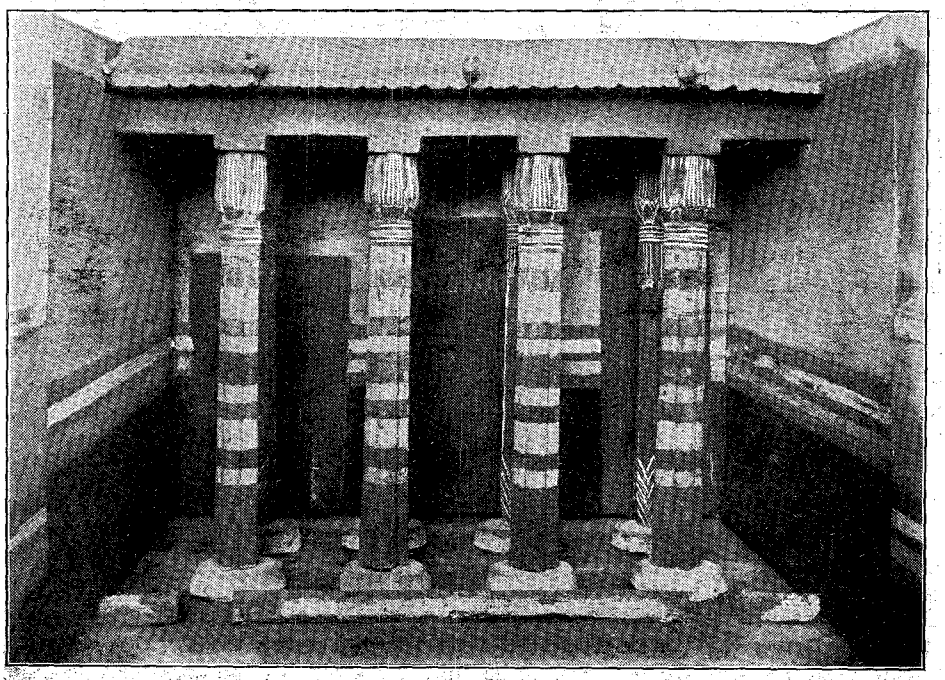
we escaped the misfortunes of our French colleagues digging half a mile away. They had a man killed by rock falling in a tomb chamber while we were working in this one.

We photographed, we planned, we carefully cleared away chips of fallen stone, and then we lifted out one or two of the boats or a group of little men and began all over again. One night will always remain a weird picture in my mind. Lansing and I had gone up to clear away more of the fallen shale to get ready for Burton's photographs in the morning. From afar off we began to halloo to the guards, for we had lent them a couple of revolvers and we were afraid of the zeal they might show in their use in the dark. Duly challenged, we made our way up the slope and inside the tomb, and lit candles to work by. For hours we worked away, the shadowy Arabs pattering barefooted back and forth from the flickering candle-light out to the open, where the brilliant desert stars seemed to hang right down to the mouth of the gloomy tunnel.

As we worked along through those three days and nights we began to realize what it was that we had so unexpectedly discovered. The tomb was that of a great noble of four thousand years ago. He himself had been buried in a gilded coffin and a sarcophagus of stone in a mortuary chamber deep down under the back of the corridor, where the thieves had destroyed everything ages before our day. Only this little chamber had escaped and it was turning out to be a sort of secret closet where the provision was stored for the future life of the great man.



The porch which looked out on a garden in Thebes four thousand years ago.

He could not conceive of an existence in which he would not require food and drink, clothing and housing, such as he was used to in this life, and being a rich man, naturally he wanted an estate in eternity like that which he had owned on earth. His philosophy carried him beyond that of the savage chieftain who expects a horde of servants to be slaughtered at his grave. He attained the same end by putting in his tomb a host of little wooden servants, carved and painted, at their daily tasks, working before little portraits of himself. The spirits of these little servants worked eternally, turning

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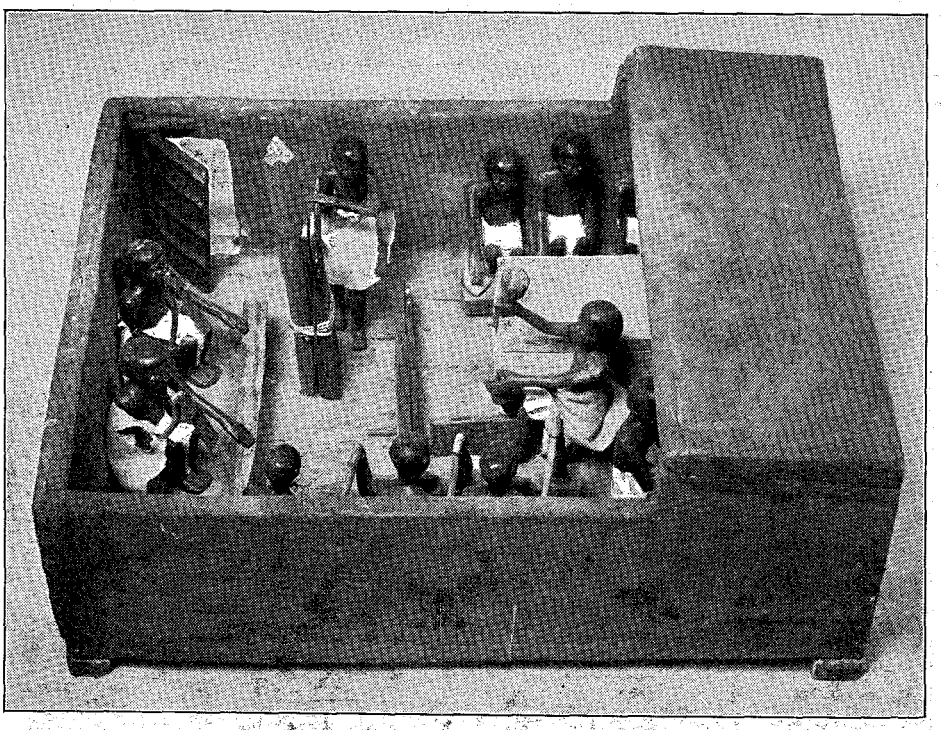
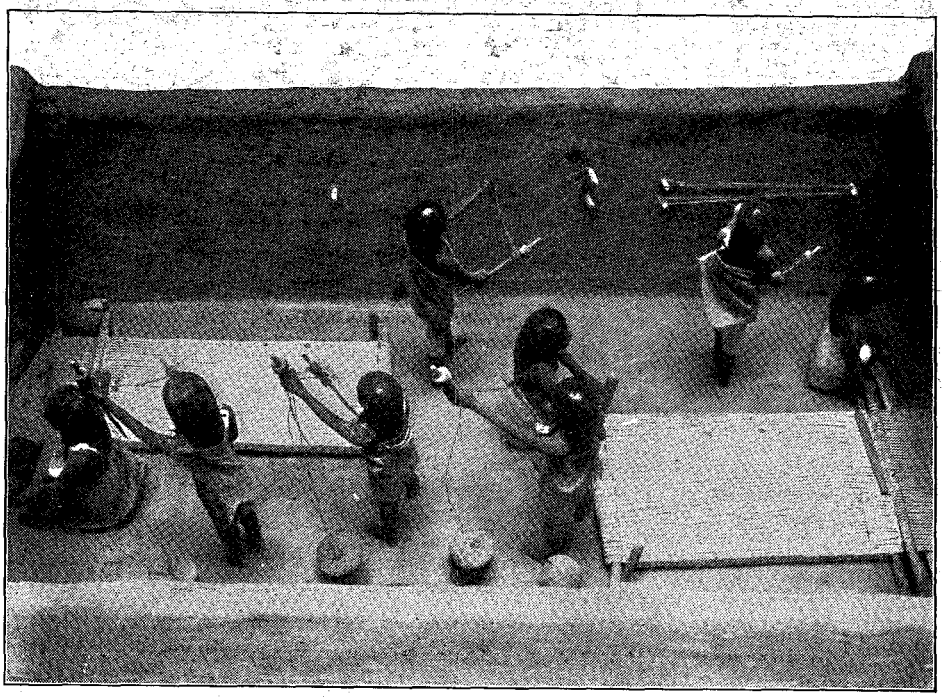


A carpenter with chisel and mallet cuts mortises in a plank; another saws planks from an upright beam; others dress beams with adzes and smooth them off with sandstone.



Women spinning, stretching the thread over pegs in the wall, and weaving on flat looms on the floor.

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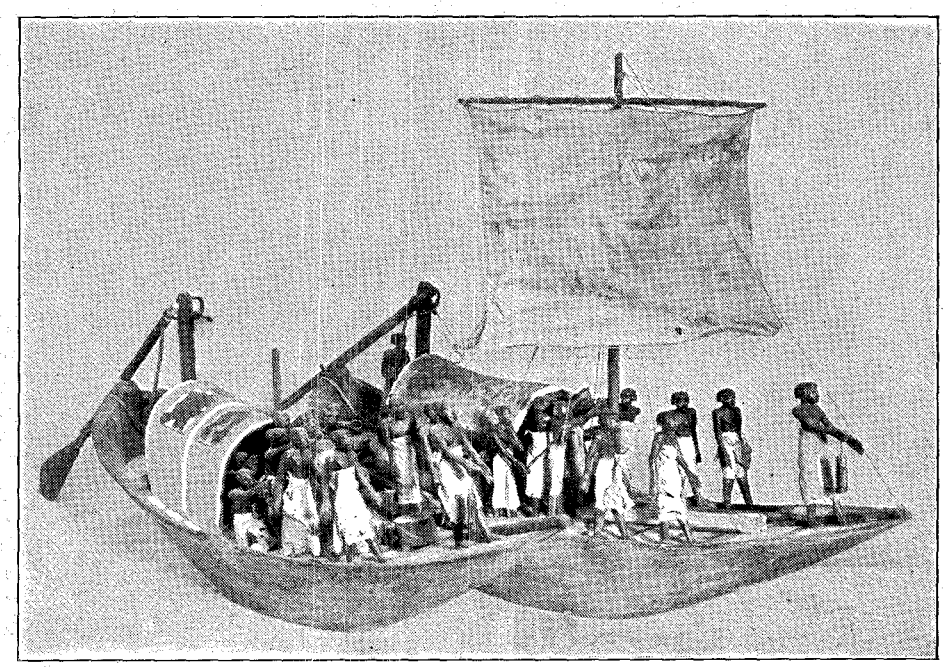
out spirit food or sailing ships upon a spirit Nile, and his soul could enter any one of the little portraits of himself at will to reap the harvest of their labors. In short, we had found a picture of the life the great noble hoped to live in eternity, which was nothing more or less than the one he had led on earth forty centuries ago.

The first thing we had seen when we had peeped through the crack had been a big model nearly six feet long, showing the noble seated on a porch among his scribes, taking the count of his cattle as they were driven past. In the back of the room we found, under a lot of other models, neatly stacked, the stable where these same cattle were being fattened, and finally when we came to move one big boxlike affair in the far corner—a model I had tried my best to get a peep into and almost fallen headlong in the process—we found it was the butcher-shop where the cattle's life history ended. The night we worked in the tomb by lamplight we got a peep into a granary where diminutive scribes sat writing down the quantity of grain being measured and carried to the bins by hard-working laborers. And later we ran across the bakery where the grain was ground and made into loaves and the brewery where the home beverage was being fermented in tall crocks and then decanted into round-bellied jugs. Lansing extricated two canoes manned by fishermen, who hauled a miraculous draft of painted wooden catfish and perch in a seine, and I picked the fallen stones out of two gardens in which copper ponds—that would hold real water—were surrounded by little wooden fig-trees and cool, shady porches. Then there was a carpenter-shop and another shop where women spun thread and wove cloth. The very threads on their distaffs and spindles—frail as cobwebs though they were with age—had remained unbroken in that eternal stillness.



Getting up sail on a travelling boat, alongside of which lies the kitchen tender.

The business of the great man entailed a lot of travelling, and his idle hours were passed in pleasure sails or fishing trips on the Nile or on the still backwaters of the marshes. On the celestial Nile he would want to go voyaging or yachting, too, and therefore a dozen model boats were put in the chamber. We found them setting sail, the captain bossing the sailors who sway on

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for our season. The place which had been left unfinished by two other expeditions, and which we ourselves had almost left, discouraged, had finally panned out a success.

And, by the way, old Abdel Rasoul forgot all about our warning. He is perfectly convinced that he alone persuaded us to dig there, and that he knew all about the models. We had given him what we considered a munificent backsheesh, but that only whetted his appetite. Again he laid siege to our front doorstep, and when he found it was impossible to argue with us he procured a professional letter-writer who composed this moving appeal:

"His Ex. Director:

"Mr. Willick;

"I am the Guide who guided you to discouvere the ancient toombs till you founded precious things.

"I deserve good reword, but they not gave me.

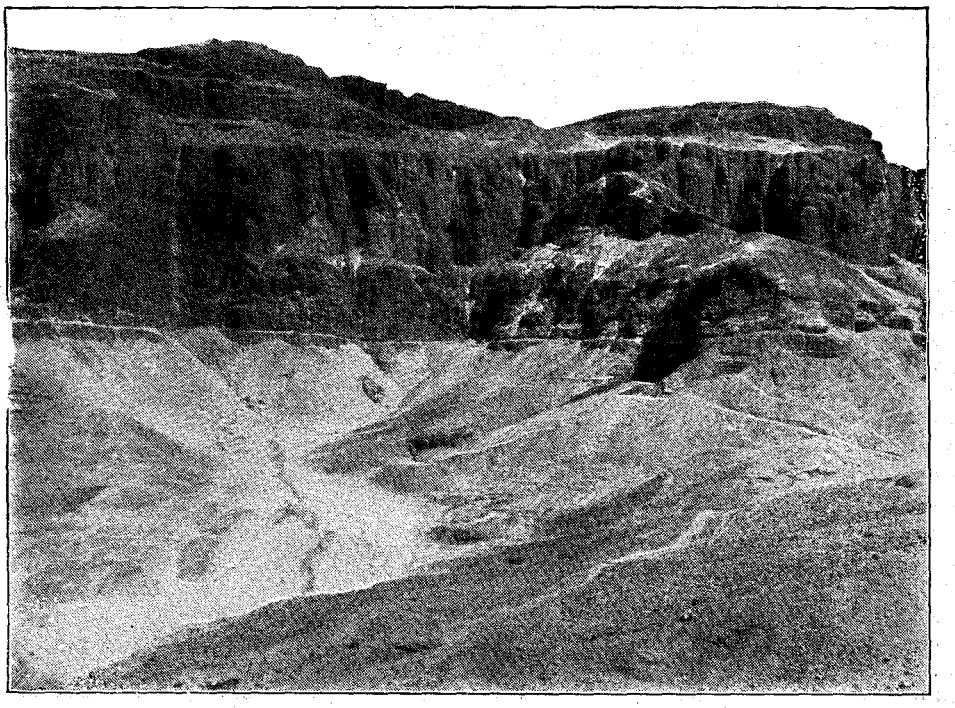
"You know me will and I rely on your British honour & your famous kindness.

"I am very poor in great need, & ready to serve you in honour.

Your obedient servant
Abdel Rasoul Ahmed
Soliman from
Korna."

I am very much afraid that he is at this moment looking for a listener into whose ear he can pour his version of the story. I only hope that when he discovered I was not British he did not rashly come to any false generalities about American character.

The little models had to be parted after all these ages together. Half of them went to the Egyptian Government, under the terms of our concession, and are now on view in the museum in Cairo. The others can be seen in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. If any reader should see them there in their glass cases he will get a far better first view of them than we did with our electric torches flashing through that crack in the rock—but none of us would swap places with him. They meant too much to us that evening when we were wondering where we would dig next.



The tomb in the cliffs with the avenue leading up to it, after we had finished our season.

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A SPICE OF DANGER

By Hugh S. Miller

ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. K. HARTWELL

IN the compound at Talas, which is on the hillside above Cesarea, which in turn is in the interior of Asia Minor, one hundred and twenty-five sunburned miles from the Bagdad Railway, it was early morning. The air was sweet and cool; the sun was hidden behind the brow of the hill, and the dew of night still clung to the leaves of the apricot-trees and the grass of the plot, set off by the bare brown earth around it, where by much careful labor a tiny lawn had been created. The stir of the day's life was beginning. A few birds sped through the trees; one of the house girls crossed the grounds, her wooden clogs making a merry tinkle on the stone walk; from the kitchen came the murmur of women's voices; on the lower balcony of the hospital a night nurse, pale from her long watch indoors, appeared for a breath of air. From the dusty road outside the high fence came the creaking of an ox-cart, slowly descending the hill to the plain. Beside the gate, on the slope at the side of the enclosure, the old gatekeeper, who had risen from his sleeping-place in a corner of the fence at the break of day, was squatting on the ground, yawning.

Presently, he knew, his daily troubles would begin. A red-haired youth with a joyful grin would appear from somewhere, climb into the big motor-truck that was standing idle in the yard, and without warning drive it full tilt at the gate. Woe to the gate if it was not opened in time! And woe to the gatekeeper! The youth always shouted "'Lo, old scout!" as he went bouncing out into the rock-paved passage that led down to the road. The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "'Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction. Later, a second truck would go out with a load of wool, to be taken to the mountain stream above the town for washing; but it would go carefully, and the gatekeeper would have plenty of time to jump. The young man who drove it was no foreigner like the other, but was of Cesarea, and the gatekeeper had known him by sight from boyhood. He was prudent and well-behaved. But that red-haired youth with his "'Lo, old scout!" was like a devil riding on a gale of wind, and the old gatekeeper raised his hands to heaven every time he closed the gate after him.

It should be told also that the gatekeeper was glad that he had but this one gate to watch, and especially that he did not have the gate of the great yard down in Cesarea, where the red-haired youth went each day, and which was always busy with the coming and going of the truck trains on the long road to Harpoot. I know, because I have talked with him. "Here he has but one accursed contrivance of the evil one," he would say. "There he has"—he would spread out the gnarled and bony fingers of both hands in a gesture to indicate quantity—"a dozen or a hundred. By the Prophet, what could he not do to me with a dozen such things!"

The compound and its buildings composed an institution at which the old gatekeeper never ceased to marvel, inasmuch as it was a relief-station that gave without price to those who were in want (and there were many of these, as he could testify, he being among the number), and such a thing had never been known in the land as far back as the memory of his fathers extended. The old gatekeeper approved of it. Never had he heard of so many hungry folks; he himself had not had a bite of food for three days before he was taken in and given his post at the gate (which, God willing, he intended to keep forever, the foreigners being liberal people to work for); and it was not good for a country to lose too many people by starvation.

This early morning I went out and

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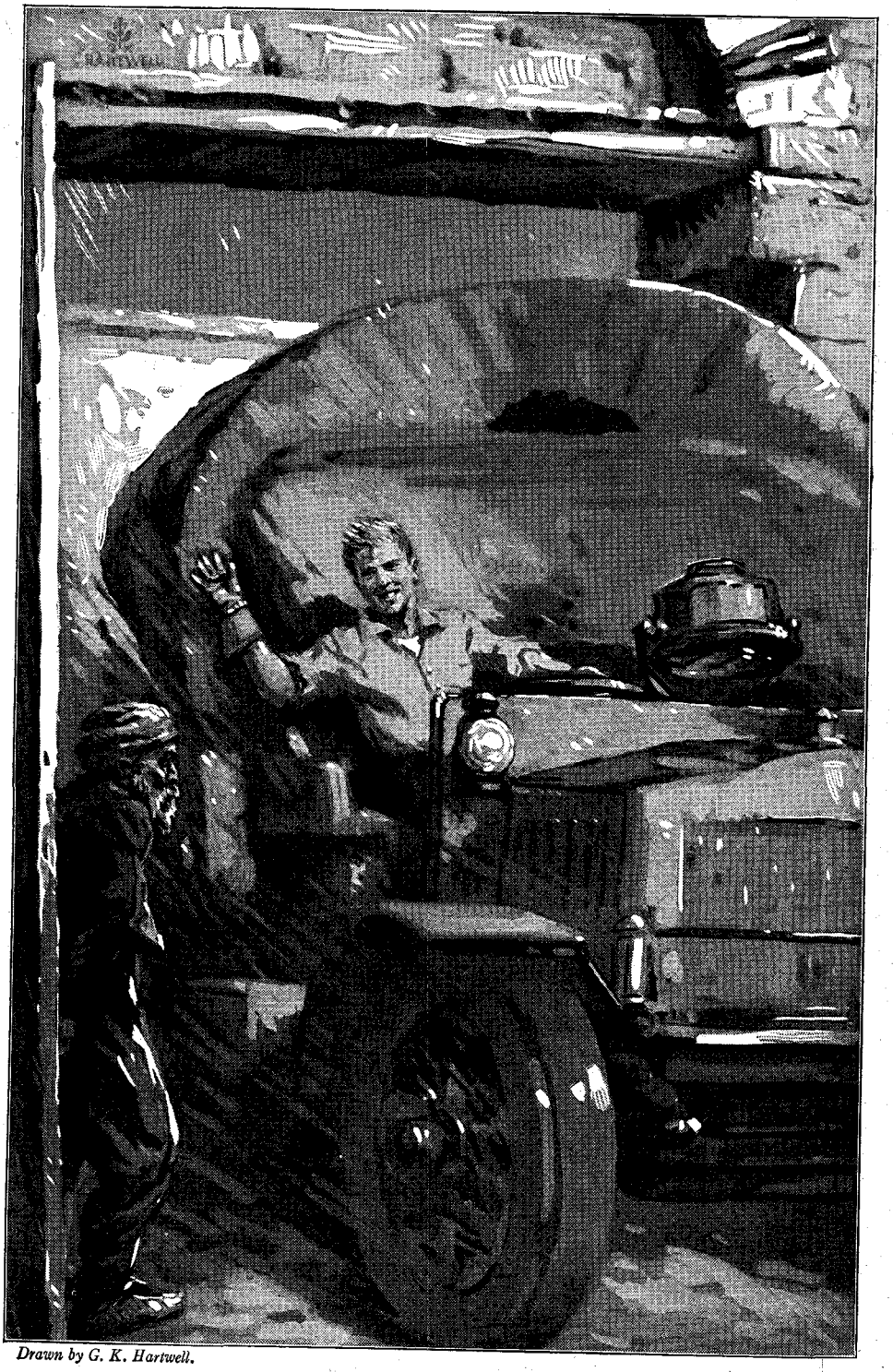

Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

The gatekeeper wondered at the meaning of "'Lo, old scout!" No doubt it was a malediction.—Page 222.

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nodded at the old gatekeeper, who as yet was too drowsy to talk, then strolled along the stone walks under the trees, and at last sat on the home-made bench which, though of the size of benches, still was large enough to cover about a sixth part of the tiny lawn, and there considered what a pretty spot it was to look upon.

A door opened somewhere behind me, and I heard the clatter of heavy shoes descending the steps; the next moment a long leg came over the back of the bench, and some one slid easily into the seat beside me.

He wore khaki trousers, belted about his waist, and a khaki shirt, with sleeves rolled up, revealing freckled forearms. His age was about twenty, his hair was red, and of a disposition that refused to be suppressed; it was thick and strong and upstanding, and now, unconfined by any covering, rose erect as if to flaunt itself before the notice of the world. His face, too, was freckled, and glistened from its recent washing; around the edges, in the roots of the thatch of hair, it still showed damp. He smiled when he spoke, as if in his philosophy the act of speaking was a ceremony, to be performed auspiciously or not at all. An ambulance-driver at the front in France, he had been moved by a desire to see more of the world (little of which was visible from the farm in Indiana where he lived), and at the end of the war had signed up for a year's relief-service in Turkey, where at once he had been assigned to "transportation."

These things I observed or was told during the conversation on which we entered—a desultory chat on small affairs, characterized by intervals of silence in which we contented ourselves with regarding amiably the gathering activity of the compound, especially as it applied to the preparation of the morning meal.

Finally, with a motion of his hand that designated vaguely all our surroundings, he confided that he was well satisfied with the fortune that had cast his lot in such a pleasant location.

"It sure beats riding the truck train," he said. "It's a hard grind, that road to Harpoot."

"It is, indeed," I said.

"Dust and flies and bandits and hills—sleep on the ground, some places—eat what you can get—wash in a tin cup—no good!" He slapped his knee and laughed. "I guess I wasn't lucky to fall into this. I go down to Cesarea in the morning and come back here at night; I sleep in a bed; I get three meals a day and a bath when I want it. And I've got grass and birds and trees to look at and people to talk to. It's bad, yes?"

"It might be worse," I said.

"But," he went on, with a shake of his head, "it's ruining me."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"If it hasn't ruined me already."

I demanded to know what he was driving at.

"It's like this," he said. "When I came out here I was what you might call a bit rough. I never had much at home—and you know what things were like at the front during the war, and what a man had to put up with. I got so I couldn't have slept in a bed if I had had one, I was so used to sleeping on the ground; and I had forgotten there was such an article as a bathtub made. And I wasn't fussy about what I ate, or whether I shaved, or the language I used, or whether I changed my shirt, or washed my hands before eating, or—well, any of those things. I was just the kind for a job out here on the trucks, where the life is nothing to brag about in the way of easy comforts."

"Quite so," I said.

"And what did they do with me when I got here? Instead of sending me out on the trucks, they put me here—in this!" And again he waved his hand, to call my attention to the charms of the quiet compound. "Of course it isn't like New York or Indianapolis, but it's a nifty little place all the same. And there's even women here. Why, say—look at me!"

I complied wonderingly.

"I'm washed and I'm shaved!" He passed his hand quickly over his chin to prove it. "And it's every morning like this—regular as clockwork. And take a look at the shirt—it just came out of the wash. Every so often the lady that has charge of those things comes around and gathers them up, and if I haven't changed she gives me the dickens. Leastways she did at first; she doesn't have to any more,

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because I'm always ahead of her." He chuckled delightedly. "They sort of got after me when I came—kind, of course, and all that—but they made me spruce up considerable, they did."

I inquired why he should feel that such a process was accomplishing his ruin.

"Well," he said mournfully, "it's got to be a habit with me now. It's gone so far I'm going to have a hard time shaking it off. It's surprising what it's done to me. Why, if I don't get my bath on time I'm as nervous as a cat; and if my eggs aren't cooked right I'm upset for all day. Sooner or later I'm going to be taken off this job and sent out on the road, and then I'll be up against it. You can see for yourself. Right now I hate to think of sleeping on the ground and roughing it the way you have to on the road. If I don't have a bed, with clean sheets and a netting to keep the flies and mosquitoes off my fair anatomy, I can't sleep a wink. And I can't go anything but civilized food. And if I don't hear a little woman's chatter on the porch in the cool of the evening I feel abused and want to go home. Next thing I know I'll be knocking off early to run up here for afternoon tea. I can feel it coming. Now, can you beat that?"

"You're only a boy," I said. "A day or two on the road—a dash of adventure—a spice of danger—and——"

The breakfast gong sounded suddenly on the porch, with a vigor that rendered conversation difficult, and I stopped. He waited until the clamor had subsided, and we were walking toward the house, and then replied:

"Say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

This was Sergeant Rouge. It was not his name, but he was known for no other reason than that he had been in the army and his hair was red.

It turned out that those who prescribed what he might and might not do for the year of service for which he was bound did come presently to the opinion (as he had anticipated) that it was time for him to leave Talas and follow the fortunes of the truck train across the plains and over the mountains, up hill and down dale—except that on the road to Harpoot there was not a dale to be found, it being a term which, I think, implies the presence of green grass and shade, and possibly a brook. Valleys there were, and gullies, but of grass not a blade—nothing but baked brown earth and hot brown rocks, with here and there a clump of dead brown weeds.

And of what happened thereafter I had the story from George, the interpreter, who accompanied him throughout, whom I found resting in the compound at Sivas, protesting to all who would give him ear that no reward in heaven or on earth would tempt him to go through it again.

From Talas, Sergeant Rouge went to Sivas, which was the next station on the line, a day's journey on the truck train. And there he was agreeably provided for because, as it happened, the pleasant-faced housekeeper reserved a special corner in her heart for the transportation men, believing that when they came in from the perils of the road they should be well cared for and made to feel at home.

"I'm always glad to fix up beds and a bite to eat for the boys when they arrive," she told him, as she showed him where he was to sleep, "provided they are in by twelve o'clock. After that, you run the risk of being scolded," she added with a smile. "I'm in a bad humor if I'm called out after midnight. I warn you."

"Yes, ma'am; I'll remember that," said Sergeant Rouge. "And might I be asking if a fellow like me could some time have a bath?"

"Good land, yes!" she replied. "Whenever you want it."

"I'm much obliged, ma'am. I guess I'll take one to-night." And as she was leaving the room: "I'll sure mind what you said about twelve o'clock. I shouldn't want to disturb you from sleeping if I could help it."

She stopped in the doorway to remark that there were not many who were so considerate, and went on down the hall, smiling to herself.

The convoy remained in Sivas two days, during which Sergeant Rouge further attracted the favorable notice of the housekeeper by certain little evidences of domestic virtues, such as his practice of shaving each morning, the care with

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which he washed his ears, his punctuality at meals, and his solicitude concerning the laundry facilities of the station, directed at ascertaining whether his limited supply of extra linen could be washed and ready for him on his return journey from Harpoot. This the housekeeper, of course, promised to accomplish. Being a motherly soul, she even came down-stairs to see him off the morning of his departure, expressing her regret that he should have to endure such a rough life as service on the truck train afforded.

None of these things escaped the attention of the rest of the crew of the convoy or, indeed, of the other members of the staff of the station, all of whom engaged in pleasant raillery at his expense. He, however, accepted it good-naturedly. Not even when they pretended to take up subscriptions to have a dressing-table made for him, and collected and bestowed upon him previous donations of face-powder and cold-cream from the feminine contingent of the station, and offered him a frilly sleeping-cap in which to confine his exuberant locks at night, did he make the slightest protest. Likewise, when some of the more boisterous expounded largely on the desperate character of the bandits who infested the road, and hinted delicately that it was no place for a person of ladylike nerves, and suggested that there might be a chance of employment teaching sewing at one of the girls'orphanages, he merely smiled blandly or invited them genially to undertake the interesting diversion of chasing themselves.

It was the same when the truck train reached Harpoot, the end of the line, after a heart-breaking pull of days over seemingly interminable mountain ranges. Aware that the little company of workers isolated at this outpost were grateful for any tales of the road that might furnish entertainment, the other members of the convoy regaled them with stories of Sergeant Rouge; of the extremities to which, on the journey, he had been driven to obtain his morning shave; of his obvious distaste for an unvaried diet of cold beans; of his diligence in bathing; of his unsuccessful efforts to emulate their example in sleeping on the hard ground—and such further matters concerning him as they remembered or their playful imaginations improvised. To all of them, and to the friendly bombardment of jests that they provoked, Sergeant Rouge listened appreciatively, and in the best of humor.

In due time the trucks set out on their return journey to Sivas. There were now twenty of them in the convoy. They proceeded in their usual manner, which is to say that an American driver accompanied the leading truck to keep up the pace, two or three others were distributed along the line to inspire the native drivers with confidence and insure their maintaining the proper rate of speed, while in the rear was the "trouble" car, driven by the chief, carrying spare parts and equipment for repairs. Inasmuch as on the down trip there was little freight (not like the upward journey, when the train was always overloaded with relief supplies) a number of passengers were taken, and these were scattered through the train wherever it was convenient to place them.

The long procession, trailing clouds of dust, had toiled over the range of dry, lonely mountains outside Harpoot, then had crossed the Euphrates and slept in the malodorous city of Malatia, of evil reputation, well deserved. In the morning, before the heat was great, it had started off again and hurried across the stretch of desert sand, flat as a board and thirty miles in width, which skirts the base of another range; great hills these to surmount which takes a truck train two full days.

It is on this stage of the run that it is the custom of the convoy to spend the night outside the village of Hassan Chelebi, beside a little stream at the exit of a winding, rocky canyon; on which occasion the trucks are parked with their backs to the running water, and the men, after a snatch of wretched food and tiresome labor at repairing tires, cleaning carburetors, and tuning up motors, take such sleep as they can get on the ground, to rise early for the next day's work.

There had been rumors that the bandits had gathered in force and were intending to attack the train, so the trucks were proceeding with caution, keeping close together for company, and maintaining a sharp lookout. Every man was armed.

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Several small groups of bandits had been seen on the slopes of the hills overlooking the road, sitting motionless on their horses, watching the passing of the trucks. At one place a man had been found beside the road, shot dead by those who had robbed him.

The spirits of the company had suffered by the strain and uncertainty, combined with the prospect of the hard night and long journey ahead; the drivers did their work in silence; the helpers had ceased the songs with which, in the open places where the horizon for miles around was clear, they were accustomed to lighten the tedium of the trip; the passengers, weary of their uncertain seats in the rear of the trucks, were complaining gloomily.

Sergeant Rouge for the first time had put off his smile, and rode at his station, midway of the line, in a mood of deep abstraction—affected, no doubt, like the others, by the depression which had settled upon the caravan, and perhaps by his own thoughts of the uninviting night to be spent in the miserable precincts of Hassan Chelebi, toward which they were slowly advancing.

It was then something happened. One of the drivers, presumably because of the general atmosphere of uneasiness, allowed his thoughts to wander for a moment when preparing to ascend a grade. By mistake he shifted to the reverse gear; then, as the car started backward, lost his head. This, it may be remarked, is not unusual in a native driver when his car begins to slip backward on a grade. In this case the truck ran away and backed over the edge of a shallow gully, which was about twenty feet from the road. There were eight passengers in the truck, and six of them were injured.

By the time they had been carried up and laid on blankets on the ground, the chief of the convoy, beside whose eyes already were wrinkles of worry, arrived from his place at the rear of the train and took charge of affairs.

"The nearest hospital," he said, "is at Sivas, and that," he added, after a moment's reflection, "is about a hundred and forty miles from here. If we take them on the convoy, they will have to spend the night at Hassan Chelebi, and won't reach the hospital until to-morrow night at the earliest. Some of them may die."

"There's one or two that looks to be pretty bad off," said a raw-boned youth, who hailed from Wisconsin.

"Yes," said the chief. "Therefore we can't risk any delay. Some one will have to take them through to Sivas. It's a rush job and a night drive over the hills—and you fellows know what that means. Besides, there are the bandits. But if nothing happens they can be at the hospital before morning. Now—who wants to do it?"

There was no response for a moment. Then Sergeant Rouge grinned. "I do," he said.

And so it was arranged. A truck was emptied of its freight; blankets were collected, and soft bundles commandeered from passengers; and thus beds were prepared on which the injured might lie with a degree of comfort. Sergeant Rouge himself went over the motor and saw to it that the water-cans were filled, an extra quantity of gasoline obtained from the supply car, and spare tires from the trouble car.

When everybody was ready he took his seat and beckoned to George, the interpreter, to get in beside him. Much against his will George obeyed. The others crowded about him.

"Good luck, Rouge!" said the chief. "Don't stop to shave!" said somebody else, with rough humor. "Cut it!" drawled the youth from Wisconsin. "Nobody kids him any more while I'm around."

"Same here," said another. "He's all nerve, *that* baby!"

Sergeant Rouge grinned again, glanced over his shoulder to see that the injured were well bestowed, then shoved in his gear. "So long!" he said.

The car starting with hardly a jerk, gathered speed and ground its way up the grade in a storm of dust.

They went then (said George) up one hill and down another, mile upon mile, with never a sight of other travellers on the road, or of trees, or of human habitations; but occasionally they saw men on horseback watching them from the heights above, and once, as they whirled around a turn, they observed, ahead of

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them four men spurring their horses desperately along the bare rocky slope at their left in an effort to intercept them. At this Sergeant Rouge laughed, and at the sound (or so it seemed to George, who could not drive a car, and so had neglected to notice the movement of his foot) the big truck leaped forward and went thundering along the road at a speed that made the wind whistle in their ears. Sergeant Rouge had long ago removed his cap and rammed it down behind the seat, with his coat, and was driving with sleeves rolled up and head bare; his red hair, as George related it, stood up like a fiery torch waving in the breeze. Thus it probably appeared to the four horsemen, who jerked their horses to a halt and brandished their arms angrily as the truck shot by them, a bare but unattainable hundred yards away.

The succeeding hills were higher and harder to climb, until at last they came out on the crest of a wind-swept ridge stripped bare of every scrap of vegetation, where the white, deserted road wound among boulders, some small and others large; and as by this time the sun had set and the short twilight of the mountains was over the land, the larger boulders resembled men waiting by the road—men whose outlines were shadowy and vague, who seemed to start up and move as the truck raced past them.

The darkness enveloped them while still they were speeding along the ridge, and on this account the lights, when Sergeant Rouge turned them on, shot across the brink of the range and disappeared in the enormous void of the night beyond.

Where the road leaves the right to descend to the floor of the canyon that leads out by way of Hassan Chelebi there is a mighty grade that has earned for itself the name of "The Big Hill," in the language of the men who run the risks of the Harpoot trail. To ascend it is the work of half a day for the convoy, the trucks proceeding one at a time on signals from above, and assisted by a crew of helpers, who, especially where the road turns sharply on a narrow ledge, must dig their toes in deeply and shove prodigiously to keep them from going over the edge, to be smashed to smithereens on the rocks some hundreds of feet below. To descend it, even in the daytime, is equally a matter of touch and go. At night, of course, it is far more hazardous.

They went down this hill as if it had been a trifling mound with a straightaway beyond, instead of a short, twisting approach to a narrow bridge. The big headlights danced on and off the road, alternating between the bare, dusty ground just in front of them and the floor of the canyon, a fearful distance down. Around them it was pitch dark; the deep canyon was filled to the brim with blackness, and through this blackness the light stabbed clear to the bottom, revealing, as through a long tube, the tiny stream there and the toy bridge by which it was spanned. The sight made George's head swim with horror; the shaft of light was so nearly perpendicular, each time it lifted from the foreground and darted to the stream beneath, that they seemed to be directly overhanging the little bridge. Whenever the wheels struck an irregularity in the road, raising the truck, he had the impression that they had lost contact with the solid earth and were falling. He cried out with relief when they slowed, as slow they did, even though he knew it was only to turn on the ledge, the most perilous point of the whole descent. Here, in a breathless stillness, the hum of the motor having stopped, the bare-headed, bare-armed youth at his side eased the heavy, creaking truck around, inch by inch, with the outer wheel in front on the very edge of the bank; then, with a perfection of skill, coaxed it again into the road that led downward in a succession of short plunges. At times the light was off the road completely, either playing on the stream below or tracing fantastic patterns on the rocky slope across the canyon, and they were dropping down the hill in utter darkness.

They reached the bottom; the motor caught with a roar and lifted them over the bridge; then, turning into the road that in places wormed itself half under the lofty cliffs as if trying to escape from its narrow prison, they sped toward Hassan Chelebi.

Between fear and excitement, George was in a constant shivering. The danger and the darkness frightened him. But the thought of the errand on which they

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Drawn by G. K. Hartwell.

The charging truck, the . . . dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand.—Page 230.

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were bound, the knowledge that they were rushing through the night on a mission of mercy, thrilled him. So, too, did the dash and daring, the cool unconcern of his companion. There were times when he completely forgot his anxieties in admiration for the boy who could risk his life for others with such indifference to his own fate. It amazed and captivated him.

At the village, on the spot by the little stream where it was the custom of the convoy to spend the night, they stopped and took on water, and filled the tank with fuel, and Sergeant Rouge looked to the comfort of his passengers, having nearly a hundred miles still to go. Then along the rough street they hurried with a great rattling and rumbling, the lights revealing stone walls and huts on either side, and the doorways crowded with veiled women and ragged children, drawn from their evening fires to learn the cause of the commotion and speculate as to the reason for such unseemly haste.

Down an empty valley, where the dust lay thick on the road and spurted aside under the heavy tread of the truck, as the sea parts under the feet of a racing ship; over a sullen hill and then to a high plateau, where the night wind was cold and the stars seemed strangely near—down valleys and over hills, endless and innumerable, with no light of camp-fire or cottage to cheer them with companionship—they went on and on.

And then came the moment when, as they reached the top of a low rise, their headlights struck full upon three bandits drawn up on horseback across the road before them.

In the instant that they were revealed, the men raised their rifles with grim swiftness. At the same time the horses, shrinking from the blinding glare, began to stir restlessly. Their riders angrily jerked them back into line. George watched with the fascination of terror. The scene, he said, would never leave his mind. The three fierce-looking men, their chests crossed with cartridge-belts; the anger on their evil faces; the trembling horses; the black, ugly rifles——

He knew well that the bandits on the roads in Turkey are a cruel lot of men, who kill where there is no need of killing. The rifles even then were covering the truck. In a second they would crack. Panic seized him. He clutched at Sergeant Rouge, his fingers gripping his shoulder despairingly.

"Stop!" he gasped.

But . . .

"Stop—hell!" said Sergeant Rouge violently.

He reached forward, and at once the heavy truck, like a mammoth unchained, leaped at the horses, which promptly reared. To further enliven them, he grasped the plunger of the horn and jammed it down—again and again. The shriek that went up from the tortured device, on the silence of the empty night, was an ear-splitting crescendo of discord. The charging truck, the powerful, dazzling lights, the thunder of wheels, and the harrowing scream of the horn, were more than the horses could stand. The one in the centre bolted, crashed into its neighbor on the right, and together they went floundering off into the darkness; the third as quickly wheeled and sprang out of the road.

The truck tore on, lurching and swaying. A spiteful bullet slapped the back of the seat. Then something, with a snap that made his fingers sting, thudded close beside George's hand, still clutching his companion's shoulder, forcing him to take it away and nurse it until the pain subsided. . . .

It seemed to George that thereafter Sergeant Rouge drove even more daringly than before, crowding the truck up the hills, one after another, and letting it coast almost unchecked down every grade, so that it appeared to be running wild, and threatening each moment to plunge to the bottom of the black space beneath them; and, further, that he grew tired toward the end. For sometimes the truck would swerve dangerously, and it would take all his skill and strength to hold it in the road; and on several occasions they narrowly missed the curves toward which they were racing, because he was a shade too slow with the wheel. But he never for a moment slackened speed.

They came noisily through the gate of the compound at Sivas (which the gatekeeper, roused by the thunder of their

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approach, had made haste to open), and halted in front of the hospital. The night staff began to remove the injured passengers, while messengers were sent to summon the doctors. One way or another, most of the people in the houses of the compound were awakened, so that there quickly gathered a group of men and women in a variety of attire. Among them was the housekeeper of the station.

It was her voice that presently was heard demanding: "Where is the boy who brought them in?"

The question was not answered until George, recalling that he had seen nothing of Sergeant Rouge since their arrival, thought to look in the driver's seat, which, being in the dark, had escaped notice. There he found him, in a faint. They lifted him out and carried him indoors, where the light revealed his sleeve red with blood, and his face very pale beneath the dust that covered it.

When he opened his eyes it was to find the housekeeper bending over him, while behind her were the other members of the station.

His lips parted in a familiar grin. "Did I make it?" he inquired hoarsely.

"That you did," said the housekeeper emphatically. "And you were very brave to come through so much danger. You saved——"

"And I got in by twelve o'clock?"

"Why," said the housekeeper, "I think —yes," she added definitely, glancing at the watch on her wrist. "But what——"

"I'm glad of that," said Sergeant Rouge. "It was what I tried to do. But I guess you're wrong about the danger and me being brave. There was nothing like that in it at all. No, ma'am."

He gave a little chuckle. Then he added:

"I was just wanting a bed and that bite to eat you spoke of. That was all. You see, I don't take much to the life on the road. It's too wild for me. Why, say, I'm so darned tame now a spice of danger would scare me cold."

DREAMS

By Gertrude Hall

NEVER do I come upon a chapter on dreams but I read it. Never does any one talk about dreams but I listen. I induce people to tell me what they have dreamed. I go to bed with the strong formulated hope every night that I may dream.

I seldom find in the literature upon dreams quite what I would like to. The more serious articles tell one that though in old days it was held that the spirit of the sleeper really visited the regions and had the experiences painted by his dream, science forbids a belief in this. Further, that all one dreams is in some sort reminiscence; that each fantastic episode has been suggested by an impression or thought at some time during wakefulness. The brain, in madness, they say, acts, while awake, as, in a state of sanity, it only acts in sleep. The sleeping brain is therefore mad. All this, which may so easily be true, I should regret having incontrovertibly proved to me. I like better to think that dreams, some of them, have a sort of significance, which a sage, by the grace of God wise enough, might interpret. The fact that no such sage exists does not signify. The dream need never be interpreted. One only likes to imagine that it is interpretable, and then wonder about it.

One is loath to classify anything so charming as dreaming, anything which besides claims so great a part of lifetime, as without exception mere froth on the surface of sleep. As in the case of the intricate markings of the human palm, one craves to find for it some sort of reason a little profound. I do not know whether it is strictly scientific to believe that one has a soul. Most of us quietly take our souls

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for granted. And when we feel the need to invest with dignity the beautiful movements of the imagination in sleep, we try to relate them somehow to the soul. The soul, we suppose, is aware of things which the brain does not consciously know, and sometimes in sleep contrives to give the mind a hint which it can keep hold of after emerging from its dream.

But this just now and then. One would laugh at the notion of attaching importance to the ordinary nightly dream. It is so obviously just fun which the imagination is having when let out of school, so to speak, freed from rule and constraint. If the servant-girl has lent one her dream-book, one may not be above turning the well-thumbed leaves to be warned, if one has dreamed of eating, that it will be well to practise great frugality, or if one has dreamed of a snake, to look out for an enemy. But it will be for the sake of the laugh, and one will forget all about it. Can one think of classification more offensive to the pride of intelligence than that which should include one among persons who believe in dreams?

No, the ordinary nightly dream seems to be just the pictured story-book by which nature, the kind old nurse, enlivens the hours of darkness for her children. Going to bed is to the healthy habitual dreamer like starting off on a journey of adventure. The most delicious element in it all is that, continually, of surprise. If it be true, as we are informed, that we ourselves have prepared the surprise, it is none the less true that we are genuinely surprised by the turn our dreams take, by the discoveries we make; completely taken in by ourselves. We expect nothing but this, and the other happens. We ask a question, mentally formulating an answer, and a different answer is given. We open a box which might easily pass for a tea-caddy—though it resembles, too, the tin lantern we bought yesterday for a child; we look into it in the sure expectation of finding the tea we need—no, it contains a few pinches of dried rose-leaves and a fragment of purple pastel. We climb many flights of stairs in a city house, supposing that we shall at last reach the roof. No, upon emerging from the scuttle we stand in open country, among little hills and trees. We follow a path winding through the grass; presently it bends sharply down-hill, and before we know what is coming we are back in a city square. We go to the looking-glass to put on our hat: instead of the face which we habitually see reflected, there looks back at us an animated brunette with frizzled hair, snapping black eyes, and a brilliant color. The hat she is tying on is as unlooked-for as the face—one such as heaven forbid we should be seen wearing! A tasteless black affair with bright red roses.

Only a little less diverting than the surprises of dreams are, when we reconsider them by daylight, the things which in dream have not in the least surprised us. Our friend is to perform in some public show. We examine the costume she proposes to wear, and see, without any question of its propriety, a skirt of a foot and a half in length, composed of black net with a sprinkling of spangles, over a loose swinging fringe of black velvet straps.

Now if it be that we ourselves have arranged all this which is to surprise our own minds, it seems quite legitimate to feel flattered. The intelligence which invents it all is so much richer in resource than we can claim to be. We admire to the point of envy the fertility, the dramatic quality, of the mind which frames our dreams. The acuteness of observation, too. Dream versions of figures which are familiar to us by day, while acting perhaps fantastically, are continually saying and doing things which we recognize as perfectly characteristic, though depending upon idiosyncrasies we had not while waking consciously noted. We of the day get so tired of our little habitual round of thoughts; the limits of our intelligence are so fast-set; our imagination is so languid; but the other, that ourself of the night, is a poet, a novelist, is a wonder! Once in a while we catch that other in the very exercise, and recognize it in a flash for our self. It is when we dream of reading, and are aware that even while we do so we are creating the text. The ease and rapidity with which we perform the feat wakes a consciousness in us of amazement. If anything of the text clings to the memory after we wake, what dull dead leaves they turn out to be which

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we mistook for gold! Once in a while, though, there is left among them to delight us a glimmering grain or two.

To make up a dream, say for literary purposes, is singularly difficult. I mean a dream which could deceive an observant dreamer into supposing it a real one. The dream quality is a thing so especial. It has something in common with the quality of likeness in portraiture. Very subtle, and any invention seems unable to supply it. What the reason is for the touch of queerness almost invariably present in dreams, who can say? But that characteristic it is which most stamps a dream as a dream. Now a thing is not truly queer which can be predicted. The waking mind can seldom be queer in just the unforeseeable dream way. Never is a dream entirely lifelike for long. Convincing as it is while we sleep, when we reconsider it after waking some detail of it advertises its character of dream. We are at a great costume-ball; the company, all in the daintiest pastel colors, of eighteenth-century effect, faint visual echo of Watteau, perform together some figure of a dance symbolizing the seasons. We are one of the dancers. Our eyes fall upon our feet, and we behold them incased in the black walking-boots, not at all eighteenth century, which are in fact ours for the daily tramp. A wave of mortification sweeps over us. We look shyly around to see if any one has noticed them, then brace ourself with the thought that if that solecism of our feet had been going to rouse the scorn of the assembly this would already have happened. If our shame is acute, we perhaps, say to ourself that it is only a dream, upon which reflection follows instant comfort, for the dream is usually at that point dropped for a different one. Or, we witness a frightful accident, a tram-car running over somebody. The shock of it sets us gasping so that we come to. The picture has been so vivid that we cannot for a moment recover from the sense of having actually beheld a catastrophe. Then, quieting down, we take account of the fact that though the street and the car were full of people, no one paid the slightest attention to the crushed man, no one but we, while the most immediate sign of an accident, outside of a dream, is, as we know, the concourse of people gathering around it in an instant from no one knows where.

The touch of queerness, we said, is the characteristic which most stamps a dream as a dream; to the touch of queerness let us add the touch of exaggeration. One has caught oneself sometimes in the very act of dropping asleep, and has perceived how an image of the waking brain turned into a dream-image. One was considering casually the shaft by which the inner rooms of a tall building receive the modified light of heaven. While one was awake, it was no higher than the highest of such structures one had ever seen. All at once it shot up to an incalculable height; row reared itself above row of the little black rectangles which were windows, till one could no longer see the top. The New York hotel had turned into a weird dream-palace. It is possible that dreams are qualified by our tastes and predilections, that we dream somewhat *as we like it*. I have in mind that touch of exaggeration. Some of us have a fancy for excess, for accent, dwell with relish upon imaginations of boundless plains, boundless waters, heaven-kissing mountains, abysses in whose depths dwells unbroken night; love the sense of immensity, are fascinated as well as awed by the prodigies of astronomy, eagerly climb great heights, alps or belfries, for the marvel of glutting our eyes with a wide prospect; even in pictures have a preference for those which dwarf the human figure so as to make great the scale of the scenery. It is perhaps to such of us that the vastness of dreams offers its gratifications.

But the touch of exaggeration in splendor is the feature of dreams which most makes us wake with the sense of having lived in romance. Earth cannot match it; the imagination takes what earth has shown it of most splendid, and multiplies it by just what number it will. Dream cathedrals can be so vast that from the clear-story the throng of the faithful forms but a dim swarming mass. The fountains of dream gardens can have, instead of such a number of grouped marble or bronze figures as we have seen at Versailles or in Rome, figures towering and innumerable, touched with golden light. As for banquets—a hint of the possible poetry of food must have been given by

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earthly cooks, but the ingenious picturesque magnificence of dream feasts can be Keatsian, no less. It is said that one never eats of dream food. It seems to me that one sometimes does, though not so as to taste it, any more than one tastes it at dinner-parties often, when one is interested in the spectacle and the talk. I have never examined it closely, but had just an impression of glitter and exquisiteness, related to forms sometimes familiar, sometimes new and strange.

But these are the dreams of choice occasional nights. Sometimes instead of an exaggeration in size and richness, it will be in intensity of beauty, more accurately, intensity in one's sense of the things being beautiful. There will be Greek seas of sapphire blue, strewn with golden willow-leaves (always that touch of caprice!), and while a boat takes us past velvety islands, the boatman chants a Greek name, which we remember still at waking, then suddenly have forgotten. Or we are walking on snowy mountain-heights. The masses of snow are so majestically beautiful that something whispers to us they are more than natural. The knowledge dawns that Michelangelo moulded them. Or, there spreads before us a landscape all mellow gold with autumn. Among the stacked cornstalks walks pensively a lion incapable of harm, a gentle lion. The dreamy light over all suggests that it is perhaps the hour when he will lie down with the lamb. We return to the real world with the sense of having been on a vacation. The same exaggeration goes to darken the bad dreams. We visit holes of more unspeakable squalor than we have ever in fact seen, behold poverty more dire and degraded. An intensity of horror which wakes us struggling will pertain to a cause totally inadequate, such a thing as a puff of woolly gray dust, softly but inexorably rolling toward us across the floor on the draft that blows under the door. There lived in a dream once a tiny sluglike animal belonging to a malignant Chinaman, from which emanated an effluence so evil that it was feared should the creature escape from the bottle in which the Chinaman kept it it might miasmatically infect the whole world.

One wonders why certain dreams come so often. Not the very same dream, but the same scheme of dream, with different developments. One can see why one should dream that one must appear on the stage in a dramatic performance when one does not know a word of one's part; or why one should be trying to make ready to start on a journey, and find none of the things needed either to put on or to pack; or part of one's clothing has been omitted in dressing, or mysteriously lost. Why, when there is dream necessity to hurry, one's fingers should become cork and one's feet lead. It is very nearly obvious why one dreams these things. But why does a person dream so often, for instance, that she has moved into a new house (the house always vaster and richer than any she has really lived in) and goes from room to room examining the strange architecture and furniture, planning the installation of her family in the sumptuous apartments, the person being one who has in reality seldom moved or had much to do with the encumbent arrangements? And why does one so often go up and down infinite flights of stairs and through strange narrow passages leading to unexpected things? Experience does not give us so very much of that. Perhaps it is merely because the dream charms one, it is part of the *as you like it* of sleep.

One could almost believe that there exist dream places to which one can go. We are fairly positive that we have repeatedly visited in dream the same villa, the same city, the same suburb of a city, where there is a gate-tower and a terraced garden of shrubs, all full of a charming queerness and strange charm, and having not much relation to anything we have really known. If there is no such objective dream region, then it is sure that the same surroundings can be dreamed more than once. Why, we know our way about that villa, through those city streets, from having been there so many times. In them, instead of meeting at every turn the unexpected, it is finding the familiar which constitutes the surprise.

A curious hint is given by dreams of things which are impossible subjects, it would seem, of thought. I hardly know how to tell my meaning, but fellow dreamers will be able to interpret by their

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own experience. We have dreamed something, it was clear, the impression lingers when we wake. But it is not reducible to terms of thought, much less words. We have no grasp on it as an image or a sensation, yet in some remote corner of ourself we know perfectly what it was. It is not a matter of having forgotten—the thing is inexpressible to others or ourself. Only itself knows what it was, and itself is buried away somewhere within us. When vainly trying to master the conception of the fourth dimension we are reminded of those dreams.

There are those, of course, to whom dreams represent merely unrest, comfortless slumbers, their dreams are a sort of suffering. They wake fatigued, as if there had been exertion. But the more fortunate sleepers, though the experience they pass through in dream may to the reason be painful, suffer no more than they would in reading the same in a book. The nerves of pain seem drugged. Behind their most acute dream embarrassments there exists a sort of saving realization that it is after all a dream, that if it become intolerable they can defy it and awake.

In a dream we have known a fact we had completely forgotten, as far as waking hours go; in dream we have solved an arithmetical problem, lived out the plot of a story, have been the story as well as the reader; we have composed poetry (very indifferent), we have committed a pun, not witty, to be sure, after we waked, but yet according to rule; have invented a conundrum, an anecdote, and made a joke which woke us shaking with laughter. Such diversions come to vary the nights of us children. Could ingenuity invent richer phantasmagoria than we are offered? As if to preclude our failing for a moment to be entertained, the scenes melt into one another, the personages change personality, sometimes are even completely two persons in one.

That they adorn by their touch of fancy the commonest night is reason enough why we should glorify dreams, but there is another reason why we hold them dear, and I was thinking of it chiefly when I began this humble dissertation. There can be in them such comfort. The most sorrowful experiences of life, are, few will dispute it, its losses. First the actual loss of beloved persons, and then the closing up of the space they occupied, the fading of the wake they left, the loss of one's sorrow for them, the sense one has of being helplessly unfaithful to them by the very law of one's nature.

> "But each day brings its petty dust
> Our soon-choked souls to fill,
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will."

But while this is true of our waking moments, it is not so, we discover, of our mysterious sleeping self. Again and again they come in the night, the adored and lost, and the yearning affection for them is all there, fresh as at first, though it may be many years since one has seen them outside of a dream. The characteristic marks of dreams will be most likely on those dreams of them, the queerness, the exaggeration, the incoherence, but a reality so sweet and intense belongs to the outgoing of affection toward them that one is only glad of the renewal of anguish which so often accompanies it. One is grateful for the reassurance that something within us is holding fast in its secret stronghold that which has been confided to it. Thickly showering daily impressions may through the years bury it under more and more deeply, but, as the dreams are there to show, not destroy it. The dreams testify to the triumph of love over time. What is the ideal while we wake is proved to be the real when we sleep.

And concluding, as we choose to do, that some of our dreams are related to the soul, or that we are upon occasion nearest to our souls when asleep, we find ourselves yielding to the inclination sometimes to imagine a significance in dreams whose intimations our intelligence, which would perhaps not have evolved them, yet finds it possible to support. One had quarrelled with a friend; while wanting to make up, one supposed him angry and unapproachable, until one dreamed that he came offering an armful of crimson roses. Waking, one felt sure that his heart like one's own begged pardon. The close of the episode, it happened, placed the dream in the right. By another friend one feared oneself forgotten, outgrown, until one dreamed that that person called

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one by an old pet name, never used by any one else, and which meant in itself remembrance of the old affectionate terms. And one woke cheered. One received a dream letter from a person who had long, long not written. Amid the confused dream characters one word stood forth very clear: Mizpah! After that, one seemed to know how it was. One dreamed of visiting hell, and was struck by the simplicity and justice of its torment: a passionate, a surpassing, sleepless regret for the evil done. One beheld in dream the Lord Christ. He pointed at a star directly overhead, saying: "That is the star which shall guide you," and one understood the parable to mean that the highest he could conceive should be the Christian's rule of life. Fancy loves to indulge itself, attributing to dreams of the kind a sort of wise intuition. One wonders and weaves theories. It is safest, no doubt, to hold them loosely.

But the most memorable dreams of all are connected with no image, or, if they be, it is not remembered as the important fact about them. They consist of an impression received, one hardly knows how, in sleep—a conviction with which one wakes.

"*Now a thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof,*" relates Eliphaz the Temanite,

"*In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men,*

"*Fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.*

"*Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up.*

"*It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice saying:*

"*Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker?*"

It has not much in common, this dream, with the whimsical dream spirit which has one stoking a furnace with bricks of chocolate cake, or handling snow which is warm to the touch. The ancient friend of Job woke surely with a sense of having had the conjectures of his outreaching faith confirmed by a mighty revelation.

The dream quoted may be literature, it is however typical. The awakened dreamer's sense of the message of the night is described to perfection: the sense that there was a great deal more to it than he can remember on waking; that, in fact, he had while asleep the consciousness of something greater than he really could grasp, could put into articulate thought. "*A thing was secretly brought to me, and mine ear received a little thereof.*" The thing, the revelation, brought was felt to be complete; but what the ear, the conscious mind, could seize was recognized as partial.

One of the chief points concerned with the like revelations of the night is that the dreamer places faith in those which have come to himself, whatever he may think of those communicated by others. Certainty is after all the result of accord between a proposition and the way one intimately feels things to be; and in the case of the revelations in question, one does not doubt, because it seems part of one's essential being to know that the thing is true. One may for the rest of life go on getting courage from mental reference to a thing of which one received assurance, like Eliphaz the Temanite, "in visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men."

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WRITING A PLAY IN A DEBTOR'S PRISON

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Edited by Thatcher T. Payne Luquer

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD ENGRAVINGS AND PRINTS

[SECOND PAPER]

Saturday, February 3. (Continued.)

. . . . . .

I SAW Lowndes, who, after a deal of manœuvring to conceal that my order had been given, no doubt, to some of my Covent Garden foes, confessed that he was not at the Theatre. He tampered, trying to get the copyright for publication, and for nothing, or next to nothing. He said that Simkin and Marshall gave Soane Ten Pounds for the Innkeeper's Daughter, and lost by it: that The Warlock of the Glen produced the author fourteen pounds in books, and the publisher nothing! At any rate, that is as much as 'tis worth!

. . . . . .

Went to the Theatre in the evening. Tremendous House, but dull audience. Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington,[43] with his tremendous black whiskers and semi circular back was stuck by the side of Carr in the little Prompter's Sentry Box, and did not recognise me: but, afterwards, as Miss Cubitt mentioned my name in the Green Room passage, caught at it with his usual enthusiasm and civility; and we talked over old times, when I was acting and his new play came out and was damned. I received fresh congratulations, and Miss Cubitt introduced me to Lord William Lenox.[44] Mr. Calcraft desired to be introduced and was very complimentary.

. . . . . .

The speech they wanted me to cut out, the only one opposed *last* night to night was bravoed. Miss Kelly did not play so well, but Wallack much better.

Monday, February 5th. No offer for the copyright of Thérèse. Dibdin's play is on the subject of Kenilworth. Went up to the Theatre in the evening. His Majesty's intended visit to the Theatre tomorrow, announced at the doors. The attraction of this night injured by it. The audience were dull to the serious points of Thérèse, and took all the comic ones enthusiastically; probably in consequence of its coming after a serious opera, and rather a heavy one. Miss Kelly is not well, and seems, by her first success, almost frightened out of the power of doing so wonderfully again. Fontaine greatly applauded throughout. Wallack not so much: and is already trying to get out of the part. Foolish young man! These are the things he excels in, and not intellectual ones: yet he must fritter away his reputation by showing how feebly he enters into the loftier creations of Shakespeare. His Majesty has commanded *Who's Who?* as the afterpiece. Elliston says he *will* see Thérèse next week. There was hissing the moment Russel[45] came to the word—*by command*—and much after the announcement, but it was overpower'd by the applause & huzza's. Of course, the Court will take care of these points tomorrow. All were talking of the sale of John Kemble's Books. Called at Miller's in the course of the day, & saw two numbers of a new graphic work from Philadelphia, published by Carey, called "American Scenery" & a very beautifully engraved & ornamented fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence; besides some late papers, with announcements of Kean. Called at Davis's on Felter Lane, who

*** The foot-notes to this article will be found on page 246.

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congratulated me; rec'd a card from Capt. Simpson, & an anonymous letter in a female hand with a copy of the Wells Advertisement.

Tuesday, Feb. 6th. The King came to the Theatre this evening. Great preparations, of course, were made. A canopy put up at the private box entrance & a room magnificently fitted up, leading to the stage box, R. H., through a smaller room. Elliston obtained the loan of things to the amount, (he sayd) of 1400 pounds in value, to decorate this royal apartment, which was really very splendid. His Majesty was sixteen minutes in the room, previously to entering the box, and Winston said he seemed to be talking of one thing, and thinking, all the while, of another. He stopped, involuntarily, as he was going in, & fetched an unconscious sigh. The applause predominated, and the noise was tremendous, shouting, clapping and then an universal jumping which made a sound like the rumbling of an earthquake. His Majesty was drest in plain blue with a red, embroider'd collar & black stock, the coat button'd all the way up. He is very tall & proportionally stout, a gigantic look; and his face very like the pictures. He bowed, put his hand to his heart, & smiled repeatedly. They called out often "where's the Queen! God save the Queen!" One called "King George forever!" Another answered "Queen George forever!" "God save the King" was sung at the beginning, after the opera, and then "Rule Brittannia," in which the King joined. I observed that he bowed at the end of every verse of "God save the King." I was on the stage with the singers of the national anthem, and I had Mrs. Edwin and Miss Tree with me; but I managed to keep behind. No one, however, could have a better view; and the *toute ensemble* was tremendous. Countless heads, all vociferating; numberless hats and handkerchiefs waving; one mighty mass, all in frightfully tumultuous motion; and all eyes directed to the one point, where the King stood, in the centre of the Box; the Duke of York on one side, on the other, the Duke of Clarence; and officers of state filling the Box behind him. At the farce, his Majesty laughed very heartily & the long ridges of his cheeks, seemed full of hearty good humor, he bent forwards, see sawing back & forth, with peals of laughter. Two Beef Eaters stood on the stage at the two sides of the Box, with their Halberts. They are relieved every half hour, as, formerly, one fell down dead in consequence of being kept standing for several hours, not daring to retire for the relief of nature. They laughed heartily, too, these last night's Beef Eaters, which, is, I believe, not considered as etiquette.

Drury Lane Theatre.
Drawn and engraved by W. Wallis for the "Walks Through London."

The Green Room presented an amusing scene. The actors and actresses diverting themselves exceedingly; and great folks frequently passing in and out. All were making fun of Elliston, Winston & Russel, in their court dresses. George Colman the Younger[46] (an old man to bear a *juvenile* cognomen) came in. Taylor, of the Sun, (author of M. Tonson)

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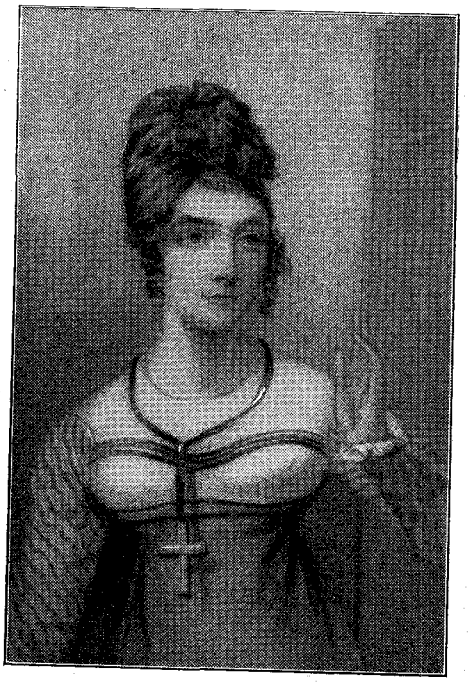

Miss Kelly as "Annette."
Engraved by T. Wright, from a drawing by Walton.

Mr. Wallack as "Rugantino."
Engraved by T. Wright, from a drawing by Wageman.

observing Colman in his lace cover'd regimentals, said "Why, Colman, you'd *burn* for something." "I shall presently," said Colman, looking back at the large fire & getting farther off, "if I don't move." 'Tis said that the King, on first seeing Colman, in his regimentals, observed, laughing "Why, George, you'd make an excellent *Pam.*" "Yes, your Majesty, I've been *lewd* all my life, but I'm *flush* now."

The King backed out of the Box, bowing to the great applause, and doubtless glad enough to get through his début; for this was his *first* appearance (at the Theatre) *in that character.*

The Hon. G. Lamb was standing by me, & observ'd to me, during the first acclamation to his Majesty's appearance. "*This is the most serious blow the Queen has received.*"

I saw Moncrieff at Lowndes's, who looks smaller, queerer & shabbier than ever; the edges of his mouth dirty and brandyfied. He said he was most particularly happy when he heard that Thérèse was mine, & disclaimed having anything to do with the pirated one announced this day for representation at the Coburg.

Planché[47] came in & took me with him to his lodgings in Long Acre, where he shewed me a three act piece he had written in blank verse, intending to introduce Kean, Miss Kelly & Elliston; but Elliston had galled him in some drunken moment, by telling Winston, before him, "Here's a man that has been writing a piece in eleven acts;" and after that, in consequence of some jokes in a piece of his produced at the Adelphi, which were interpolated by Lee, who had a personal grudge against his old master, Planché was cut off from the free list. I offered my aid & mediation & begged to see the piece at full. Planché then told me he had it not. Booth[48] who promised to try & do something with it, had run away to America with a fruiterers daughter & taken the original with him; but he would try to remember it & pick it out; and would send it to me, when he could.

Wednesday, February 7.—This evening

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the King went to Covent Garden, which injured the house at Drury.

Owing to the removal of the red fire to the passage into which Miss Kelly rushes in the close of the second act of Thérèse, the sudden and unexpected puff of sulphurous vapour, set her coughing and as soon as the curtain dropped, on attempting to move, she was seized with violent spasms in her side. All thronged around her, and I of the party: she shrieked out—"'tis pain—'tis pain" then, seeing me, burst in a laugh, and cried, "not *Mr. Payne, I don't mean Mr. Payne,*" and was carried, still in agony, into a private room. There was considerable delay and the audience became clamorous; but she finished the piece, and no apology was made.

Thursday Feb. 8. . . . In the evening went to the Cobourg to see Thérèse. Carr and Tighe also went, one with the Prompt Book and the other with the French Copy. I did not see them there. I took my place at the back of the pit. Some persons seemed to recognise me, and were prowling about, to try if they could not interpret my looks.

The piracy is the most evident thing in the world; even to minutiæ in the scenery, and its very faults; but, what we wish to do, is to prove it; and this will be a difficult matter. The very manner of acting the different parts is pirated, with the exception of a little jumping, pantomimeizing fellow who plays the Count, certainly, in a very unique and perfectly original style.

Perhaps to those who can only enter into the broadest kind of evidence, and cannot be made, with us, to feel that it is impossible this should be any thing but a piracy, it may have some effect for them to know that my piece is greatly changed from the original by compression, which is, in itself, a work of considerable labour and thought: and, in every instance, the Cobourg has availed itself of these compressions. Upwards of five hundred lines of the original french are omitted in the present translation, and the very same lines are omitted in the Coburg Copy, always in the same places. Is this a coincidence likely to be accidental? Two persons may hit upon similar curtailments in one, two, three or half a dozen instances; but would any two persons carry an exact co-incidence through a work of seventy four pages?

In the 3d act, the commencement of mine is entirely varied from the French copy, by the omission of two pages and a half, and the Coburg copy has followed that omission implicitly. It does not appear in the French melodrama that Thérèse ever knows that she has been suspected of murder; she is sent from the stage only charged with being the Thérèse who has escaped from the punishment decreed against her for forgery; and in her absence the Magistrate communicates to her lover and her Protector, the Clergyman, his suspicions of her being the Murderess of the Countess. In the Drury Lane copy she is directly accused of the murder on the stage, and out of that accusation arises one of the most impressive scenes of the drama. This introduced situation is pirated in the Coburg copy, and the very words are adopted, substantially throughout, and in many instances literally: as, also, the scene following, where Thérèse, in my adaptation, replied in broken sentences, as if still partly under the influence of her recent delirium, whereas, in the French, her replies are detailed and declamatory.

The Coburg Gentlemen follow the idea exactly and copy the words substantially even adhering to my alteration of the Countess's title, from *Volmar* to Belmore:

. . . . . .

In act the Second, they have adopted Knights speech:

"Doesn't our pastor preach every Sunday, open to whoever knocks, give to whoever asks—and doesn't *she* ask? Zounds, Bridget, dont hold the latch in your hand, when you should throw the door wide open!"

The latter part of which is not in the French copy, but was introduced by Knight himself, during the rehearsals.

. . . . . .

I started off the moment the curtain fell, and to very loud applause (by the bye, the Hon. G. Lamb asked me why I didn't get up and bow to it) and they were all anxiety at Drury Lane to hear the re-

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sult, and every one flocked about in the Green Room, some, as my mind pictured, not at all unhappy that something had occurred to lessen the importance of what I had done. Carr arrived almost immediately after me in Elliston's room; but Carr either from stupidity or a spirit of detraction, said, though 'twas evi-

Miss Wilson.
Engraved by Cooper, from a drawing by Birch.

Mrs. Becher (late Miss O'Neill).
Engraved by H. v. Meyer.

dently a piracy, yet my translation was *so literal* (literal!) that it would be impossible to bring it home. Tighe, the Irish Retainer of Elliston, did not arrive, and there was great consternation and not having any copy whatever to prompt from. After a short delay, however, the curtain was drawn up, and Carr, not avowing the fact to any one but me, held a blank book in his hand all the evening, and every thing went off smoothly. Had he told that there was no book, the actors would have bungled presently and then the piece could not have been got on with.

Friday, February 9.—Busy today arranging to assist Elliston's intended movements in Chancery, though I advised him against it. I told him he should well consider whether even the advantage of a triumph were to be compared with the effect of reviving the clamour against the supposed disposition to persecute Minor Theatres. But he persisted.

There was a great difficulty today arising from the necessity of changing the play first, and then the melodrama, in consequence of Miss Kelly's illness. Miss Smithson,[49] who is the destined *double* was obliged to study a part at short notice in the play and she could not do both. Mrs. W. West,[50] indignant at Miss Kelly's being preferred to her in the first instance, spurned the idea of becoming a *substitute and would not* do it. Elliston said, in a sort of smiling Richard the 3d sneer, that Mrs. W. gave a great deal of trouble and he feared this would be her last season at Drury. This was not said to her, but merely dropt in the room. Then Miss. Cubitt was suggested, but rejected for want of beauty and talent, two unhappy deficiencies: then Madame

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Vestris, who was sent for, as well as Mrs. Orger,[51] who had not been out before. Mrs. Orger came, suspecting what it was, but could not undertake so important a task at so short a notice; and then Madame Vestris, was ready enough to try and I was to have been *closetted* with her to give her my instructions (pleasant business!) but the Hon. G. L. who appears to me to have a penchant there, as I think, very quietly dissuaded both her and Elliston. Next I suggested Mrs. Chatterly,[52] who was accordingly sent for post haste, but thinking something was about to be offered which it was not politic to seem too anxious about, or desiring to attire herself too killingly, she delayed to come so long, that it would have been impossible for her to have done any thing, so the piece was given up altogether for the night, and when Mrs. C. arrived, it was only to learn that she need not have troubled herself.

Elliston and I dined together at the Shakespeare, after all this, for the purpose of going to see the pirated Thérèse. At dinner I tried to reconcile him to *Planché* but he was bitter and obstinate. There was a party of young men at the table next to us, and he asked me if I ever amused myself with observing characters. Whether I did not think them either Undertaker's men or Lawyer's clerks. I said Lawyer's Clerks. Just then one of them uttered some technical phrase, and Elliston smiled and said "Oh yes, you're right." I went up to the free admission stand at the Coburg and claimed my right of admission for self and friend, which, being given, Elliston passed in with me. On entering the lobby, the foppish little box opener, Roraueur, smiled significantly on seeing Elliston, and said "So, you have come to see our new piece." "No," answered E. "our new piece you mean." We were shewn into a central private Box, where we were soon recognised and noticed with smiles and whispers. After admiring the beauty of the house awhile, the piece began, and I saw that since the last night, it has been varied a little, particularly in being made to begin with a dance, which is lugged in without rhyme or reason. Elliston was perfectly satisfied as to the piracy and as to the probability that they had not even seen the French piece. We walked together from the Theatre, to Charing Cross, where I dropped him at Jobline's, some lawyer I believe, where he was engaged to meet a party at Dinner, but was now going to apologise and join them at wine.

Saturday, February 10th. Busy all day about the Injunction. After making the affidavit, I was sent to in extreme hurry and alarm, to go back to the Public office in Southampton Buildings and swear over again. This arose from the Master not having put his signature to the interlineations before the first was sworn. We went into the Chancery Court for awhile and a magnificent hall it is: the Court part occupies but a speck at one end. About four, Mr. Fladgate came into Mr. Elliston's room and said the Injunction was granted. A letter was immediately sent off to Glossop, couched in polite terms, stating that an Injunction had been granted, but, to prevent disappointment to the public, the piece might be performed this evening, provided it were the last.

To night the farce was changed from Giovanni to Love Laughs at Locksmiths; in consequence of Madame Vestris's illness.

Mr. Watts, steward of the Steam Boat, told me that a Mr. Cooper, a Bookseller, in the Temple, sat by two persons on the first night of Thérèse, whom he took to be newspaper reporters, from their being so busily occupied in writing down all they saw. He afterwards discovered that it was Glossop and another, one taking the words and the other sketching the scenery.

Sunday, Feb. 11. Wrote the preface of Thérèse to day, revised proofs, and took the preface to the printer's late at night.

Monday, Feb. 12.

. . . . . .

I was told this morning that Glossop had dissolved the Injunction in consequence of the omission of Mr. Fladgate to register the office copy of the affidavit; an informality which will give a good run to their piece, and furnish them with a favorable chance of making a great parade of their boasted triumph.

Saturday February 17.

. . . . . .

Fladgate's Son came to me about the Affidavit. Elliston send *Tighe* alias *Tyson*

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to ask whether I could attend a meeting of them with Mr. Hart. Tyson says Miss Smythson, who acted Thérèse last night, got great applause that in one point, "Save me, Save me!" in the 3d act, she had three rounds, where Miss Kelly had none: and it was expected Miss Kelly would play it for the future, not to allow Miss S. to get too popular.

By the bye, this Tyson diverted me greatly when we went up to hear the affidavits read. He was asked how his name was spelt—"*T-i-g-h-e*"—says he: "Why" answered Winston, "I thought your name was Tyson." "So it is," replied the Hibernian, "but on these occasions I always make free with my father's name!"

Friday, February 23.

. . . . . .

Bought a copy of Thérèse, purporting to be "the only acting edition" a poor thing by Kerr, as performed at the West London.

Thérèse is brought out tonight at Covent Garden.

Saturday, February 24. In a flutter all day, expecting every moment to be released. Devey, Parsons's attorney, appointed to meet Harris before the Judge to resist my discharge on the ground of a declaration having been taken out; but as it was only registered and not put in at the Gate, it was of no avail, and the Judge gave the order to supercede. The suspense about this decision was a source of some anxiety and alarm. Then, when the order was obtained, Harris discovered that this, being a close holiday, it would be necessary to pay extra fees amounting to a pound, in order to obtain the supercedeas before Monday. Wrote the following letter to Elliston:

Saturday, Feb. 24, 1821.

My dear Sir,

These law matters always cost more than the first calculation. I have settled everything and only wait now for fifteen pounds more than I have, or expected to require, in order to carry my arrangements into effect. This is the anniversary of my first connection with the Theatre, as it was on this day I first appeared on the stage in America; and I feel a sort of interest in making it the epoch of my emancipation. I trust you will receive the circumstances as an excuse for my so abruptly begging the favour of 15 pounds on %. Believe me,

Dear Sir,

Yours very truly

R. W. E. Esq. *J. H. P.*

Elliston sent word for answer, that he would call; as he had business in the city. I waited in a fidget two or three hours, fearing he meant to create some difficulty about the payment for Thérèse. He did call, however, and requested I would send after the doors were open! A bad omen! He said their payments had been very heavy this week. He assured me that we beat the Covent Garden Thérèse in every respect: that it was monotonous and heavy and many people went out at the end of the second act: even their scenery, for a wonder, is inferior.

He desired me to write a Life of Bickerstaffe to put at the beginning of the edition of Love in a Village, which they mean to publish and act on Thursday.

The Chancery cause about Thérèse is put off for a peremptory argument next Thursday. At present, it looks promising, so Elliston says.

E. goes to Leamington in the morning, to return on Tuesday. On getting Elliston's answer, I sent down to borrow £10 of Mr. Page, which he lent me instantly. I then sent to Bellchambers, but when his attorney was sent to for the discharge, the office was closed and the attorney gone. So, 'tis no use tonight to attempt anything, as one, without all, would be useless.

Saw the latter part of Thérèse. Pope as Fontaine and Cooper as Carwin worse, much worse, for the change. Took Miss Kelly's hand as she was coming off, and she asked if I had seen the piece tonight, for she had been acting vilely for some nights past, but tonight had acted to please herself. Cooper fell on his face and hurt his nose, a source of some sympathising attentions especially among the demoiselles as he got up. Mrs. Becher[53] (late Miss O'Neill) was in the house and came into the Green Room, previous to my arrival. What a change

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in our relative situations in a few years! Time is a great developer of character! It has changed my impressions concerning her, fortunately for myself, though still she has my perfect respect; yet, had I known her before, I would not have committed myself so far as to fall desperately in love with her! I tried to get a look at her, but could not.

Elliston had gone, and left no orders about the £15. Dunn, however, gave me a check for it on his own account, for he said he had no money of Elliston's. I promised Winston that I would come on Monday, and do the Introduction to Love in a Village.

This is the anniversary of my first coming on the stage, twelve years ago: Feb. 24th, 1809. It seems but yesterday; and though it is a good stride from then to the present moment down the hill of life, I certainly at that time thought myself much more of a man and much more clever and important, than I do now. Time is a great humbler. I am weaned very much of my love of public applause and my enthusiasm for Theatrical Amusements and fame as an Actor now appears to me scarcely worth the toiling for. I feel, indeed, as if I were settling down into quiet, inoffensive and unpretending mediocrity, for the rest of my life; or perhaps, poverty.

Thursday, March 8.

. . . . . .

Horn spoke again about my writing an opera, privately, to me. Some one told Braham in the Green Room that his "gun song" "went off very well." "Yes" says he, "'twas a double barrelled one—'twas encored." The audience was in good humour, but, nevertheless, they damned Mr. Tibbs.

During a conversation about the new tragedy of Conscience, a gentleman asked Elliston whether he had any more new tragedies: E. shook his head and said they did not seem the vogue. The gentleman exclaimed "What! Does Conscience make cowards of ye all?"

R. W. Elliston, Esq^r., lessee and manager of Drury Lane Theatre.
Engraved by R. Cooper, from a painting by Harlow.

Elliston was showing a beautiful diamond snuff box which Murat, when King of Naples, had presented to some one, through whom it got into the possession of George Robins, the Auctioneer. He was half tipsey and amused himself with acting a scene between a Pawn Broker and some one who might present it to him. "Pray, Sir, let me have 700 pounds on this?" "Hey? Aye, very beautiful 'tis indeed! Stop a minute—let me look at it—let me examine" taking it and speaking aside to the shop boy—"Call a Constable!—(aloud) Seven Hundred Pounds! a Great deal of Money"—(Constable arrives) "Officer, take that man!—(To the Applicant) Now, Sir, where did you get this Box?"

Old Kelly was behind the scenes, having dined with Elliston and a party, and was whirled in his gouty chair to the side wings, where his Giant Footman stood behind him.

Friday, March 16. At the hour mentioned I went to the Theatre and found E. with a couple of gentlemen, to whom he seemed to be talking about new pieces. He desired me to walk on the

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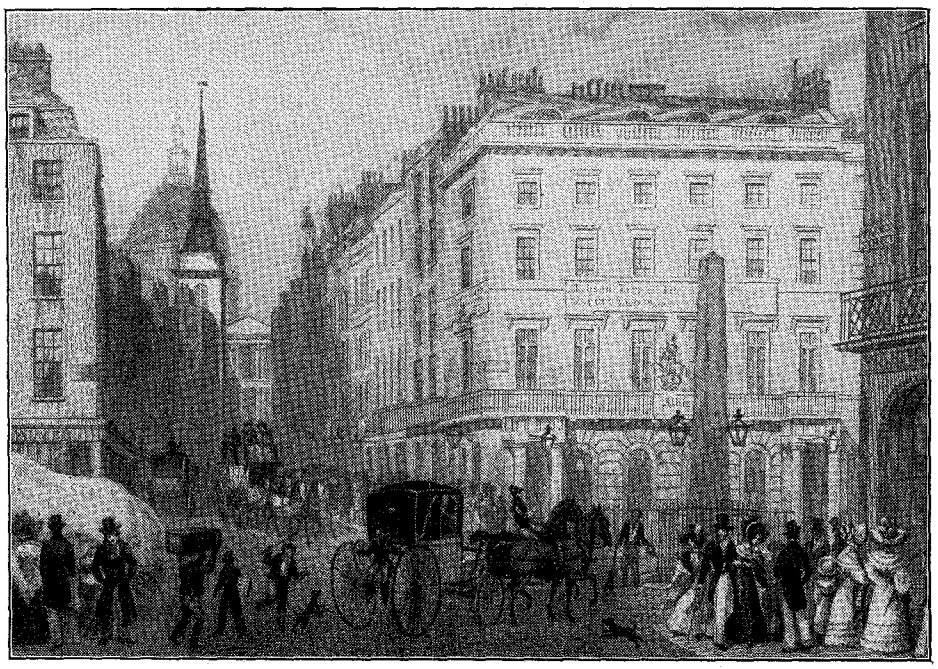

Ludgate Hill from Fleet Street.
Engraved by T. Barber, after a drawing by Tho. H. Shepherd.

stage awhile. I did so. I found Winston there sketching. He told me he had in a book similar to the one I saw all the Haymarket Scenes, and he was now collecting all the Drury Lane ones. The scene drawn was one of the Inside of the King's Bench with a complete view of two sides of the very room I myself once occupied. I told W. he had that already drawn in his published scenes of Giovanni—"By G" says he, "so I have!"—And gathered up his things and went away; leaving me along with the view of the Bench, as a sort of warning monition to take what I could get and beware of the future. After parading the stage for two hours and a half (and excessively cold it was), with the pleasant prospect I mentioned staring me in the face, Elliston came bustling in, and beckoning, exclaimed "You have the patience of an Angel." I went into the room, where Winston was and Dunn, the Treasurer, and Russel and such is the real state of the London feeling with regard to what keeps their literary institutions alive, that I felt all the palpitation that I should have felt in waiting for an eagerly hoped for turn up of a card on which my fortune entirely hung. The others went out and left us alone. "We are very poor" exclaimed Elliston in his bustling hurried way, "but we shall give you a hundred pounds, including what you have had, making £140 with the copyright: but, being short of money, you must take a bill for the balance." I replied "I can do nothing with a bill." "Dont you know some friend who will discount it? The Dibdins are always glad to get my Bills." "I know nobody but Douglas Kinnaird [54] and with him I have had a quarrel—perhaps Mr. Dunn can get it discounted." Dunn was then called and presently Winston glanced in—All joined in the story of being very poor just then, and all seemed leagued and prepared with a common story in case of resistance—but E. did not give me the option of objecting for he said "We *shall* give you" instead of "*Will you take?*" E. said To be sure we have taken a great deal of money late, but we had heavy arrears to make up. I explained distinctly to E. how I was situated with Kinnaird, but he advised me to try him

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by all means. I accordingly sent Edward off with the following letter.

(No copy.)

And he returned with this reply.

(No copy.)

Elliston waited for the answer as eagerly and anxiously as I did, and seemed as much relieved by it. The Bill was drawn and sent. I gave E. a letter of acknowledgment of the settlement and went to J's, where Edward soon brought me the money, with the regular deduction of discount.

I felt strangely on settling. I had only half the regular compensation, calculating by the past, for ten times the regular trouble. But any thing, under the circumstances, was a God Send. But here all my immediate hopes and resources terminate, and what have I to look to when this little is gone?

[43] Sir Lumley St. George Skeffington (1771–1859). A fop and playwright.

[44] Lord William Pitt Lennox (1799–1881). A sporting man and miscellaneous writer. He was "Lord Prima Donna" in Disraeli's "Vivian Grey."

[45] Samuel Thomas Russell (1769?–1845). Actor and stage-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. He was a great hoaxer.

[46] George Colman (1762–1836). Called the Younger to distinguish him from his father. He was a dramatist and theatre-manager and examiner of plays from January 19, 1824, until his death.

[47] James Robinson Planché (1796–1880). Somerset Herald and dramatist. He was a descendant of a Huguenot refugee.

[48] Junius Brutus Booth (1796–1852). Actor and the father of Edwin Booth.

[49] Harriet Constance Smithson (1800–1854).

[50] Mrs. William West, née Cooke (1790–1876). A capable actress.

[51] Mrs. Mary Ann Orger (1788–1849).

[52] Mrs. William Simmons Chatterly, née Louisa Simeon (1797–1866).

[53] Mrs. William Wrixon Becher, née Eliza O'Neill (1791–1872). An actress of great beauty and ability. She appeared first in London at Covent Garden Theatre as Juliet, October 6, 1814, and ended her stage career in the part of Mrs. Haller, July 13, 1819, when she retired because of her marriage to an Irish M. P., who afterward became a baronet. She rivalled Mrs. Siddons in beauty and ability and bore an unblemished reputation. Payne had acted Romeo to her Juliet in Ireland with great success before she appeared in London.

[54] Hon. Douglas James William Kinnaird (1788–1830). Chairman of the managing committee of Drury Lane Theatre. He was educated at Eton, Göttingen, and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a close friend of Byron.

THE OPTIMIST EXTENUATES

By Gordon Hall Gerould

OPTIMISM is one of the many faults attributed to me by candid friends. Naturally, I do not always submit to the accusation without attempting to defend myself; but I have repelled the charge so often that I have at last grown discouraged. I do not, of course, like to admit that I am an optimist, especially since the term, as used by my candid friends, invariably carries the implication that I am little better than a superior moron. Yet I am afraid they are right. If they were not, they could not very well be so consistent and so unanimous in their criticism. Yes; I can hardly escape the conviction that optimism is one of my major vices.

There is no point in trying to apologize for so serious a blemish in the grain of my personality. If the fault be one of intelligence, I cannot hope in the middle years of life to exchange my mind for something a little more loose-fibred; and if optimism be a moral defect, I despair of completely reshaping my character at so late a day. I could wish myself very different from what I am in all sorts of ways—some of them, possibly, unsuspected by appraising friends—but I cannot now change. The fault is mine, as Byron almost said,

> nor do I seek to screen
> My errors with defensive paradox.

Apology would help me no more than have years of denial. Confession, public or private, can win me no indulgence. Though I wrapped myself in a sheet and did penance before the First National Bank, I should gain nothing thereby.

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My friends would shake their heads when next I ventured to trust the assurances of the blue sky and the weather bureau that the day was to be fine. They would say, I feel sure, as they have so often said: "Poor fellow! You'll never learn. You see, you're an incorrigible optimist."

Possibly I am. It is true that during dark hours of the Great War I did not despair of final victory. It did not seem to me inevitable that Verdun must fall or the Channel ports be taken. France and England seemed to me to be fighting very well, even before we made our belated entrance into the conflict, and to have tremendous reserves of power, once America was roused to do her part. But even more than that, my optimism was based on a fundamental distrust of the Teutonic eidolon as constructed by the Germans and more or less accepted by their enemies. The Germans did not seem to me to be supermen, but instead rigorously but ill-disciplined folk who very much needed the restraints of the Ten Commandments they had forsworn. Besides, I was—and am—extremely sceptical of the possibility of turning a race of plodding sentimentalists into supermen by misdirecting their education for a couple of generations. You can make them do shocking things, but you cannot make them over. I reasoned that the Germans were more stupid and therefore much less powerful than they thought themselves; and, further, that they would eventually grovel and whine.

By similar trains of thought, I am not infrequently led into optimistic declarations for which I am seriously dealt with by my friends. I cannot deny it. When I am told that profiteering has been rampant of late on the part of those who produce and sell commodities, and on the part of those who work with their hands as well, I acquiesce in the indictment of our times. No one could do anything else. But when I am asked whether this does not indicate an unexampled lapse into selfishness, I cannot agree. By an unhappy trick of memory, I recall the economic disturbances of fourteenth-century England, when every class took advantage of every other and behaved quite abominably. Other bad periods force themselves irresistibly on my recollection. With such events in mind, I reply to my serious and head-shaking friends that the world seems to me to keep on being astonishingly like itself from century to century. And once again I am written down an optimist.

The fact is, you see, that I regard man as a good deal lower than the angels, whereas my pessimistic companions are perpetually hopeful that he may have been somehow purified and uplifted, and are perpetually disappointed when they find that he is about as bad as ever. They expect much more of him than my modest estimate of human worth permits me to expect. I reckon on the probability that deep-seated instincts will govern his conduct, for good or for evil, very much of the time, and that only occasionally will he be dominated by newer inhibitions and aspirations and intellectual processes. I respect him for his struggles against the world, the flesh, and the devil, but I am not surprised when he wearies of the conflict and goes the way made easy to his feet by the steps of countless generations of his ancestors.

The world is very evil, yes; but as far as I know anything about it, it always has been. I admit the serious menace at the present day of irreligion, of Bolshevism, of economic and political unrest, of modern dances symbolizing modern morals—or, to be less specific, of pride, covetousness, wrath, envy, gluttony, sloth, and lechery: the hundred ills bred of the seven deadly sins. I admit that we have to face these things under conditions more or less different from any previously experienced. Yet the situation seems to me little more than a new arrangement of the same old factors. I am an optimist in that I take for granted the chronic imperfection of humankind and am not greatly startled when I encounter new evidence of it.

If this were the whole story, I might bring forward the defense of misanthropy against the charge of optimism. Many a man has put on the mask of cynicism in order to gain the reputation for wisdom that the wearer of it cheaply earns. Unfortunately, I am kept from this by a sense of fact, and almost by a sense of humor. I am not surprised, as I have just said, by the weakness and bestiality of

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mankind, but I am often amazed by the exhibition, in unexpected quarters, of traits to be accounted noble because they contradict normal selfishness. It would be absurd to pull a long face over the frailties of human nature when creatures of common clay are showing all the while qualities that redeem, if they do not excuse, their weaknesses and follies. In justice, one cannot be a misanthrope, and to be wholly cynical is to be quite ridiculous.

My friends would say, however, that I carry optimism much further than is warranted by a view of history according to which little is to be expected of human beings. They would tell you—as they tell me—that I face untoward events with too careless an assurance of a turn for the better. For example, I have been taken to task roundly in my time for being cheerful when seasick—which is a horrid accusation enough. It is a fact that I am seasick whenever I have an opportunity to be, and sometimes when there is no apparent reason why a healthy landlubber should succumb. On such occasions I heartily wish for the comfort of the harbor, but I have learned through experience that the malady is remediable. I may lie in a state of partial coma for a couple of days and be acutely miserable thereafter. The icy grip of seasickness is like nothing else in life. Yet even when prostrated, I know that it will not last. Accordingly, I cannot take my illness very seriously. Real disease, no matter how trivial, always presents the interesting, if unpleasant, possibility that one may go from bad to worse. There is no such chance on the unquiet ocean. One is certain to get better in due time, which robs the patient of all the dignity of invalidism. There is nothing for it but to discount one's bilious thoughts a hundred per cent, and grin feebly at nature's most despicable joke.

The principle of the turning in the lane is, indeed, a great support in life, and should not be sneered at even by those to whom pessimism is an article of belief. Beyond a certain point, things cannot well continue to grow worse—without complete destruction, that is, which is not to be anticipated, as the world wags. Just when the lane is going to turn must be, to be sure, a matter of judgment, or perhaps of sheer guessing, but turn it must. The guess will depend largely, it is evident, on one's estimate of the situation at any given moment. The worse it seems, the more impossible and intolerable, the more one is likely to foresee a change for the better. Your pessimist is, it would appear, the man who finds the present less obnoxious than it is to me, whom he styles—justly, perhaps—an optimist. Indeed, I protest that I yield to no one in my denunciation of things as they are. I can cry aloud with the best of them that folly fills the streets and injustice flies upon the air, that from the individual's point of view, at least, this earth is a very terrifying and clumsy mechanism. Only, seeing things as they are, I cannot be perpetually anticipating a blacker hue on the face of nature; I can even hope for some brightening toward the dawn.

The centuries show little amelioration, it is true. It is sobering to face the fact, recently pointed out by an eminent biologist, that the human animal has certainly not improved, as far as selected specimens are concerned, since the days of Greece. It is extraordinarily difficult, as any fair-minded person who has tried will tell you, to demonstrate positively that the twentieth century shows any progress beyond the thirteenth. We have improved in this direction and slipped back in that. Nevertheless, every student of history who is not atrabilious comes to the conclusion, I suppose, that in a curious crablike, zigzag way the world gets forward a little. Sometimes the individual makes up what he has lost for a few centuries in knowledge or capacity, sometimes a dominating idea sweeps forward like a wave and improves conditions of life. It is all very shuffling and unsatisfactory, but it gives the optimist some slight excuse for the faith that is in him.

If I were to venture a criticism of the professing pessimist—which is a bold thing to do in this age of his intellectual dominance—I should suggest that he is inclined to romanticize existence unwarrantably. He sees infancy trailing clouds of glory and youth an army with banners, forgetting that babies utter jeremiads with their earliest breaths and that the

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young in general suffer acutely from ill-understood desires and aspirations, as well as from manifold difficulties of adjustment. The view of human life as a decline from youth to age is not in accord with observable fact, but merely represents a Byronic revolt against things as they are. That age envies youth is not a tribute to any virtue in youth itself, but rather to the satisfactory nature of life. Looking back and seeing that youth has more of life to live, age is inclined to be jealous of the privilege. This may sound like heterodoxy, but it seems to me better supported by reason than are the platitudes about the joys of youth.

All this is not by way of defending or even of apologizing for my own temperament, which all my friends agree is sanguine—too sanguine for my own good and much too optimistic to make me a fit companion for intellectual beings. What I have written is merely to extenuate a fault that appears to be ingrained in my nature. Anything that can properly be said to turn the sharp edge of the pessimists' criticism ought, it seems to me, to be published for the benefit of troubled spirits who suffer, as I do, from the tone of kindly superiority in which their tendency to optimism is mentioned. Optimists should doubtless be very humble-minded, but they need not remain altogether silent. Too little has been said on their behalf of late. Pessimists ought at least to be told how the other half thinks.

IN the sense of being recent arrivals, all of us are at some time during life débutants. We are, for instance, born. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, that we should admit into the mystic circle so long pre-empted by social beginners some of the other amateurs who are interesting. I am thinking particularly of those newcomers who enter unwillingly the field of composition. I say unwillingly; for all composition is liable to be acute and merciless betrayal. "O, that mine enemy would write a book!" is an exclamation profoundly wise and human. And American students of to-day are conscious that they are constrained to make by composition a confessional to their teachers. Compared to the fate of these helpless innocents, lambs gambolling to the slaughter would afford a happy and joyous sight.

Certain Literary Débutants

Of late, books of a certain type have been enjoying an amazingly wide popularity: these are the Daisy Ashford and Opal Whiteley books—purporting to have been written by children. Undoubtedly they were. But the reading public has supposed them to be unique. In that they are printed, they are. But parents know and teachers know that myriads of little minds are just as original and just as interesting as Daisy's or Opal's; furthermore, that as literary débutants these minds are forever expressing themselves with a quaint and disarming naïveté that is due primarily to their elfin outlook upon life. But this childishness often extends itself much farther into life than most people suppose. Young Americans enter my classes (I confess to being a teacher, but hope some day to reform) who are bronzed and stalwart and upstanding. Exceedingly manly to look upon, are they. But no sooner do they begin to attempt self-expression than they find themselves betrayed beyond hope of rescue; and those who find themselves in the worst plight of all are the self-confident ones who hoped to escape by the specious airplane of flighty rhetoric. Of great books, and therefore of the meaning of life, they are ignorant. Sometimes they lisp in meaningless words; often the words do not come. These literary débutants are the most embarrassed and blushing of débutants, deliciously ingenuous. I read from one of them this singular statement: "Samuel Johnson married a widow who had children as old as her-

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self." I think that Mrs. Porter had so many peculiarities that there was no need to make her absolutely unique. In the following fashion another describes the leisurely process of marriage: "As the years passed by, Alfred Tennyson became married." I do not know but that this is a rather clever unconscious thrust at the great laureate's somewhat dilatory love-affair with Emily Sellwood. Another young writer thus painfully unburdens himself of the knowledge of Lord Macaulay that he has accumulated: "Macaulay was a kind-hearted, muscular baron who died in December." This kind of recollection of Macaulay is perhaps what Tennyson had in mind when he lamented "the hollow wraith of dying fame." From his readings of the Old Testament narratives, one student, of a cast of mind that is evidently melancholy, offers this discovery: "When King David gave birth to a child, the Lord in anger took it away." There seems, after all, to be something new under the sun; but it takes a débutant to find it. The following excerpts may be said to represent somewhat more refreshing reactions to the Bible stories: "Joe advised the Egyptians to hooverize." "Potiphar's wife tried to vamp Joseph, but he made a neat getaway." It may be argued that these last two answers are rather mature in thought; however, they illustrate the truth of the fact that there is often a close kinship between the ultra-modern and the amateurish.

Occasionally, less by conscious design than by happy mischance, a statement from a débutant occurs which affords an example of what Milton meant when he expressed a longing for that type of writing:

> Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, while Edmund Burke declares, "It took England five hundred years to subdue Ireland," an ingenuous student has it thus: "After more than five thousand years, it was discovered that England had not conquered Ireland." (London papers please copy.) Macaulay informs us that during the vagrant and miserable period of Samuel Johnson's life, that great man repaired to Birmingham, where he became a hack writer. An American boy thus senses the situation: "Johnson went to a city, where he drove a literary hack." Yet, after all, in point of importance, there is some similitude between the relative positions of hack-writers and hack-drivers. Perhaps the strangest misconception that I ever encountered was this. Being asked to describe the manner in which the angelic bands welcomed the departed Lycidas, of Milton's elegy, this realistic account was rendered: "When Lycidas reached heaven, he was met *by the band*"—brass, of course.

After many years of experience in the teaching of these débutants in expression, during which period I have picked up such interesting bits of information as that Jehovah was the wife of Adam, that Washington Irving wrote the Bible, and that George Eliot was the father of Beowulf—I am beginning to think that the American home is leaving too much responsibility to the American school. Conscience knows that the school-teacher already has a sufficient number of problems with which to wrestle. He feels that he has a right to expect that the young people who come to him have, through reading and intelligent conversation, some literary background, some sense of life's landscape. With it in scholars, the work of teaching is the pleasantest imaginable; without it, teaching is a curious and continuous round of galvanic shocks from the battery of ignorance. As social débutantes never think of coming out unless they have had some lessons in the fine art of bewitching mankind, so the beginners in composition need a start in the home. And it is the home itself which is indicted when a young writer states gravely: "Robin Hood wrote 'The Tail of a Shirt,'" or, "Literature is the stuff out of which movies are made," or "Orpheus and Eurydice are two of Jack London's characters who were divorced at Reno," or "A true poet is one who writes popular jingles and pantomimes."

Dogs and Character

THERE is a certain kind of moral obloquy, under which I have at times lain, that I feel to be somewhat unjust. Whenever I admit that I am not fond of pet animals every animal-lover eyes me askance. At once their faces depict horror. Instantly I am set down in their minds as a reprobate. That I am cold-hearted, selfish, probably dishonest, and certainly inhuman, is the conviction they try to conceal. And

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yet—and yet, is the inhumanity not in some degree theirs, in so prejudging me? Is dog-loving, for instance, the test of character that dog-lovers fondly believe? I do not find them always more generous to human rights than those who set less store by canine society. The largest-hearted person of my acquaintance, the most responsive to human calls, dislikes the proximity of animals, yet never neglects those creatures, and they have been many, which have come under her care. The most complete dog-devotee I know is cold and even malicious to her kin. Instances only—whether exceptions that prove the rule or straws showing the set of the wind, I do not know; I only know dog-lovers are not generous in their judgment of me.

"You probably never owned a dog," is their utmost effort to excuse my indifference. I admit I never did, but my mind goes back to my animal-surrounded childhood. Three horses, a cow or two, with attendant calves, a few pigs, more chickens, and a dozen or so of cats and kittens were my daily companions, while under my special care was an elderly relative's overfed, yelping black and tan. How my keen ears and nose, delighting in sweet sounds and fragrances, suffered under it all! I spare the gentle reader the details, only begging him to believe it is not barbaric cruelty of nature that led me to rejoice in the final removal of stables, styes, coops, and kennels from our ménage.

Barbaric cruelty they may suspect me of; barbarian ignorance they make me acknowledge, these experts in doggery. To be sure, they may not share my fondness for old lace, but do I tell them they are Bœotians, or drag them to certain beloved museum cases and force them to join in my gloating under pain of excommunication from my friendship? I endeavor to preserve a calm exterior under the grossest confusion of Malines with Maltese, and yet I read contempt in their faces when I fail to recognize the exact breed of some black or white or yellow quadruped. That he is a dog, and therefore to be shunned, suffices my senses. If he is large enough to growl instead of small enough to yelp I count it a mercy. If he is less offensive to the olfactories than most, I congratulate myself. If he will content himself with wagging his tail instead of pressing moist caresses on me, I give thanks. If he happens to please my eye in line and color, in texture and noble mien, I even admire him. But I can admire a collie as an object in the landscape without having the least desire to have a Mexican hairless or a dachshund or a Boston terrier share my bed and board. I admit, or even insist, that since an all-wise Providence (or the present era of biological evolution, as you will) has not yet relegated these unpleasant zoological specimens to the list of extinct animals, they should have the climate, food, and in general the life they are biologically fitted for, though a bit sceptical as to their getting it in a rose-colored boudoir. To prevent cruelty to them I might, on occasion, endure it. Why, then, must I suffer under this condemnation, this sense of being a disgrace to my kind, because I chance to prefer the society of my kind, good talk to dumb devotion, and witty words to wagging tails?

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BOOK ILLUSTRATION IN OLD JAPAN

By Louise Norton Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM RARE OLD PRINTS

[SECOND PAPER]

GENERATION after generation, the peculiarities in manner of the old Japanese schools of art can be traced back to the masters who founded them. Buson's teachings are plainly seen in Goshun's work, although the latter's style is no mere imitation of the earlier artist's method. Keibun and Toyohiko, Shibata Gito, Satō Suiseki, and Ueda Kōchō followed, all highly original and yet plainly influenced by the work of the original old poet-painter.

Maruyama Ōkyo (1733–95) became even more influential and popular, and, although his academy in Kyōto was not the first one established there when this new-old art movement commenced to bubble and simmer, it became so much the most famous that in time it rather overshadowed the other studios. A large number of Ōkyo's pupils worked for wood-engraving in addition to their regular work, and Gessen, Nagasawa Rosetsu, Nishimura Nantei, Yamaguchi Soken, and Hachida Koshū all produced charming books.

From Utanosuke Ganku's studio also there emerged many painters who worked for wood-engraving. Ganku himself (1748–1838), although confining his work chiefly to painting and teaching, illustrated one rare set of folios known as the "Ransai Gwafu" or the "Namping Sensei Gwafu," containing drawings in the style of Chin Namping, which was published in eight volumes in 1772. The inimitable Kino Chikudō, Kawamura Bumpō, the latter's adopted son, Kawamura Kihō, Watanabe Nangaku, and Ōnishi Chinnen all produced delightful books, most of which were beautifully printed in colors on rich and heavy paper.

From Volume III of the *Suigata Shū*, by Baikiken Itsujin (Kyūrō Baitei). Published, Bunkwa 10 (1813).

Although Kyōto is regarded as the centre of this impressionistic work, the movement became too popular to remain confined to the Kyōto studios, and many artists in Ōsaka, Nagoya, and even in Yedo became its devotees. Chō

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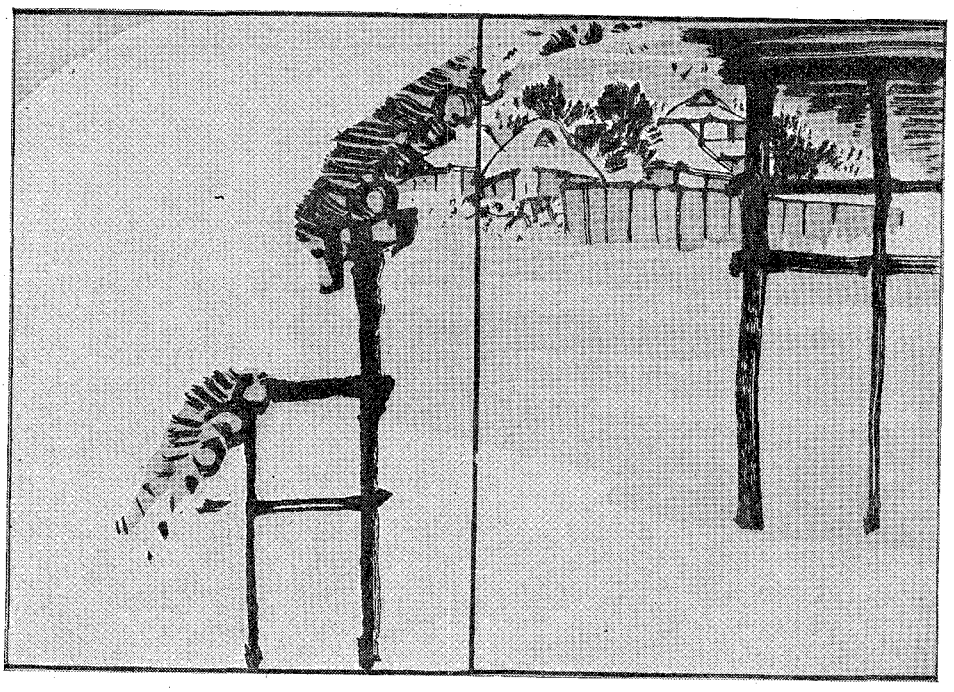

From the *Koshū Gwafu*, by Hachida Koshū. Published, Bunkwa 9 (1812).

Gesshō, of Nagoya, produced some delightful volumes and Ōishi Matora, his pupil, followed with several containing work so strikingly like Gesshō's that if unsigned it might be taken for that of the older master.

Another school which should not be overlooked was that of Katō Iyo-no-Kami Bunrei (1705–82), the Daimyo of Ōzu, who had been an early follower of the Chinese school, and who commenced his work in Yedo at about the same time that Buson established his Bunjingwa academy in the older city. Bunrei was, of course, chiefly famous as a painter, but he also produced a number of books containing very striking work, some of them printed in black and white and gray, and others having a few notes of soft color added. The famous Tani Bunchō, who became painter to the Tokugawa court, was Bunrei's pupil, and in addition to his kakemono and screens left several books, some of which are so rare that many collectors have never even seen the first editions. Chief among these is the superb "Shazanrō Gwahon," printed in colors on the delicate Chinese paper known as *toshi*, which, although not dated, probably appeared about 1810 or 1811. A rather poor reprint is in existence, although this also is not easily found now.

Kameda Bōsai, although chiefly known as a poet and scholar, should be spoken of in connection with these books, because one of the most utterly charming of them all was his work—the rare and little-known "Kyō-chū-zan" (literally "Mountains of the Heart"), printed in soft colors on *toshi*, and published in one slender folio in 1809.

Last of all, because he really stands by himself, should be mentioned Keisai Masayoshi, whose name is probably the most familiar to foreign collectors of any of the artists of the impressionistic schools. This is doubtless because his early work was in the Ukiyo-ye style and his first books show the influence of his teacher, Kitao Shigemasa. Toward the end of the century, however, Keisai's style changed into the delightful impressionism which is so generally associated with his name. How this change came about can only be surmised, for his impressionism is a decorative impressionism which has little resemblance to that in the drawings of the other followers of this movement. That he was an ardent admirer of Kano Tanyū's is known, and also that Kōyetsu and Kōrin had been much studied by him, while here and there in one or two of his rare books there are indications that the Shijō and Maruyama schools of Kyōto were not without their influence upon him. The complete change from the Ukiyo-

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From the *Kaidō Sogwa* (also known as the *Kaidō Kyōka Awase*). *Adventures on the High Road*, by Kawamura Bumpō and Watanabe Nangaku. Published, Bunkwa 8 (1811). This plate by Bumpō.

From the *Kaidō Sogwa* (also known as the *Kaidō Kyōka Awase*). *Adventures on the High Road*, by Kawamura Bumpō and Watanabe Nangaku. Published, Bunkwa 8 (1811). This plate by Nangaku.

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ye to this impressionistic style should probably be attributed to a visit paid by him to Kyōto about 1786. Here he met all the famous painters of the new movement and their work was bound to have its effect upon him. It was certainly soon after this visit that he turned to their more impulsive technique. The beginnings of this venture painters which finally won him over to their looser technique. The drawings of the river and hills at Arashiyama in this book are something in the style of those in the "Miyako-no-Nishiki," but the groups of dancing figures in the Bon fête, and the drawing of the river-bed in Kyōto, except that they have not wholly reached the freedom of his

By Chō Gesshō, from the last volume of the *Meika Gwafu* (1815).

may be traced in the "Haikai Kato Manshū," an excessively rare *kubari-hon*, or gift-book, of about 1787 or 1788. This beautiful but little-known folio is a collection of *haikai*, or seventeen-syllable poems on the four seasons. The drawings are four double-page color-plates by Keisai representing Arashiyama in spring, the river-bed in Kyōto with its summer-night picnic parties, the Bon Ōdōri of August, and the preparations for the New Year. The preface was written by Shinratei, who also wrote that in the well-known "Miyako-no-Nishiki." In it this writer says that the poems and drawings in the book were made at the request of Maruyama Mondo (one of Ōkyo's names) "in his old age," who desired to have the book printed as a souvenir to give to his friends. We may suppose it was also a compliment to Keisai and it suggests meetings and talks between him and the Kyōto later work, might almost be taken from his famous "Jimbutsu Ryakugwa-shiki." Unfortunately this book bears no date, but the facts that the preface is by the same writer as that in the "Miyako-no-Nishiki" and that the book was printed in Ōkyo's "old age," as well as the increased impressionism of the drawings, all indicate a date slightly later than 1787.

The books by the artists mentioned form a very small part of the delightful folios and albums produced, and in addition to those which were entirely the work of one man, there are innumerable collections of poems, *kubari-hon*, and other compilations made up of work by groups of different artists. The rare and valuable "Shōshun Hōjō," containing drawings in white on a black ground, printed from stone blocks in Temmei 2 (1782), is only one of these unique albums. It contains plates by Itō Jakuchū,

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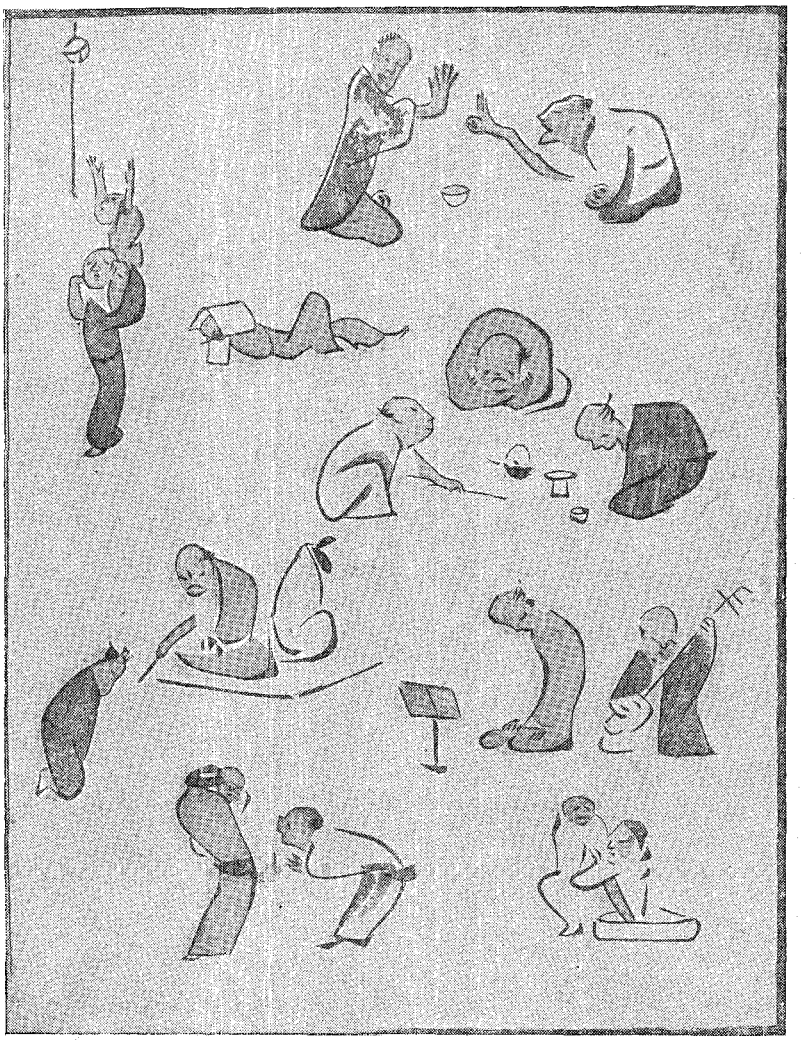

From the *Ryakugwa-shiki* (1795), by Keisai Masayoshi.

Hōitsu, and Ōkyo among others. The famous "Meika Gwafu" (three volumes, 1815) and the "Keijō Gwayen" of 1814 are perhaps the best examples of these compilations. They are beautifully printed in colors, the "Keijō Gwayen" on *tōshi*, and contain plates by most of the well-known painters of the impressionistic schools, and give a fairly comprehensive idea of the styles of these men.

When one considers the delightfully ingenuous drawings in the seventeenth-century books, the noble work done by the early eighteenth-century Ōsaka artists, and the illustrations in the books by these men of the Kyōto schools, the narrow horizon of the print-collectors become incomprehensible. There was such a multitude of books printed in Japan in early days that unless one has a catholic taste one loses a great deal of enjoyment and gains but the most superficial idea of what wood-engraving in Japan included—an art by no means limited to the men whose names have become familiar to Europeans from their prints. Even a few months spent in book-collecting in Japan will dispel forever the belief that the prints and books by the Ukiyo-ye artists, beautiful as many of them are, represent in any adequate way the tremendous thing that Japanese illustration was, or that they form anything but an infinitesimal part of the delightful volumes full of interesting drawings both in colors and black and white.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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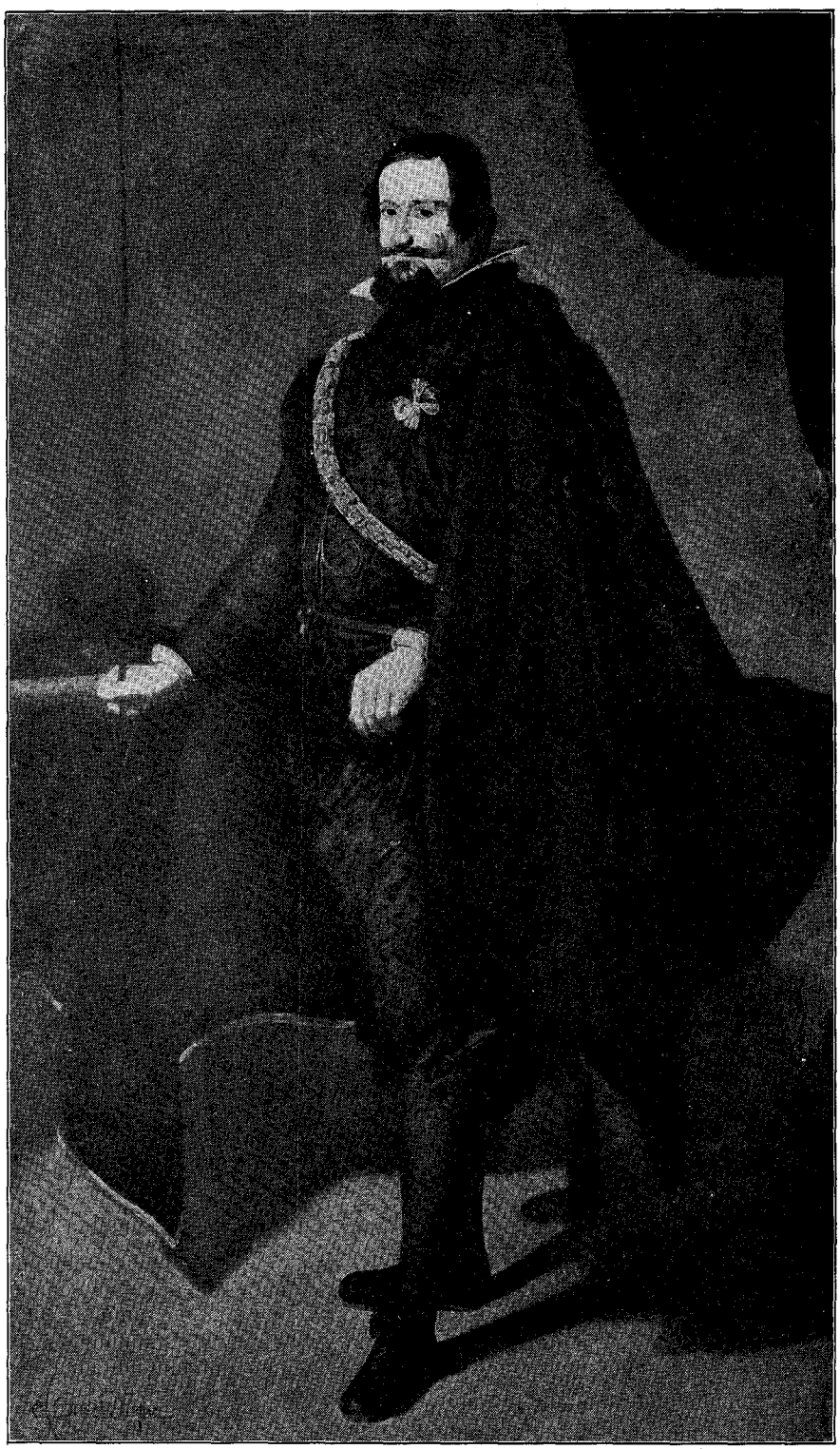

PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF OLIVARES, BY VELASQUEZ.

Presented to the Hispanic Museum, New York, in memory of Collis P. Huntington, by Mrs. Huntington.
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—"The Field of Art," page 380.

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